September 12, 1936

5¢ a copy

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's

T Y

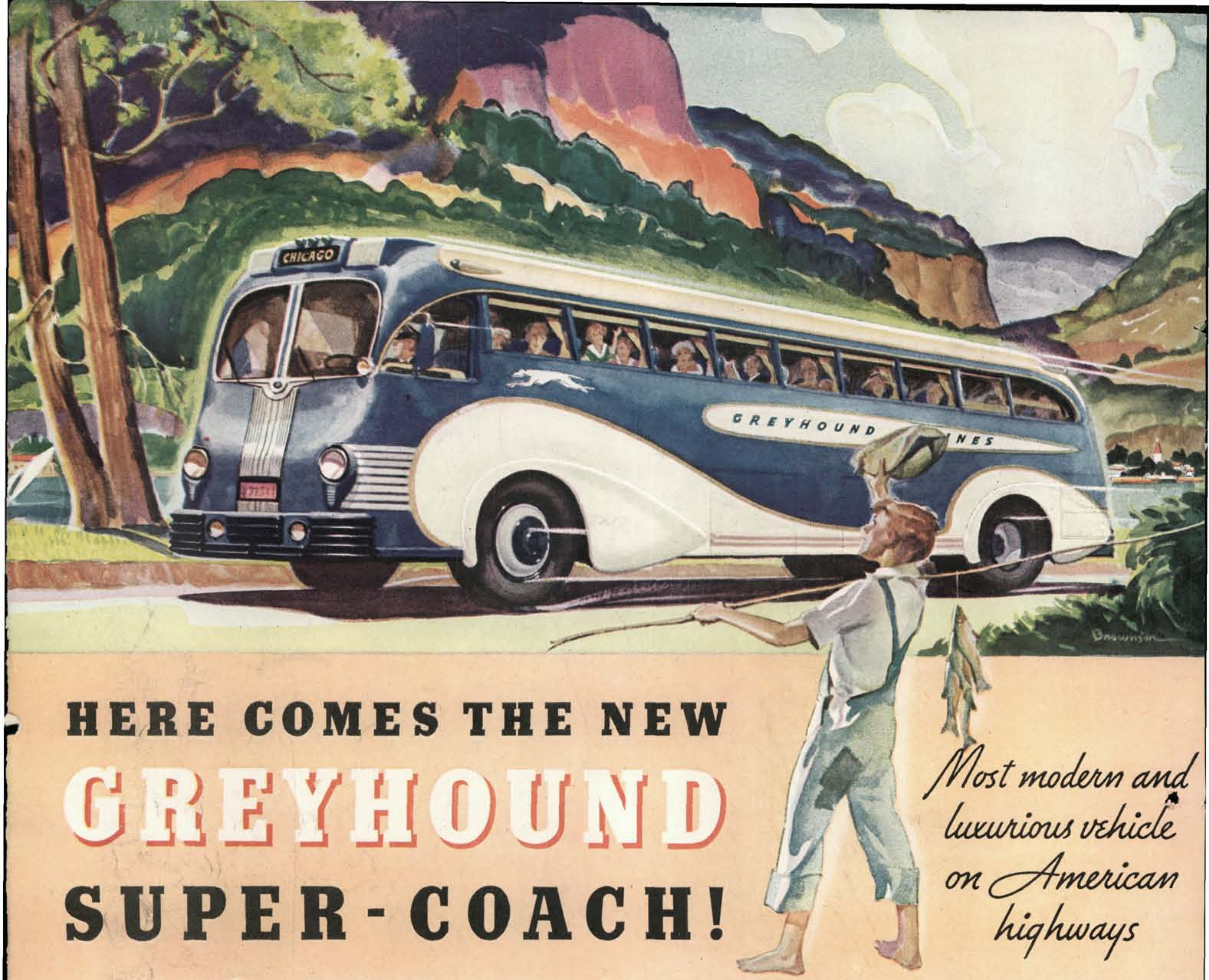
PAUL SHIVELY

Heading Back to Prohibition

By Walter Davenport

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — COLLIER'S — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICA

10JY37
DENNERLINE'S ONE
STOP SERV
409 E PLANK
PAOLA
KANS



HERE COMES THE NEW GREYHOUND SUPER-COACH!

Most modern and luxurious vehicle on American highways

Smartly streamlined, smooth-riding, roomy—and still the lowest-cost transportation of all

WE BRING you the most important announcement in the history of highway travel . . . *the Greyhound Super-Coach is here!* Already a great fleet of these sleek, modernistic land-cruisers is in daily service (exclusively on Greyhound Lines)—while hundreds more are on their way.

Revise every previous conception of motor bus travel when you see the Super-Coach . . . it is utterly different, not only in appearance, but in mechanical operation and passenger comfort. The conventional hood has disappeared—for the motor has been placed in the rear for quieter, smoother, more efficient, operation. Smart, sweeping streamlines identify this great new coach, with its familiar Greyhound colors of blue and white, its chromium metal trim.

But wait until you examine the interior appointments! Baggage has gone *down* into weather-proof compartments under the seats . . . passengers are on a higher seating level, for clear, unobstructed observation, above vibration and road rumble. There are pull-down aluminum sun shades—a clever new lighting system, with frosted glass tubing—refreshing, breeze-cooled ventilation. The new-type individual chairs are built for relaxation on long trips—with more leg room, adjustable foot-rests.

Does this remarkable new coach with its luxurious appointments mean higher rates? On the contrary, Greyhound fares are now lowest ever offered, averaging less than 1½ cents per mile for round trips between major cities. Just let your first trip tell the story!

SEE AMERICA BEST BY GREYHOUND BUS

Start the Fall Term

Full-length Visible ink supply
Scratch-proof point of Platinum and Gold

With the Pen That Students Rate Highest

BY ACTUAL VOTE

Invented by a College Professor To Bring You Higher Grades

Due to its Double Ink Capacity and* FULL-LENGTH *Visible Ink Supply, it shows you* DAYS AHEAD *when it's running low — ends pen failure in Classes and Exams

A college professor at the University of Wisconsin noticed that poor grades are often due not to brains running low but to pens running dry!

So he began where all other pen inventors had left off—worked out an utterly different and basically better filling principle—and Geo. S. Parker engineered it to perfection.

Thus came the revolutionary Parker sacless Vacumatic that has superseded every old-style pen both sac-type *and* sacless.

LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE
HOLDS 102% MORE

See what this has done—

Recently the student editors of 30 college papers asked 4,699 of their readers, "Which make of pen do you own? Which pen do you prefer?" To both questions more students answered "Parker," than named any other two makes of pens COMBINED!

One reason that the Vacumatic ranks highest in schools and colleges, as elsewhere, is because its ink supply is EVER-Visible, the *FULL* length of the barrel. It isn't merely last-drop visibility—doesn't merely show when your pen is empty. It shows days ahead WHEN IT'S RUNNING LOW!

Another big reason is the patented Parker filler. This requires NO sliding piston—NO "one-shot" pump immersed in ink. The Vacumatic's working parts *are sealed in the top* WHERE INK CAN NEVER TOUCH THEM—can never corrode or decompose them. That's why this miracle pen is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

And the Parker Vacumatic has no rubber ink sac or lever filler—hence has room for 102% more ink than old-style without increase in size.

Its unique "breather tube" deflates the air pressure in the barrel when the warmth of the writer's hand expands the air. By thus relieving pressure on the ink within, this exhaust ends flooding and blotting. It's the only invention known that vanquishes this foe of sacless pens.

Don't start to school—don't start to work—without this long-distance writing marvel. Its SCRATCH-PROOF Point—of precious Platinum and Solid Gold—is upturned slightly at the tip so that even big-fisted pressure cannot make it drag.

And its luminous, laminated Pearl style has won every pen Beauty Contest by 2 to 1. Go and see it today at any good store selling pens. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

COPR. 1936, THE PARKER PEN CO.

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10 — $7.50 — Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

Any Pen Cleans Itself If You Write With Quink

Try this utterly different writing ink—Parker Qu*ink*—an ink that dissolves deposits left in pens by ordinary inks. Qu*ink* cleanses a pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. Ends pen clogging. Your pen starts instantly—works like a charm. Ask for the kind you want—PERMANENT Qu*ink*—as permanent as the paper: or WASHABLE Qu*ink* for home and school—an ink that washes away without trace from hands, clothes, woodwork, rugs. Never watery, but rich, full-bodied and brilliant. You'll like the new distinction it gives your handwriting. At all stores selling ink, from 2 oz. bottles at 15c up to gal. jugs and 5 gal. kegs. Try Qu*ink* today and you'll throw your old ink down the drain.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*
WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*

DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL *The Orient*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

RIA was born in a circus. From her father she inherited gypsy blood, from her mother a hatred of circus life. While she was still very young she married Brandt, the sharpshooter. Members of the audience used to mistake him for her father.

Discipline, control, self-command —these were the most important things in Brandt's life. These and his love for Ria, a love that was so intense as to be a torment. And then Ria met the young, handsome and genial Monsieur Guy, a singer. In a magnificent short story Vicki Baum, author of "Grand Hotel," writes the story of a "Big Shot."

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago American troops landed in Puerto Rico. Their commander, General Miles, issued a proclamation: "The people of the United States, in the cause of liberty, justice and humanity, come bearing the banner of freedom." Today the island cities are placarded with signs reading: "Yankees, get out. Yankees, begone." Something obviously has gone awry. The gifts we brought the Puerto Ricans have suffered a tropic change; they look more like curses now. There is, in brief, "Hell to Pay in Paradise." W. B. Courtney takes you to see

"SHE'S not a human being," Mark Sayres said angrily. "She's the railroad from here to Chicago; she's the timber in Oregon and most of the copper in Colorado. I'll not have tea with an octopus!" He knew his refusal might cost him his job, but he stuck to it. So she came to see him. Their story is told by Josephine Bentham in "The Money Menace."

THERE'S something impressive about an elephant, even when he's standing still. When one gets temperamental and starts charging hither and yon, the sight is positively alarming. Frank Buck, from a lifetime's acquaintance with pachyderms, tells you about the terrifying antics of "Elephants on a Spree."

WHEN you are sixteen and interterested in short-wave radio you haven't much time for unrelated subjects. The kid knew that it was Al Carpi, the killer, he had in his car. He knew the police were closing in and the road was barricaded. But that was of secondary importance; all it deserved was the outer fringe of his attention. In "Caravan" Will F. Jenkins tells the story of this single-minded youngster.

ADDITIONAL contributions come from E. Phillips Oppenheim, Kathleen Norris, Quentin Reynolds, Frank Condon, Robert Harron, William L. Stuart, T. R. Ybarra, Freling Foster and others. You're in luck.

This Week

●

September 12, 1936

Cover by Paul Shively

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
West Side Romance. Miracle in a barroom. Page 7

FRANK LEON SMITH
Both Were Dumb. A clothes-pole expert falls in love. Page 10

WALTER DAVENPORT
Heading Back to Prohibition. The rising tide of hot alcohol. Page 12

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
The Perfect Convert. A missionary falls among South Sea Samaritans. Page 14

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Local Boy Makes Good. Score for Buddy Lewis. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Return, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 17

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Dumb Gods Speak, Part III. Spreading a net to catch the world. Page 18

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Bread into Roses, Part VII. New love. Page 20

FRANK CONDON
Behind the Boss' Back. Can you hate a man when you've saved his life? Page 22

T. R. YBARRA
Certified Czech. Eduard Benes, serene democrat on a distracted continent. Page 25

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. A handful of facts. Page 45

GEORGE CREEL
Bill the Mole. And, believe it or not, the farmer's friend. Page 54

JIM MARSHALL
Flicker Jitters. Movies in the Orient. Page 66

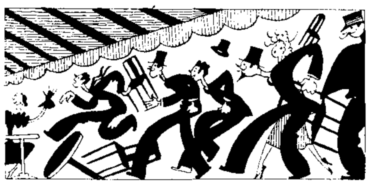
EDITORIAL
Give a Hand to the Future. Page 70

●

Any Week

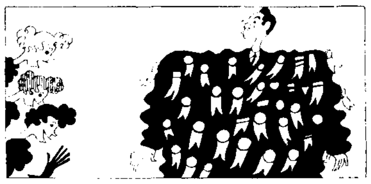
WE'VE noticed lately a decided falling off in the number of letters warning us that unless certain things happen in November "the streets of our cities will run deep with blood." The latest we've received indicates the trend. Mr. Louis Kretvich of Duluth, Minnesota, confides that while he doesn't expect Comrade Browder, the Communist candidate, to win and "everybody knows that Lemke has no chance," it is going to be too bad if the people's choice is Mr. Landon. "We will riot and shed our blood," says Mr. Kretvich, "and the police will help along." Then, as an afterthought, Mr. Kretvich adds a postscript. "Maybe," he says, "no blood. But sure riots."

WELL, that won't be so bad. An occasional well-regulated riot is a sure sign of vigor and independence. Behold the French. Miss Helen O. Meansburg of Boston, Massachusetts, informs us from Paris that she and two friends were caught in a riot in the Place de la Concorde and "had a marvelous time." Says she: "I may not have it quite straight but one side was eager to march on the Palace and lynch Mr. Blum. The other side argued that this was unnecessary and suggested that a certain café proprietor be lynched instead because he had doubled his bar prices. This threw everybody into confusion. A compromise was reached when both sides agreed to smash the sidewalk tables of that café and boycott the place for a year. We didn't get to bed until four A.M. when the café right next door to the hated place ran out of cognac. Sorry you weren't here."



BUT for ten cents Mr. Bert Brennan of Ionia, Michigan, is willing to render riots as obsolete as the crossbow. It is called Brennan's Beneficial Free for All Plan or, Come And Get It. "It can't fail," says Mr. Brennan. "The general idea is that everybody works for nothing and gets everything he wants free. For ten cents I will send you full details. The only thing I have to worry about is what to do with the money after my plan is in operation and there will be nothing to buy."

OF COURSE he could save the dimes for exhibition purposes. Or use them for buttons. Or medals. Mr. T. Mortel of Los Angeles, California, has the idea. "I have," says Mr. Mortel, "four hundred and sixty-seven different convention badges —lodge, exposition, political and so forth. This is the result of years of travel and attending conventions which were sometimes not interesting to me. I also have made a special reinforced coat to wear them on with extra length and wide shoulders. I will be very glad to let them go to the highest bidder and if the bid is high enough he or she can have me along with my medals. I am a good paper hanger by trade."



IN SPITE of the extreme pains we always take to be fair, we have, according to Mr. Karl F. Joest of Canton, Ohio, "given insult after insult to the author of Germany's salvation and the hope of Europe—Adolf Hitler." Just to be fair, as usual, we are willing to admit that we might at some forgotten time have offended Mr. Hitler a bit although he insults awfully easily. But we deny that we've made a career of it. Been too busy with important things. Nevertheless, Mr. Joest assures us that "the day is soon when you will be called to account by Hitler and he can be as harsh as he is merciful."

A NASTY mistake has just caught up with us. Inasmuch as we are about to set forth on one of our frequent rambles around the country and do not know at what moment we might meet an oil-drilling crew, we hasten to explain. Several oilmen have written that the oil-crew apprentice is not a Punk, as we had it, but a Boll Weevil. Therefore, we serve notice that all concerned are not Punks but Boll Weevils. And we hope this insures us against accident the next time we meander hither and yon in the oil country.

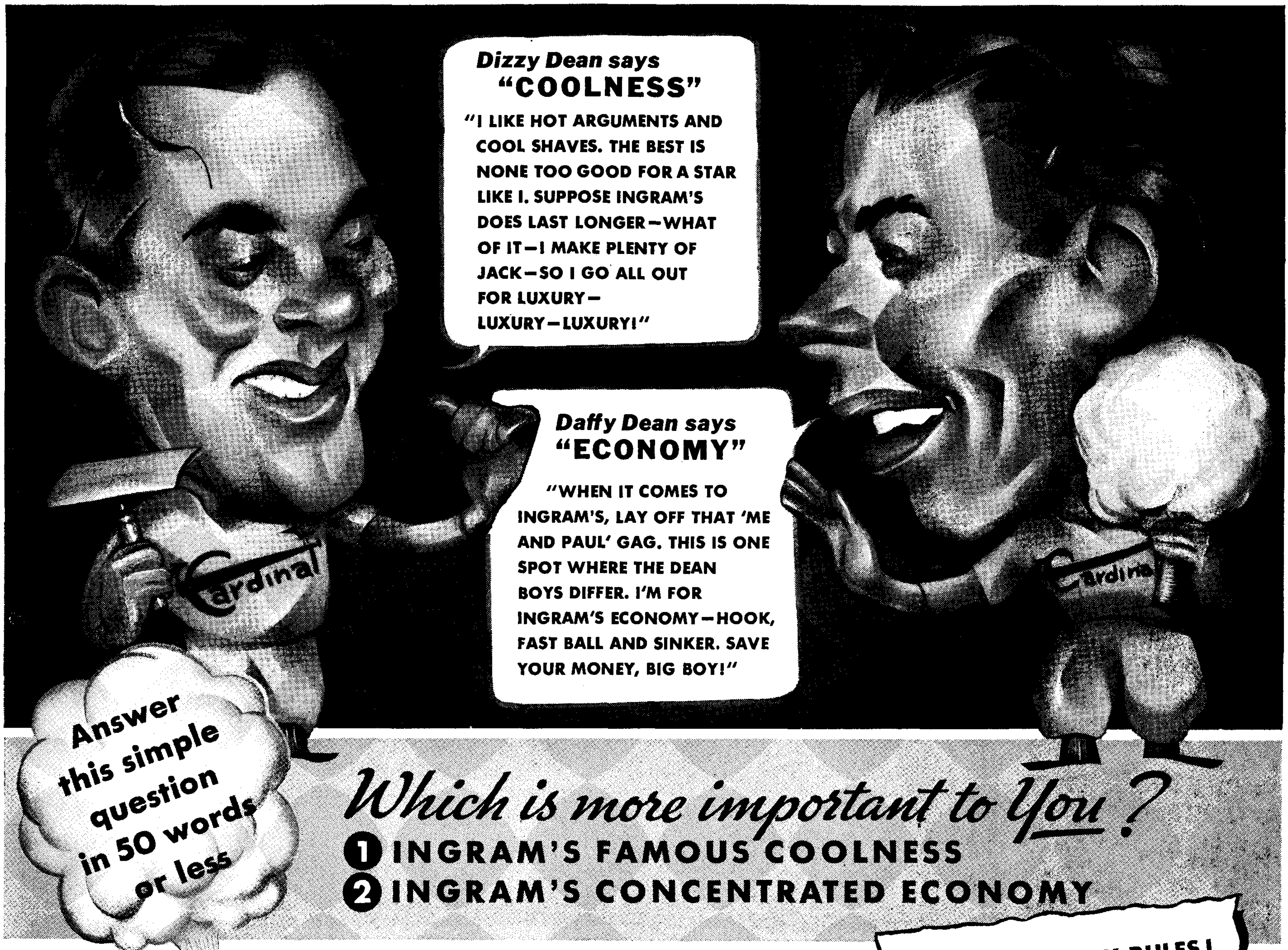
"ONE of the dirtiest tricks I can imagine," says Mrs. Georgina Bradlie of Omaha, Nebraska, "could be played by President Roosevelt. When he is re-elected he could call upon Mr. Landon to take over the direction of relief. He could say that he was impressed favorably by Mr. Landon's criticism of the relief administration and that it was Mr. Landon's public duty to give us the benefit of his plan. Then if Mr. Landon did a good job it would make him a sure thing in 1940."

AND serve him right, too.

Vol. 98, No. 11. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

DIZZY & DAFFY talk INGRAM'S Shaving Contest and its $2,500 FIRST PRIZE

ALSO 10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH AND 2,000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES—2011 PRIZES IN ALL


Dizzy Dean says "COOLNESS"
"I LIKE HOT ARGUMENTS AND COOL SHAVES. THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR A STAR LIKE I. SUPPOSE INGRAM'S DOES LAST LONGER—WHAT OF IT—I MAKE PLENTY OF JACK—SO I GO ALL OUT FOR LUXURY—LUXURY—LUXURY!"
Daffy Dean says "ECONOMY"
"WHEN IT COMES TO INGRAM'S, LAY OFF THAT 'ME AND PAUL' GAG. THIS IS ONE SPOT WHERE THE DEAN BOYS DIFFER. I'M FOR INGRAM'S ECONOMY—HOOK, FAST BALL AND SINKER. SAVE YOUR MONEY, BIG BOY!"
Cardinal
Cardinal
Answer this simple question in 50 words or less

Which is more important to You?

① INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
② INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

RIGHT here in the Ingram office another controversy started that turned into a *contest*—a contest with a first prize of $2,500—ten prizes of $100 and 2,000 genuine Rubberset shaving brushes worth $2.00 each.

"What do men like best about Ingram's?"—that's the challenge that started the battle. What wins them and *holds* them to this fast-selling cream—its *famous* "Coolness" or the *downright, rock-bottom* "Economy" of its concentrated form? And now we want this big question settled—"Coolness or Economy"—and we're paying heavy money for the winning answers.

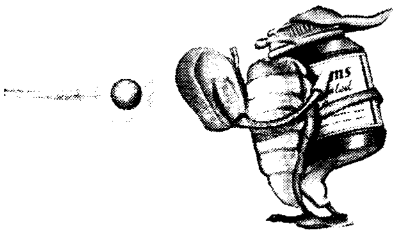
Try Ingram's today! You can win dollars—thousands of them! You can win a lifetime of comfortable shaves. For Ingram's is the Arctic and Antarctic of shaving creams—the chilliest, soothingest cream that ever made wire-whiskers say "Uncle." It's a secret and triple-play formula that gives you cream, lotion and face tonic in every single, cool brushful.

But before you vote "Coolness"—test its "Economy." A little bit of Ingram's goes a longer way—because it's concentrated—with a laboratory finding over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and more cool, cool shaves from the same amount of cream.

Actually, it's the most economical cream on the market—you can start from a morsel as small as a green pea and get a snowy mass of lather bigger than a duck egg.

TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US!

But try Ingram's and give us your verdict. Your face can't lose. Read the simple, easy rules in the box to the right, and then send us your entry. Remember, there are 3,500 Ingram cash dollars and 2,000 Rubberset brushes for winning answers.



READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 501, Elizabeth, N.J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in Liberty as early as possible in 1937.

4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

A LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—*it's Concentrated*

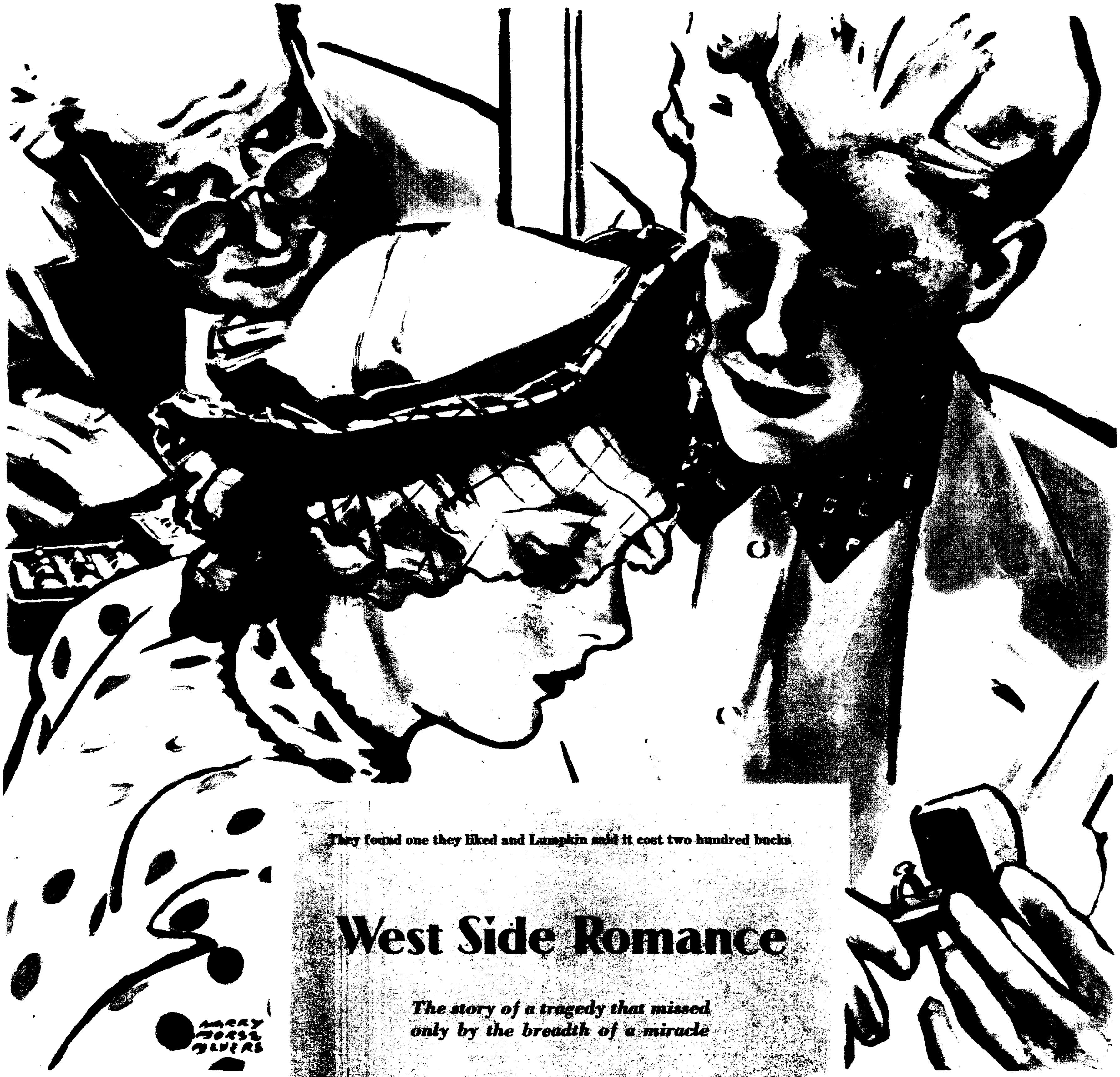
DONALD DENTON

FIRST IN AMERICA

We invented it—and for more than fifty years the Mimeograph Process has led in stencil duplication. Today it not only leads in sales, but it leads in service. And its ability to reproduce, at great speed, drawings, graphs, maps, etc., has given it new fields of usefulness. Why not find out how it can serve you—now? Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see your classified telephone directory for the local address.

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Collier's The National Weekly for September 12, 1936



They found one they liked and Lumpkin said it cost two hundred bucks

West Side Romance

The story of a tragedy that missed only by the breadth of a miracle

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A CRIMINAL lawyer shouldn't believe in miracles, but I do. One night I saw three miracles happen. First I found myself sitting in a very disreputable barroom with Judge Terence Corrigan. Secondly, I saw a boy and a girl look into the eyes of one another and in their eyes I read the secret to all living, the answer to the question: "Why are we here?" Thirdly . . . but my colleagues claim that the third miracle wasn't a miracle at all, but sheer coincidence, so I won't mention it right now. Anyhow, to understand any of these miracles you'll have to listen to the story of Johnny McClain and of a girl he called Little Red, who had twinkling eyes and a very determined chin and a lilt to her voice that made you catch your breath just a bit. Her name was Judy O'Hara.

Judge Terence Corrigan was the kind of judge whom even lawyers respect. I was the kind of lawyer whom no judge respects. To begin with, I was the best criminal lawyer in New York, and by best I mean I charged higher fees and had got off more beautiful women in whose hands guns had gone off, accidentally of course, than any other lawyer in town. Well, I knew more legal tricks than any lawyer in New York. That was how I first became friendly with Judge Corrigan. I had defended a rat named Whitey Thompson, who was on trial for the murder of his business partner. What their business was is none of your business or mine, but it was conducted after dark. I did my best for Whitey. Why I even furnished my own witnesses and an airtight alibi. It was a great alibi but the jury didn't believe it. This offended me a bit because the alibi was entirely of my own invention. Judge Corrigan presided at the trial and it was he who sentenced Whitey Thompson to the chair.

The day Whitey was scheduled to die I went to the governor. Whitey had given me a ten-thousand-dollar fee but had promised me another ten grand if I kept him from having to walk into that little room and sit down in the only unoccupied chair there. So I saw the governor and made a final very eloquent plea.

"If you have any new evidence give it to Judge Corrigan," the governor said. "I will always issue a stay on his recommendation."

Then I went to Corrigan's home. He saw me all right, and I was surprised to find him nervous.

"Have you any new evidence, Mr. Hodge?" he asked, and there was actually an eager tone in his voice. Corrigan was one judge who looked like a judge. Tall, broad-shouldered, his graying hair added distinction to a face which needed no help. His large brown eyes looked at you directly and they peered from under heavy eyebrows.

"If you'll give me an hour, Judge . . ." I began.

"It's just ten. The execution is set for eleven. You can have until then, Mr. Hodge."

We went to his study and I began. I talked of Whitey's war record; he had served two years during the war, fourteen months of which were spent in jail. I talked of Whitey's old mother and destitute wife (destitute because Whitey had left her five years before). I pulled out every chestnut in the lawyer's bag of tricks.

"But have you any new evidence?" Judge Corrigan broke in.

"I'm coming to that, Judge. . . ." and I went on. Now and then I noticed that the judge glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes to eleven now. I kept right on while the judge arose and went to a table. He returned with whisky, a syphon and two glasses.

"Will you join me in a drink?" I noticed that his hand shook as he poured the whisky. He took his straight, hurriedly and at one gulp. I continued talking and as I talked I saw Judge Corrigan's hand grip the arms of his chair. He gripped them hard and the knuckles whitened. He was breathing as though he were running in a hard race. Then suddenly he crumpled up. I jumped to my feet.

"Are you all right?"

He nodded his head and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. He raised his eyes to the clock. It was just eleven.

"Two minutes ago I could have saved that boy's life," he said huskily. "I could have phoned the governor and asked him to reprieve Thompson. Now he is dead. I sentenced him to death. It was my voice that sent him to his death."

I LOOKED at him in astonishment. "But Judge Corrigan, it was your duty to sentence him. After all, now that it is all over, no man ever deserved death more than Whitey Thompson. He was guilty. I was merely doing my best for him."

"I'll tell you something, Mr. Hodge. I'm not a drinking man, heaven knows. But on the night that some man whom I have sentenced to death is electrocuted my nerves get the better of me. I hate capital punishment, Mr. Hodge, but I must do my duty to the state. But it's difficult to sit here while a man is being killed. Especially difficult when you realize that you and you alone have the power to save him. A few words to the governor five minutes ago and Thompson would be alive."

"Alive to kill someone else," I suggested. "Forget it, Judge. I was his lawyer and I know that Whitey was a thorough rat."

That was the beginning of a rather strange friendship. Often on the night when a man whom Judge Corrigan had sentenced was to be electrocuted I would drop into his home and sit with him, chatting about baseball or fights or legal problems—doing everything I could to get his mind off that man in the death-house. We made a sort of game out of it.

"I was passing your house, Judge," I'd say, "and I thought maybe you'd offer me a drink."

"Nice to see you," he'd smile. "I don't drink as a rule but we'll break the rule just for tonight. After all, rules were made to be broken—except legal rules."

Our friendship never gave me any break in his courtroom, I might add, because Corrigan was the kind of judge to whom rules of evidence and procedure were sacred. Personalities never entered his court. There was the defendant, the prosecutor, counsel for the defense and the jury. All were creatures of the law—not individuals.

Now you will understand the end of the story of Johnny McClain and Judy O'Hara. Suppose we consider the beginning of it.

I had just finished a long, hard-fought case. I had defended another lovely lady whose gun had gone off quite accidentally, of course, and the bullet by a strange coincidence had entered the heart of her wealthy gentleman friend, who had just given her the air. I might mention, but won't, that I got the lady off with nothing worse than a good talking to—and I grabbed myself a twenty-thousand-dollar fee. I thought I'd take a vacation. My clerk announced, "A girl named Judy O'Hara to see you, Mr. Hodge. Very pretty girl, too, Mr. Hodge."

"I have no appointment with any girl named Judy O'Hara."

"No, but you should see her. In fact," he added, "she says she'll wait here until you do see her."

"Bring her in," I growled.

A MOMENT later something entered my office that had never been there before. Judy O'Hara was Irish witchery and Irish laughter and Irish song. Judy O'Hara was no bigger than a quick breeze and her hair was as red as a sunset and she had a funny little nose that crinkled when she frowned. She had very big blue eyes and she stood there using them on me and they were very solemn as she said slowly, "So you're the great Raymond Hodge."

"And," I told her equally solemnly, "I am on my way to the country for a vacation."

She smiled faintly and that smile was but a hint of how she would look when she laughed. She smiled with her eyes and with her funny little nose, and the corners of her mouth smiled too, and the whitest teeth you ever saw peeked out from between her red lips.

"No. You're not, Mr. Hodge." She sat down and sighed. "I'm in terrible trouble, Mr. Hodge, and it's you that'll help me out of it. In fact, nobody but you can help me out of it."

"Why nobody but me?" I asked, surprised.

"Because you're the best lawyer in the world. You've gotten many guilty people off. It should be easy for you to get an innocent person off."

I winced at that. "Tell me some more, Little Redhead."

She looked up quickly and sudden tears came to her eyes and they hung there glistening and she looked very beautiful. "Big Mac always calls me Little Red. It's Big Mac you must get out of jail, Mr. Hodge. I love him so much. Oh, so much, Mr. Hodge, and we haven't any money and I know he didn't do it, and you're Irish too, Mr. Hodge, and you have to help me."

"Who's Big Mac and what's he done?"

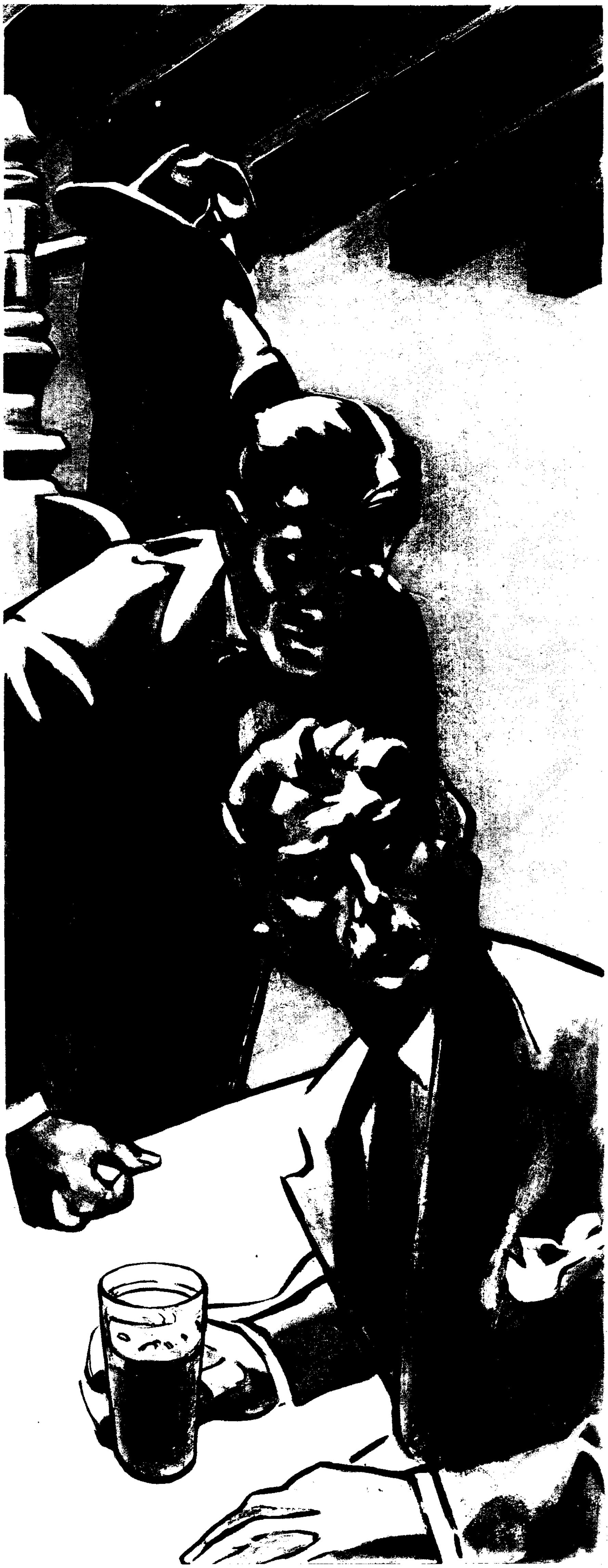
"Big Mac is Johnny McClain and I'm going to marry him and he hasn't done anything. But they—the police, I mean—think that he murdered a jeweler named David Lumpkin last night."

I LOOKED at her for a moment and then said, "Never mind the money, youngster"; and I was surprised at my voice saying that. I hadn't said that in many a year. It was the Donegal blood in me speaking, I suppose, to the Irish blood in her. "Where is he now?"

"He's at police headquarters," she said, and now the tears were gone and I never saw her cry again—except once. "They found my Johnny lying beside the body of David Lumpkin. He, Johnny, I mean, had a big gash on his head and they say that he killed Lumpkin and then because he was drunk he fell trying to get out of the store. He fell and hit his head and was knocked out. But that isn't true because Johnny wasn't drinking."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh," she said earnestly, "six months ago Johnny had been drinking too much and I promised to marry him if he wouldn't drink for six months. The six months won't be up until tomorrow.



"The phone is in the back, Judge," I said. "I'll slip out for a cop"

That's the day . . . tomorrow's the day we were going to be married."

"Well, now, I'll see what I can do. I'll run along and see your Johnny. You drop in here tomorrow and we'll talk things over." We left, and my clerk said, "I have your train tickets for the country."

"Send 'em back. I'm not going."

Little Red squeezed my arm. "You . . . you're a darling," she said.

"That'll be my fee for getting Johnny off," I told her and then I hurried to police headquarters. First I went to see Terence Doyle, in charge of the homicide squad.

"You can't do that to my client, Terence. Where do you think you are, in Germany? What do you mean by beating a poor lad, a poor innocent lad, to make him confess?"

"WHO'S your client, and how do you know he's innocent and what if we did beat him up a bit? He's guilty, all right," Doyle growled.

I snapped, "Doyle, you don't even know the name of my client, and already he's guilty. Fine thing."

"Any client you handle is guilty until he's proved innocent," Doyle said.

"Terence, I'll level with you. My client is a lad named John McClain and I don't know a thing about the case. His girl, Judy O'Hara, kidded me into handling it. There isn't even a dime in it for me, Terence. Tell me about it."

He looked at me suspiciously. "The boys'll be shocked when they hear that Ray Hodge is handling a case for nothing. You're in for a tough time, Ray. Listen, you and Liebowitz and Darrow and John W. Davis couldn't get this baby anything better than the hot seat. Here's the plot. The cop on the West Twelfth Street beat is walking by the jewelry shop opened by David Lumpkin. He is a bit surprised when he tries the front door and finds it unlocked. He walks into the store and falls over the body of Lumpkin. Then he puts the lights on and sees another body there, only this time it's a live body owned and operated by your client, John McClain. Your client is knocked out but not seriously injured. He is also reeking very strongly of equally strong liquor. Being a smart cop, my man immediately figured that something was wrong."

"He sounds too smart to be a cop."

Terence lit a cigar slowly and deliberately. "The jewelry store is looted. In McClain's pockets we find two hundred dollars and a diamond ring. We figure it this way. McClain had one or possibly two accomplices. They entered the store sometime after midnight. They looted the store. Then Lumpkin surprised them. McClain hit the old man on the head with a heavy gold candlestick. It was lying right by his side. Then he ran, but tripped over a stool and, as he fell, he rapped his head on a table. The rap in his drunken condition knocked him out. His pal or pals beat it. That's your case, Mr. Hodge."

"It's full of holes," I laughed, but I really didn't see any holes big enough for a mouse to crawl through. "But is it reasonable that McClain would get himself drunk on the night he was doing a job?"

"THE boy has no criminal record," Terence said. "It was probably his first big job. So he needs a few shots to brace himself. He takes a couple too many, that's all."

"But why should he only have that one diamond ring in his pocket? Why didn't he take the rest of the loot?"

Terence beamed triumphantly. "There's where your precious Judy O'Hara comes into it. She and McClain, they call him Big Mac, by the way, were engaged and only yesterday they were in Lumpkin's store pricing rings. They found one they liked and Lumpkin said it cost two hundred bucks. 'Put it away,' Big Mac laughed, 'I'll be back for it.' Well, he came back all right. All he wanted was that ring. He made sure his pal or pals wouldn't nab it. I suppose they would have divided the rest of the jewelry later—a lot of stuff is missing by the way. Now does he sound guilty?"

Judy O'Hara was my best witness. She told of her love for McClain

"He sounds too guilty to be guilty," I told Terence. "Now I'll take a look at him."

"He ain't much to look at," Terence grumbled.

He wasn't either. He was big and blond and he was about twenty-four He looked at me suspiciously when I went into his cell. His eyes widened when I introduced myself.

"They are getting careless around here," I told him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"The flatfeet. Usually they hit you guys in the body where it won't show but you got a swell strawberry on your cheek and a mouse on your eye and you could hang a horseshoe on that bump you got on your head."

He managed to grin. "It was all done with a rubber hose."

"WHY did you kill that old man for a lousy little ring?" I snapped at him.

"I didn't kill him," the kid said.

"Yeah, I know, and Lindbergh didn't fly the ocean either. I'm your lawyer, son. Judy O'Hara made me take your case. From now on I'll do all the lying for both of us. You tell me the truth. Why did you kill the old man?"

"I didn't kill him," and there was a note of desperation in his voice. "At least," he added, "I don't think I killed him."

"Fine. Now we're getting somewhere. Do you knock off so many men that you can't always remember knocking them off?"

"I don't go around killing people, Mr. Hodge."

"That's big of you," I told him. "Now start at the beginning and tell me everything."

"Well, about ten o'clock last night I—"

"From the beginning," I interrupted. "Start from scratch. Where were you born? Who were your parents? Tell me about every job you ever had, and why you were fired from each one. Tell me all about Judy. In short, tell me the story of your life."

THERE was nothing very original in his story. Two million other New Yorkers could have told the same story. Since he was a kid he'd had to support himself. His mother had died when he was very young—his father when he was eighteen. He'd tried professional boxing, but he'd broken his left hand and that ended his ring career. He'd been a longshoreman, stevedore, subway motorman, freight handler, and for the past year he'd been acting as foreman on construction jobs—not bad for a twenty-four-year-old kid.

"Then about nine months ago I met Judy O'Hara," he said, and a softness came into his voice. "Well, you've seen her. Until then I'd been sort of a wild kid, not a tough guy, understand, but when you work around the docks and on construction work, you've got to throw many a punch or be labeled a sissy. So I threw many a punch and hoisted many a glass, too, but Judy changed all that."

"And when they found you this morning you were knee-deep in whisky fumes?"

The kid shook his head, puzzled. "I don't get that at all. A long time ago I asked Judy, 'What's wrong with tripping to that altar with me?' and she said, 'Maybe.' I told her, 'Maybe what?' She said if I'd go on the wagon for six months and stop belting people and save

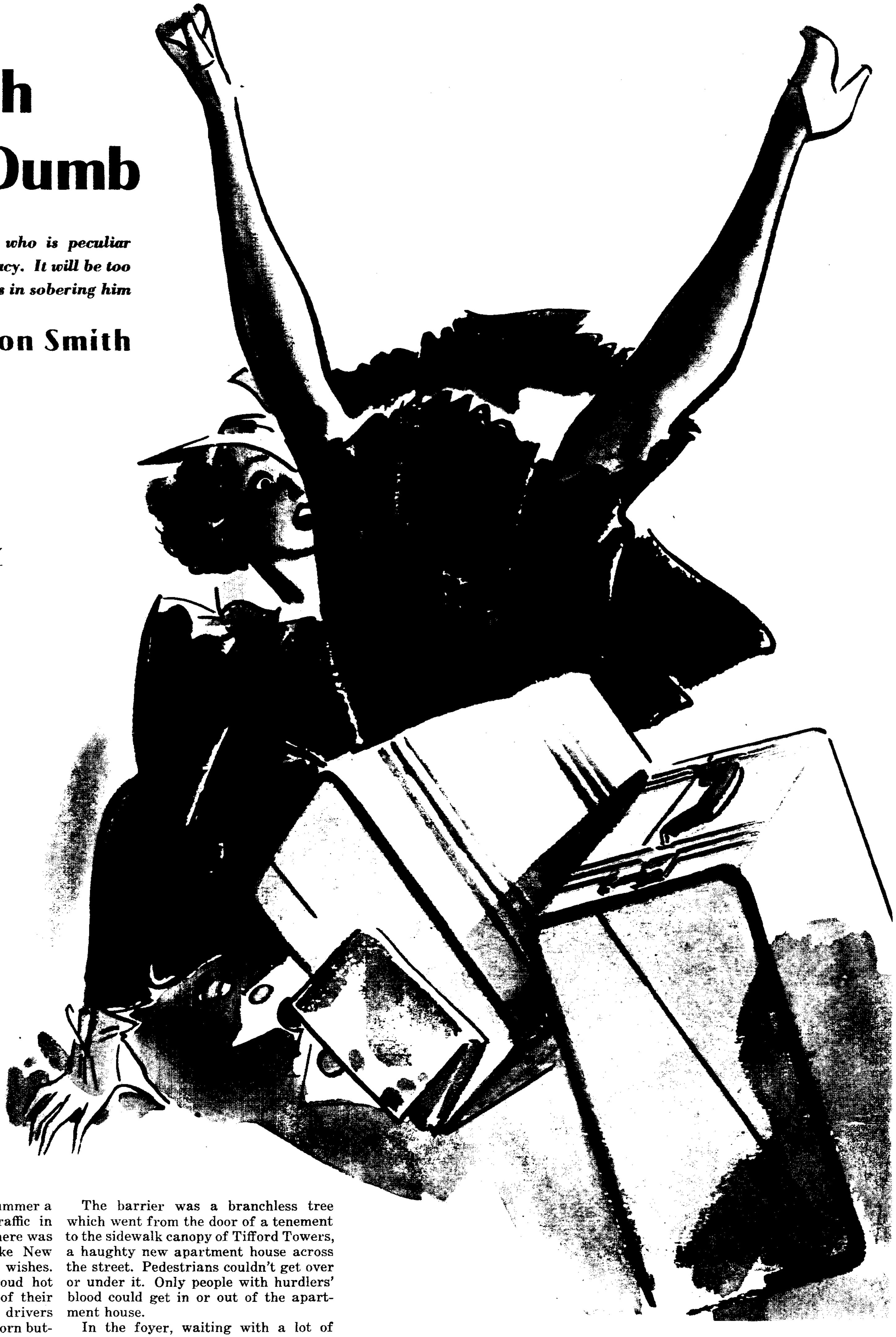
(Continued on page 35)

Both Were Dumb

Romance, with a hero who is peculiar even to the verge of lunacy. It will be too bad if marriage succeeds in sobering him

By Frank Leon Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST



Quickly he lowered the butt of the pole and turned to see what he had bumped into. He gasped when he saw

ONE fine morning in late summer a log jam dammed the traffic in Fifty-third Street, and there was bedlam that sounded like New Year's Eve without the good wishes. Laundry and fruit men sent loud hot curses past the twitching ears of their steeds. Taxi guys and private drivers flattened their thumbs on their horn buttons—and a lad who had shouldered cars off the road all the way up from North Carolina with his moving van, and whose horn shorted at this crisis, was almost pallid with pent-up rage.

The barrier was a branchless tree which went from the door of a tenement to the sidewalk canopy of Tifford Towers, a haughty new apartment house across the street. Pedestrians couldn't get over or under it. Only people with hurdlers' blood could get in or out of the apartment house.

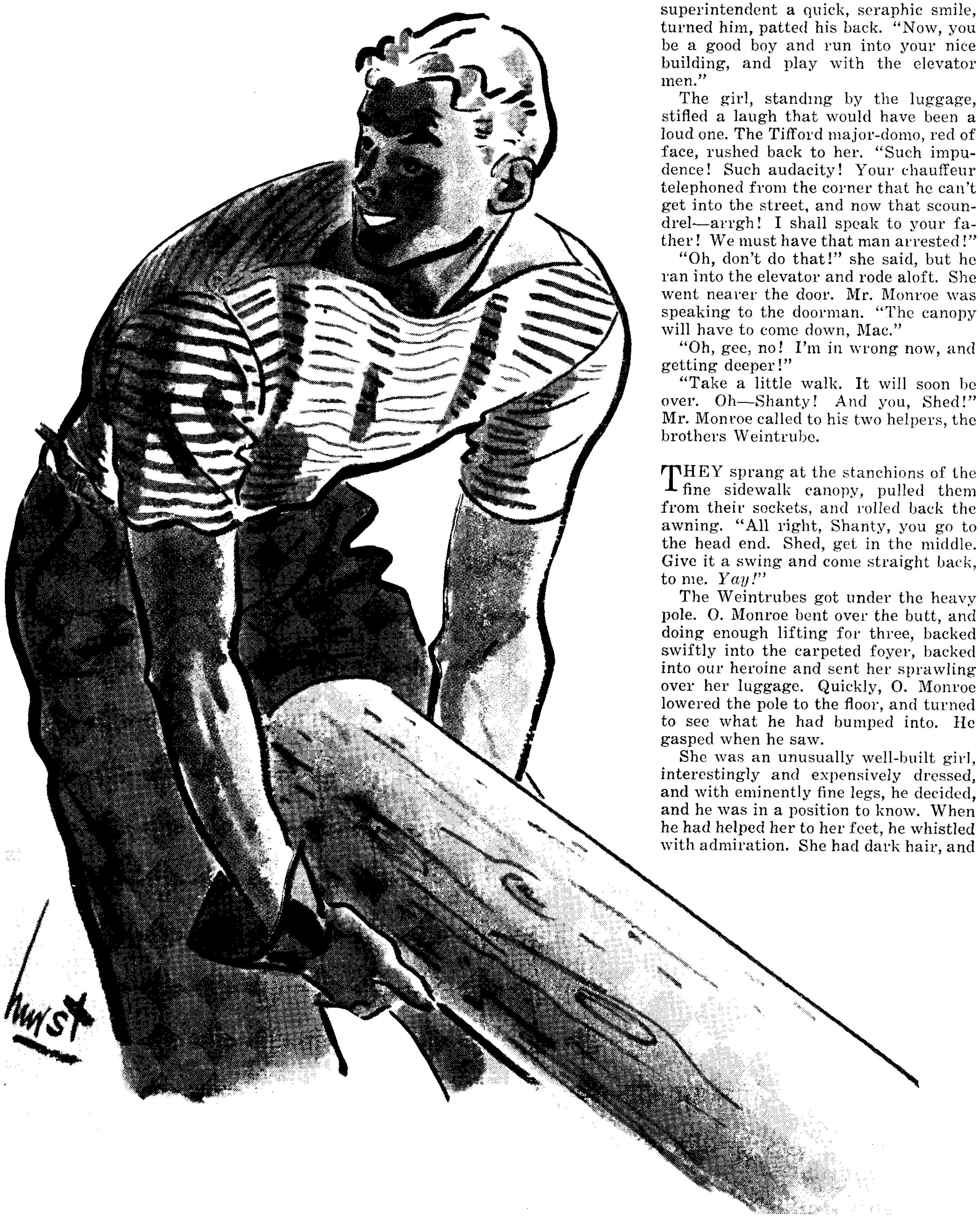
In the foyer, waiting with a lot of striped canvas airplane luggage, was a girl who was listening to the din, and watching with amusement. She was watching the enraged little superintendent of the building, who caromed around the foyer as though it had billiard cushions. And she was watching the young man in charge of the operations outside—which was unusual as she was a girl who had always seemed to be about eighty per cent oblivious to workingmen, and once had broken her engagement while the butler was pouring cocktails for two, and she had been known to change her dress with a draper, two upholsterers and a maid in the room. Now, she was fascinated.

Across the street, in front of the tenement, was a truck with the sign: "Monroe Clothes Pole Co., O. Monroe, Pres. Clothes Poles, Safe and Piano Moving. Heavy Hoisting." Indifferent to curse of horn and mouth, as he ran about on the log, and in and out of the tenement, was our hero, O. Monroe, a cordy, compact, brown-faced fellow in a striped shirt and heavy slacks, who had the forearms of Pop-Eye the Sailor and the cool assurance of an admiral under fire.

Young Mr. Monroe had been brought up in a deep pine forest, just off Third Avenue. The forest was a jungle of backyard clothes poles, five stories tall, with pulley lines running to kitchen windows at the different levels. He had shot bears and eagles and Indians in that forest, robbed trains and stage coaches, and organized posses to pursue horse thieves and hang them to the nearest limb.

HIS imagination gave it foliage of green. Actually the foliage was laundry peculiar to tenement personnel, kitchen, boudoir and dining-room. He had seen the advance of civilization from a time when only red flannel underwear and blue overalls relieved the white of the wash, until now, when every shade in the pastel box was represented in the silks and rayons which ladies and children and star boarders wore next to themselves.

Now Mr. Monroe had a clothes pole and heavy hoisting business of his own, and he was blocking Fifty-third Street as he prepared to shove a sixty-five-foot pole through a tenement front door, hall, rear door and into the backyard. As the girl watched, he rushed to the butt of the pole, and stooped over it. The Tifford Towers superintendent, who could whine a full octave, sprang to the door, and whined rapidly, "What is this—what is this?"



O. Monroe, sighting along the pole, said, without straightening, "This is a buggy whip, my friend. Do not annoy me or I shall crack you on the fetlocks with it."

"This is an outrage! Where's my doorman? Oh—doorman!"

The richly caparisoned doorman, who had been bribed by our hero with a dollar, a pat on the back and an elbow in the ribs, flattened himself against the wall outside. Our stooping hero winked at him, past knee and shoulder, then rose and went to the superintendent and tapped him on the chest with the backs of both hands.

"Wrong error, as they say in Brooklyn. This is no outrage. This is an essential industry, and the last thirty-two Presidents of the United States have advised, 'Monkey not with essential industry, lest the wheels of progress slow down and turn not at all.' " He gave the superintendent a quick, seraphic smile, turned him, patted his back. "Now, you be a good boy and run into your nice building, and play with the elevator men."

The girl, standing by the luggage, stifled a laugh that would have been a loud one. The Tifford major-domo, red of face, rushed back to her. "Such impudence! Such audacity! Your chauffeur telephoned from the corner that he can't get into the street, and now that scoundrel—arrgh! I shall speak to your father! We must have that man arrested!"

"Oh, don't do that!" she said, but he ran into the elevator and rode aloft. She went nearer the door. Mr. Monroe was speaking to the doorman. "The canopy will have to come down, Mac."

"Oh, gee, no! I'm in wrong now, and getting deeper!"

"Take a little walk. It will soon be over. Oh—Shanty! And you, Shed!" Mr. Monroe called to his two helpers, the brothers Weintrube.

THEY sprang at the stanchions of the fine sidewalk canopy, pulled them from their sockets, and rolled back the awning. "All right, Shanty, you go to the head end. Shed, get in the middle. Give it a swing and come straight back, to me. *Yay!*"

The Weintrubes got under the heavy pole. O. Monroe bent over the butt, and doing enough lifting for three, backed swiftly into the carpeted foyer, backed into our heroine and sent her sprawling over her luggage. Quickly, O. Monroe lowered the pole to the floor, and turned to see what he had bumped into. He gasped when he saw.

She was an unusually well-built girl, interestingly and expensively dressed, and with eminently fine legs, he decided, and he was in a position to know. When he had helped her to her feet, he whistled with admiration. She had dark hair, and wide-set blue eyes, and she was blushing and trying to smile, and she was the handsomest girl he had ever seen.

"Gosh, I'm sorry," he said. "Hope I didn't hurt you."

"Oh, no." Now she smiled. "It was my fault for—for getting in the way of essential industry."

He gave her a quick grin. "If these clothes poles only had hinges they'd be easier to handle."

"Is that what it is? I thought it was a telephone pole."

"A phone pole? In New York? No, no —not since the Spanish-American War —but the back-yard clothes poles are so characteristic they ought to be on the city shield. Speech, on clothes poles, by our Mr. Monroe! Oh, Monroe is the name. What's yours?"

SHE gasped, she shook her head from side to side, and blew out her breath—and she said, "Dariel Osborne, if you must know."

He beamed at her. "Fine. Now I s'pose you folks send your washing out, but these tenement people still do their own, and they have to have clothes poles and lines for the drying. Now these poles don't grow in back yards, and they don't last forever. As they break, or rot out, the new ones have to be hoisted in over the roofs or carried through some tenement where we can get a straight thrust from front to back, because New York tenements are always in hollow squares or oblongs, and there is no other way to get the poles in."

"I never thought of that."

"I did. That's part of my business. In the old days, a new pole was a big neighborhood event, and they'd christen it with beer. Now, with these stylish new apartment buildings cropping up in the older sections of this g-r-e-a-t city of contrasts, the ceremony is seldom jolly, but is more likely to be fraught, froft, frawt, with recriminations." He put the back of his left hand to his mouth and gave himself an aside, "Great going, Monroe! That's the stuff for the troops!"

Miss Dariel Osborne laughed, and Shed Weintrube complained from the sidewalk, "Oh, gee, Boss—let's get going before the cops come!"

Owen gestured toward Shed and Shanty. "Nice boys, but jumpy." He glanced at the luggage. "You coming—or going?"

"Well, if you're not the freshest—"

"No, no. My brother, the cop—he's the freshest. But no fooling, are you leaving —or did you just arrive?"

Miss Dariel Osborne was a well-bred, well-brought-up young lady, and she had been to finishing school, and knew how to walk in and out of rooms, how to meet people and how to get rid of them, but she didn't know how to get rid of this young man, and she wasn't trying very hard to find out. She said, "Neither. Seeing someone off."

"Look, Miss Osborne, I'm in conference now, as you see, but how about tonight, say about eight-thirty? Would it be proper for Mr. Monroe to call?"

She laughed. "If only you were not so shy and timid and bashful!"

"That's what everybody tells me." He grinned. " 'By, Miss Osborne. Be seeing you. *Yay!* Shed—front end! Shanty in the middle! Up with it and walk straight ahead!"

With that, Owen picked up the butt of the pole. Dariel's father, a big man with a high bald head and a black mustache, came from the elevator with the superintendent, who was walking sideways, talking rapidly and pointing to Owen.

"You there! Drop that!" called Mr. Osborne.

"On whose toes? Mine?" said Owen over his shoulder. "Straight ahead, lads!"

Owen and his helpers walked the long

(Continued on page 40)

Heading Back to Prohibition

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

An old acquaintance is with us again—the bootlegger. Or perhaps he never went away—just retired to the back country and dug in. The Alcohol Tax Unit is after him, wrecking three hundred stills a week with clocklike regularity. The Distilled Spirits Institute is indignantly on his trail. But he keeps right on, aided and abetted by share-cropping moonshiners, the informality of certain state liquor control boards and another old acquaintance of ours—human nature. First thing you know there'll be another one of those noble experiments

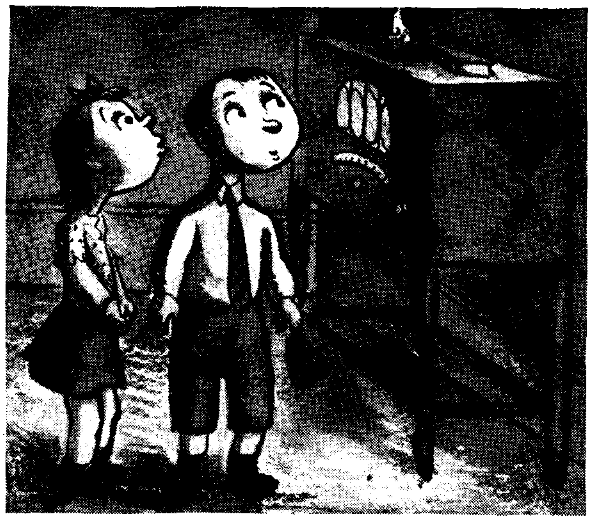
WE HAVEN'T any idea how long we might have enjoyed our innocence had we not been sauntering idly here and there in Zanesville, Ohio, absorbing her civic beauties and well-nigh unearthly loveliness at precisely the proper moment. Had we the time or the slightest encouragement we would set down here at a merited length the all-pervading charm of the jasmine-scented neighborhood in Zanesville where the honest facts of life overtook us and wrestled us out of our dreams and back into the clank, clatter and batter of reality. But we think we had better not.

At that moment we were admiring a large, skillfully made structure which bore the sober and disarming name of the Baltic Feed Products Company. As we recall the moment we were doing a bit of speculation upon what Baltic feed might be and whether it might not be well to drop in and buy a couple of dollars' worth. And we might have done so had we not almost immediately been brushed off the curb by a large black motorcar occupied by six fellows whom nobody could possibly take to be poets.

Directly behind this carload of bad news came another—much worse. It was even bigger and when it stopped seven or eight gentlemen garnished with machine guns fell out. The gentlemen in the first car were armed with nothing but axes and sledge hammers, although two of them carried brief-cases too. Nevertheless they all looked pretty much alike—as if they had had manhole covers and ten-minute bowling balls for breakfast. And then, suddenly, the enchanting landscape seemed to be sprouting with cops.

But none paid us the slightest attention. Roughly, limbering up their arms as they went, they crashed into the majestic brick structure, neither ringing nor knocking or even removing their hats. One guy who was swinging two sledge hammers—a guy named McGurl who was the Jimmy Foxx plus Lou Gehrig of the outfit—smacked one of the neat Baltic Feed Products Company signs just for practice.

A few moments later the spell of Zanesville's beguiling calm was a complete wreck. From the interior of the building came a tremendous clangor—as if the visiting gentlemen and police had decided suddenly to build a battleship before six o'clock. There was no shooting and we heard no prayers for mercy nor shouts for help. But those sledge hammers and axes were making so much noise that we were forced to abandon our rigid policy of minding our own business.



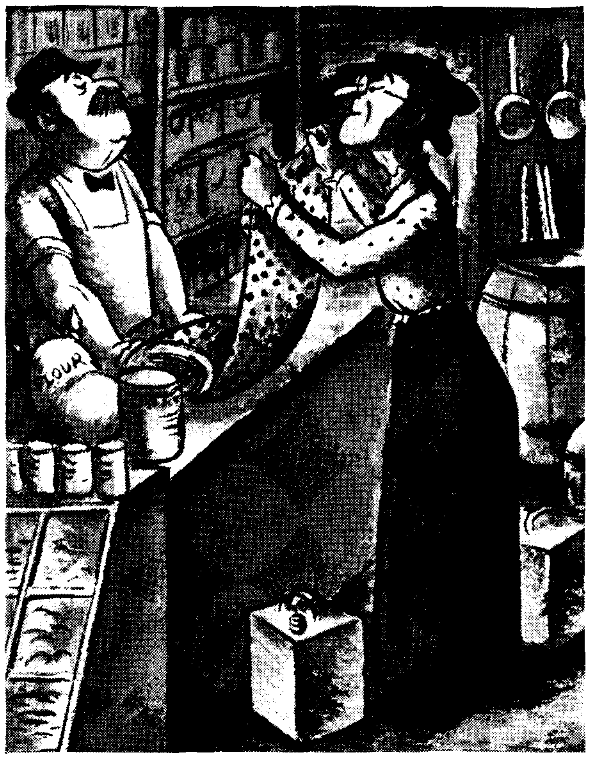
Mothers of children complained that 8 A. M. was too early for radio plugging of whisky

"It's nothing—nothing really," scoffed one of the more eloquent of the dicks who arrived in the second car. "Just another darned still. I don't know what on earth has happened to the great state of Ohio. We boys can't turn our backs it seems but another alcohol still pops up to ruin our plans for an evening of bridge or a week end on the lake."

He was inclined to say no more but we admired his machine gun, thereby winning his heart and confidence. His machine gun was, luckily for us, his weakness. Its name was neatly engraved in a small silver plate on the stock—Elmer. He told us that the boys always shouted "Where's Elmer?" whenever ordered out to duties such as we were now beholding. And Elmer was always present.

Forty Cookers in Two Weeks

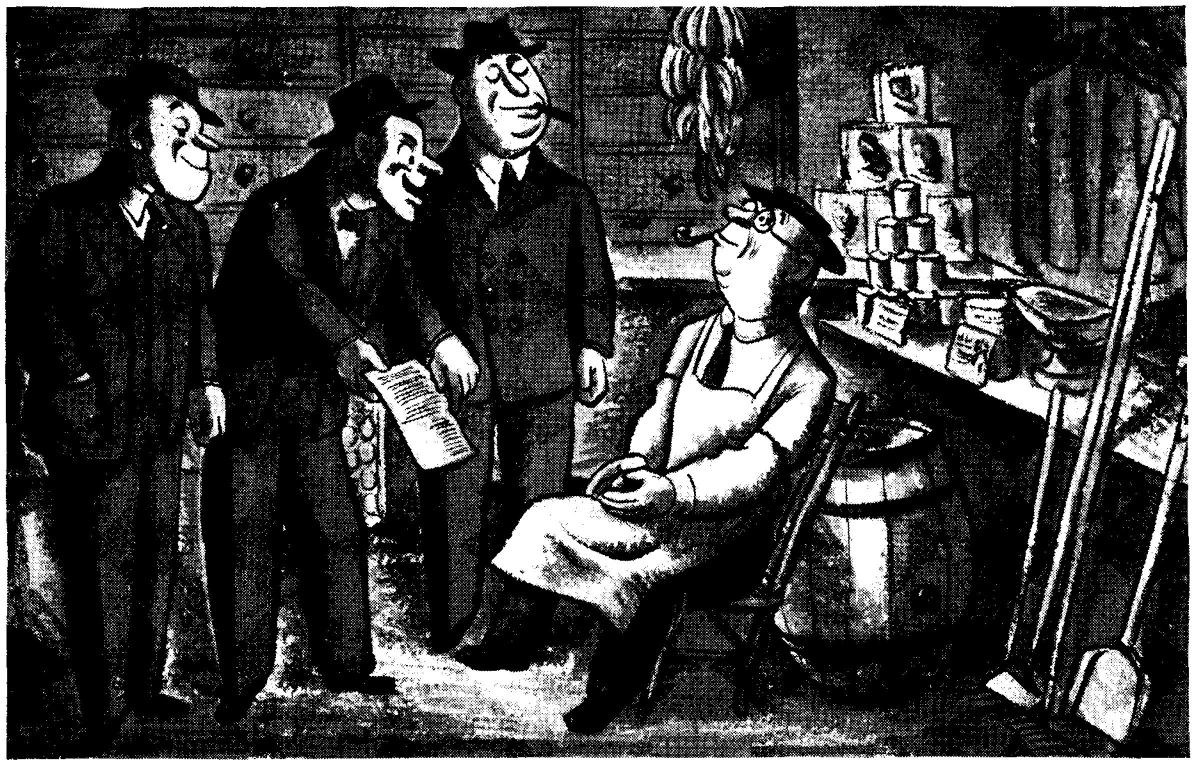
"Government raid," Elmer's guardian explained after we had exchanged sentimental opinions about machine guns. We even agreed that we didn't trust men who did not love machine guns and that lynching was too good for machine-gun poisoners. "Yes, a government raid on an alky still which has no license and, believe it or not, pays no taxes. This one belongs to a mob commanded by two very tough brothers who will soon be residents of a federal penitentiary. We fellows in mufti are government men from the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Who are you? The other fellows in uniform are cops—and very worthy fellows, too. But, as I was saying, I don't know what on earth has happened to Ohio, the home of the Anti-Saloon League. You can't turn around. Why we fellows have knocked off forty cookers in the last two weeks and although we've been at work since yesterday afternoon we've got three more to wreck before we can turn in tonight. Now I remember during prohibition—"



The small producer could trade alcohol for other necessities at the village store

But we always leave when anybody begins to remember prohibition. We only mentioned the incident to show you how innocent persons like us become involved in reverie-wrecking situations and get completely enmeshed in facts when we would much rather be basking in fancy and romance. Anyway we took the next train to Washington. And a very valuable idea that was too, because we feel that you'll be entertained to know that our government is smashing three hundred illicit stills a week. The raid on the Baltic was a mere incident.

Of course it is quite possible that you don't care how much contraband whisky the moonshiners turn out every day. Maybe you drink it and like it. Maybe you wouldn't drink the stuff if it were twice as cheap. Anyway, we are not asking you to get excited. But some evening when the children have been bullied off to bed and the Honorable Messrs. Hamilton and Farley have finished telling you how to save the country, you might work on that figure of three hundred raids



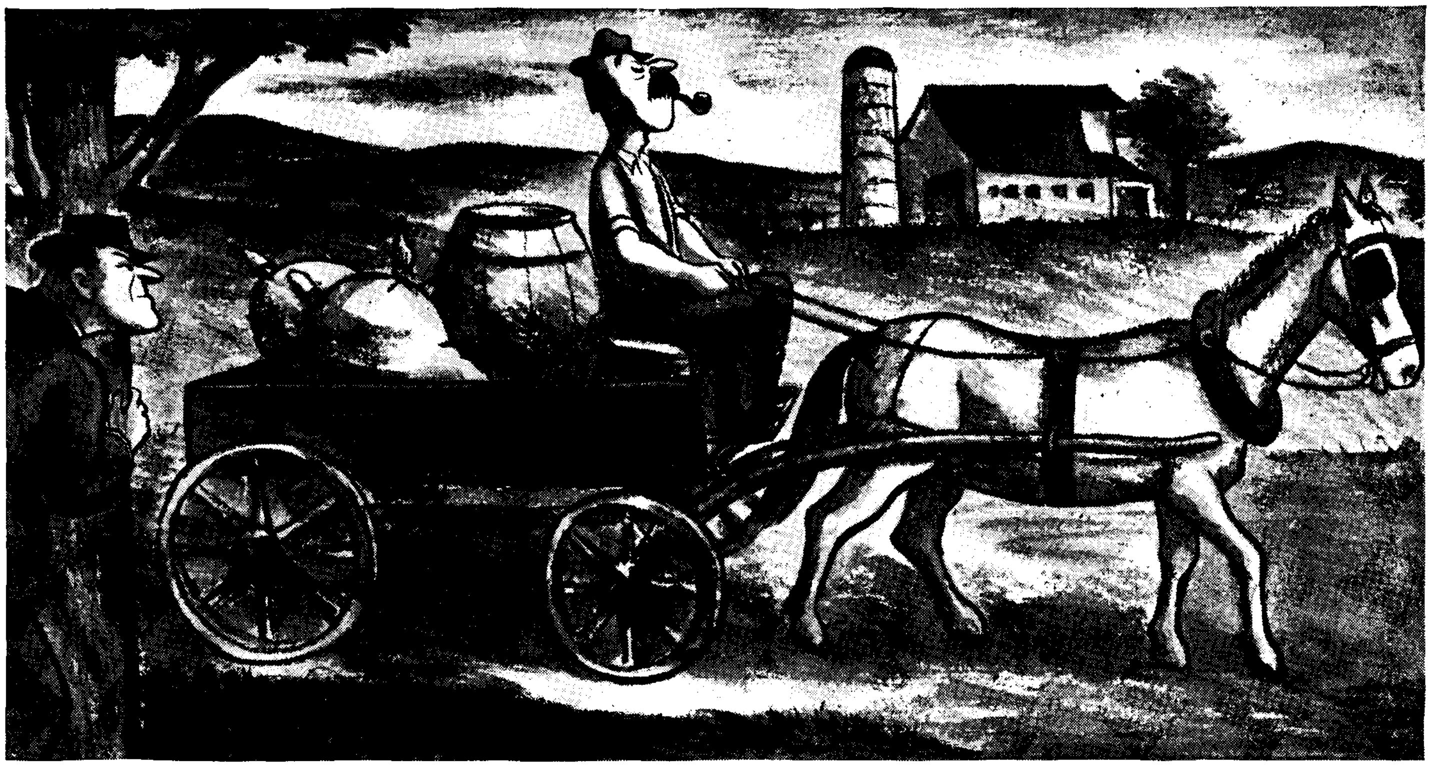
Messrs. Mindleginder, Proudfoot and Gianoli had little difficulty lining up the general storekeeper a week. Probably you'll have just as much trouble as we had believing the results. So listen.

We know that there are at least three hundred illegitimate stills bubbling every day. The government raids that many every week. But we don't know how many more there are. Neither does anyone else. When *the government raids a still on, say, Wednesday, that* still is thereafter a dismal ruin. Even a junkman wouldn't view it with optimism. But the point is that for every three hundred smashed this Wednesday there will be at least three hundred more to smash next Wednesday. And, as we've said, no one knows how many more.

A Torrent of Untaxed Whisky

Now, if each of these stills is able to turn out from one hundred to two thousand gallons of alcohol daily, you begin to get somewhere. Let's assume (as well we may) that the average output of these stills is three or four hundred gallons. And, mind you, they all turn out alcohol, not whisky. Very few produce whisky, such that do being merely small fry tucked off in some mountain cove operated by gaunt guys named Lem for an extremely limited two-dollar trade. Besides it takes too much time to make whisky by distillation.

Each gallon of alcohol becomes three gallons of whisky. And the translation is a matter of a couple of hours. Do you see? Unless your pencil has broken or your patriotic indignation got the better of you, you will have arrived by now at a considerable quantity of informal whisky. And, as we've said, this is by no means all. We still don't know how many alcohol cookers there are in operation outside the law—simply how many they catch. And the Alcohol Tax Unit, which does the raiding and smashing, isn't going after them in a spirit of religious fervor. These lads, commanded by Mr. Stewart Berkshire, do not go about their lively duties singing Onward, Christian Soldiers. The only thing that peeves them is that somebody isn't paying the government two dollars a gallon for the whisky. If you pay that two dollars for every gallon of whisky you produce, they don't care if you drown yourself or water the geraniums with it. Thinking it over calmly we can't recall ever having met a group of men who love two dollars so much. During the past fiscal year they turned in to the federal treasury about half a billion tax dollars, thereby winning for themselves two or three pages of kind words from Mr. Morgenthau, who at the moment is wondering how he might adapt the moonshine formula of one-becomes-three to his job.



Your affairs are quite likely to be investigated if you should suddenly take to buying your sugar and molasses in bulk

Anyone who can smell can locate an illicit alcohol-cooking plant

Nor are they the only persons who regard the moonshiners with distaste. The legitimate distillers who, with the brewers, paid that half billion in taxes are firmly of the opinion that jail is much too good for the alcohol racketeers and to a man recommend a thorough shooting. Therefore the legitimates, through such agencies as the Distilled Spirits Institute, which represents the manufacturers of about ninety per cent of the lawful whisky, rum, gin and the like, are lending every possible aid to the Berkshire boys—even to having their own investigators collaborate with the government men.

Naturally the government hopes that the day will *come when raids on wildcat stills will be so infrequent,* because of the scarcity of the stills, as to be major news events like quintuplets, Japanese spies, Doctor Townsend and the Irish Sweepstakes. But the road to that desirable point is discouraging. Yet a year or so ago they were cracking down upon five and six hundred a week.

Of the 2,800 men employed by the Alcohol Tax Unit, 1,400 are stationed at the various distilleries, wineries, breweries and their immediately related industries to see to it that no skulduggery is practiced. But the remaining 1,400 are drifting around the country earnestly striving to make life a burden to the moonshiners and their bootleggers who are not only stealing the bread and butter out of the mouths of the legitimates but doing their utmost to dynamite the alimentary canals of the liquor-drinking populace.

Under the rules of the good old days of which you are hearing almost more than enough during this political campaign, the 1,400 still sleuths and their 1,400 more or less stationary brethren would have been selected from the deserving ward-heeler ranks. They would have been retired cops whose feet and heads had gone too soft even for doorman duty, cigar store and barroom patriots who voted every half hour on election days, heels from the Philadelphia, Kansas City, Chicago, New York and San Francisco governmental rackets and similar political rowdydows who had slugged their way to recognition.

But, like Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's G-boys, most of the men in the Alcohol Tax Unit are reasonably young lawyers with flairs for adventure and very little if any sympathy for the outlaw. They are paid between $2,000 and $3,000 a year and careen around the countryside in a thousand motorcars which the government didn't buy. Neither did they. The cars were taken from their victims—the illicit distillers. And with the exception of the mountaineers, who still depend to a great extent upon mules for transportation, illicit distillers go in for first-rate motors. It is quite a life and we wouldn't blame any young lawyer for hankering after it.

In tracking down the illegitimate still no great genius is required—just a measure of honest persistency plus a few facts variously acquired. It is difficult to cook alcohol in complete secrecy. The neighborhood is likely to be filled with an unmistakable odor. Furthermore, sooner or later someone who doesn't like you or one of those tiresome troublemakers who think that the law should not be violated is going to find out and tell. And then there are sugar and molasses shipments to be followed. Sugar and molasses are the bases for most of the alcohol the moonshiners produce; and they need plenty of both.

All shipments of sugar and molasses are reported to the Alcohol Tax Unit. If they discover that you, who in the ordinary processes of life should be buying your sugar and molasses by the pound and jug, have suddenly gone in for carloads they at once become intensely interested in you. Or if they learn that a large *consignment has just been shipped to the village of* Beulah Land, Arkansas, they take the next mule for Beulah Land and ask folks what's going on. And there is always somebody bursting with news. And then there are other methods. We hate to be mysterious but we simply can't tell you more about it. Mr. Berkshire's still hounds made us promise not to go too far. We protested, mentioning our bounden duty to you readers, but it did no good.

A Ready Market for Bootleg Booze

Anyway you're probably much more interested in how the stuff is dispensed and things like that. After the moonshiner has made his alcohol and it is converted into whisky his larger difficulties are over. Selling it is a minor problem. Any number of your fellow citizens, willing to turn a dishonest dollar (which, alas, will buy as many beans as an honest one), are glad to peddle it. Not infrequently such whisky is pretty palatable, possibly quite as good as cheap stuff made legitimately. And it can be sold for half the price. Moreover, it's no more lethal than any other alcoholic concoction of the same grade.

In certain states where there have been scandalous administerings of the liquor laws or where shocking revelations are imminent, this whisky has frequently been on liquor dealers' shelves bearing lying labels or masquerading behind famous names of first-rate brands. But there's never any trouble finding it if you must. It's for sale here and yonder in garages, filling stations, drugstores, groceries, stationery shops, lunchrooms and in a thousand and one places from hamburger stands to tourist camps. It costs you a dollar a bottle—or something like that—and what becomes of it after that is up to you. It has never been known to effect a permanent cure for anything and we've heard of several consumers who have confessed that it is all a dreadful mistake anyway.

It is much easier to find the alcohol still and, with axe and sledge, end matters then and there than it is to run down the dispensers. We talked to a liquor-store owner who was in great trouble with the authorities—on his way to jail, it seemed. The poor fellow had merely executed what he took to be a neat stroke of business. To his establishment came a man named McLeith. Mr. McLeith told him that he represented the Whazsit-Touyeh Company and that the Whazsit-Touyeh Company, retiring from the wholesale business, had a whole cellar full of a famous rye to dispose of. The kindly Mr. McLeith and his benevolent employers were willing to sell the liquor dealer ten barrels of the magnificent stuff—at a brutally low

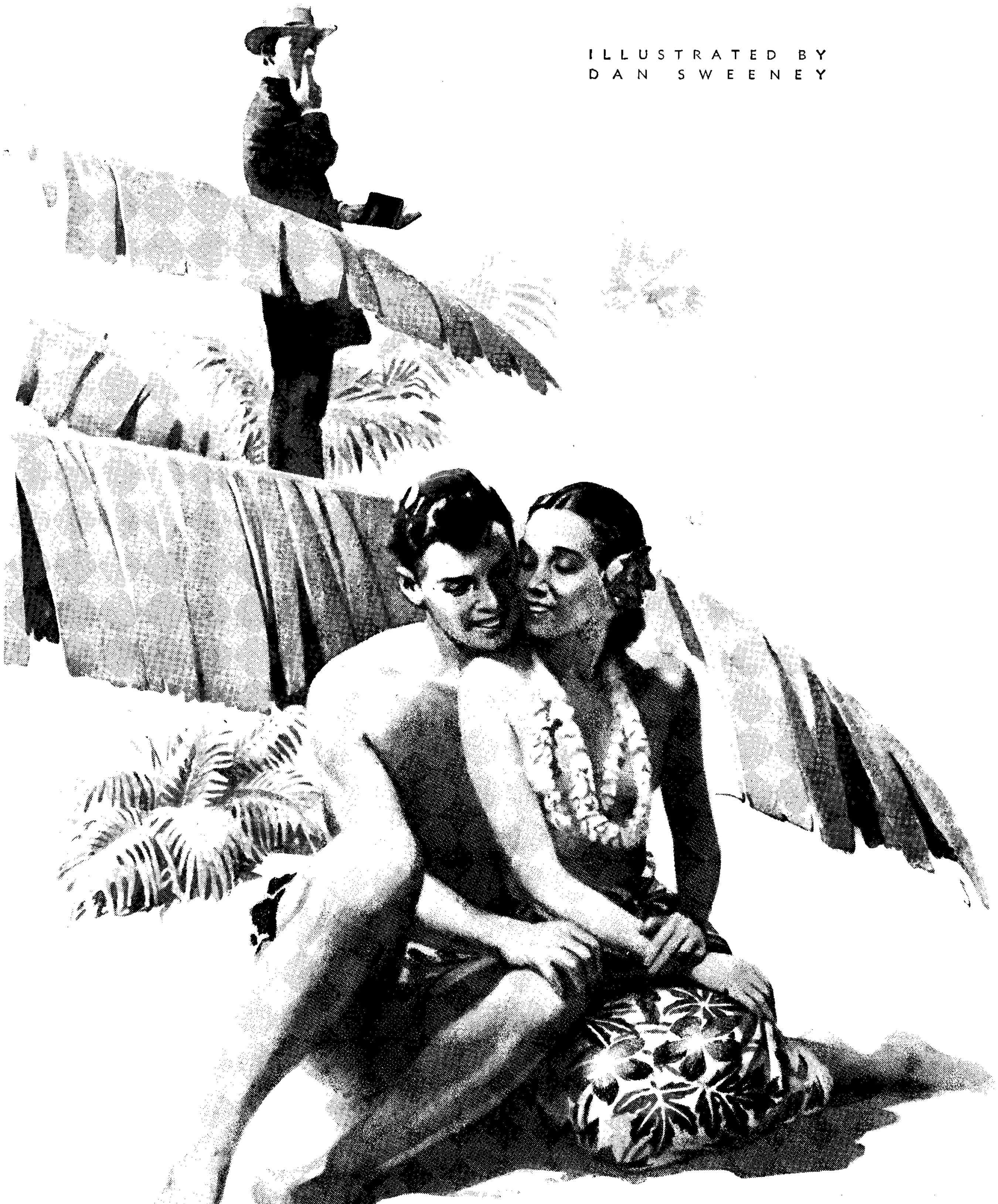
(Continued on page 46)

The Perfect Convert

The singular experience of Mr. Bixby, of Boston, in the Wise Islands, where Nature provides for everything, even missionaries

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Mr. Bixby soon saw fit to write in his notebook: "The Wise Islanders are monogamous but human"

THE Wise Islands are as wise as anything else in nature; neither more nor less. Factually they are named after Commander Wise, who almost stumbled over them in a hurricane and put them on the map in the wrong place. During the following century their position was changed from time to time until it is now fair to assume that an exact position has been definitely fixed for them. From afar and on a smooth day the five islands look like five thimbles standing within a silver bracelet on a tabletop of dark blue glass. But often they are hidden behind dark purple curtains of rain, and ships passing within a few miles in bright sunlight do not see them at all. They have seldom been visited.

Each thimble is the worn-out and worn-down peak of what was once a splendid flaming volcano. The silver bracelet is salt water breaking upon a reef of coral.

When the seas are running high and fast it is a great show, especially when the wind is off shore and the forty-foot spray, all ablaze with rainbows, is blown back upon itself in curves of unimaginable beauty. Whether the coral polypi designed and built the barrier reefs of the Mid-Pacific to insure such occasional effects for themselves and their progeny or for some other reason is not definitely known. And the very young and newly Reverend Mr. Bixby at the moment being rowed ashore in a whaleboat from the mission ship Felicity did not care.

He had been seasick all the way from Boston to Tahiti by way of Cape Horn, and all the way from Tahiti to this narrow pass in the Iron Reef which circled the Wise Islands, and through which the whaleboat, strongly pulled, was inching her way against the seaward rush of lagoon water and a brisk wind from the shore. To right and left, as far as the eye could see, the mountainous waves crashed and thundered. Rainbows flashed in the high repelled spray. But the Reverend Mr. Bixby looked neither to the right nor to the left. He was not without courage but he could not remember when his stomach had been anything but empty and he had long since given himself up for lost.

THE fact that in parentheses the Wise Islands were marked "Cannibal" upon the chart was the least of his apprehensions. He did not even hope to be put ashore.

And then all at once the whaleboat no longer tossed and pitched. She moved smoothly and with momentum.

"We're going to make it, sir!"

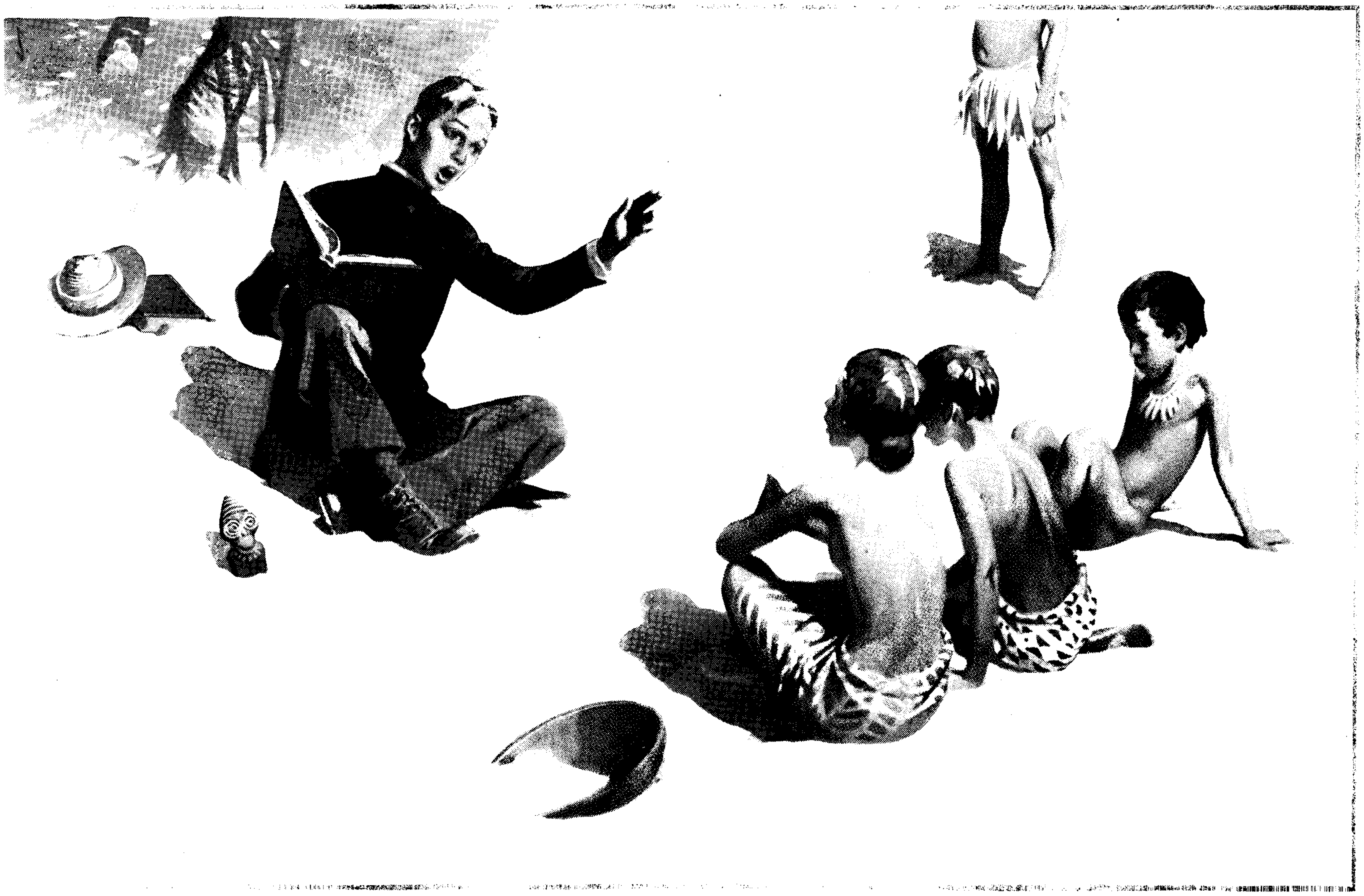
The grizzled seaman swinging the long steering oar had a merry eye.

"I deeply appreciate," said Mr. Bixby, "the efforts which you have made in my behalf."

"There's one thing sure now, sir, you'll not be food for sharks."

"The inhabitants," said Mr. Bixby with a feeble smile, "will hardly look with appetite on a skeleton, even if it is still a little alive." He was not without imagination but seldom permitted his mind to toy with the wholly self-centered sublimities of possible martyrdom.

Gold-colored men and women in outrigger canoes came racing out to meet the whaleboat, and Mr. Bixby did what he could to pull himself together. He had made a heroic theoretical study of the Polynesian tongues, had made himself a little understood in Tahiti and proposed after practice to do even better here. So he got to his feet, waved a hand and cried: "*Io rana io rana!*"



He taught Mumu some of the sweet toy prayers and graces and tried to explain their spirit and their meanings

The Wise Islanders smiled and laughed their appreciation and in varied voices flung the music back to him.

He was no longer seasick. His heart warmed to them. An intuition, perhaps divine, advised him that there was no real harm in them. The cruel nostalgia for his home from which he had suffered ever since he had left it suddenly faded away to just nothing at all.

"Just put us ashore," he said to the seaman with the twenty-two-foot oar, and elucidated the editorial or royal "us" with a jerk of his thumb toward a big chest of thick pine wood, painted boat-blue. "I'll be all right. I'm among friends."

The chest contained his belongings, his clothes, his few books, his one or two trinkets, his little stores of medicine, of trifles for giving away, of seeds which might or might not do well in these Islands (you never know) and an assortment of tools for working wood and soil on a small scale.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when he said goodby to the men in the whaleboat.

"All of you," he said, "each and every one, have been good to me. If you will not consider it an impertinence because I am so young—I bid you farewell with my blessing."

By nightfall the natives had built him a little wonder house of bamboo and woven mats of pandanus. It was clean and spiced, a little miracle of just proportions, of horizontal horizontals and of perpendiculars which were perpendicular. While the house was being built by some, others (ladies of a certain age and impeccable reputations) felt the reverend man's sides and counted his ribs and felt his emaciated wrists and ankles, and made clicking noises of compassion with their tongues, and ordered that yams and breadfruit be put to roast upon the instant and that an overplump and self-satisfied fowl be separated from her head.

By the time the house was finished his stomach was full, and he had been enriched by many presents of Island work: many beautiful cloths of beaten bark; curiosities.

And that night when he was on his knees giving thanks and begging for guidance, and otherwise drooping with fatigue and all ready to turn in, a golden immaturity, female, and quite naked, crept into his house and presented him with a toy god, not badly carved in stone. And she tried to tell him what it was in baby "bêche-de-mer."

He only gathered that in these Islands little children are not considered ripe for serious religion, and so they are given toy gods to think about and play with.

He smiled and asked if he were not considered old enough to have a real god instead of just a toy one. And she explained as well as she could that, while everybody liked him, the older and wiser people felt that he was a little backward, not congenitally bright perhaps, and had best perhaps begin at the beginning like everybody else who is born into this world.

THE Reverend Mr. Bixby was so deeply touched and amused that he would not have been elsewhere for thousands. And when the golden immaturity had fled upon a sudden attack of giggles, he placed the toy god (it really charmed him, being so naïve and fierce) where it would be the first thing to charm and amuse him when he waked in the morning, and turned in. And he thought drowsily: "It's an idea. They don't give them hell-fire right off to start with. They let them play with the notion of religion until they are old enough to understand something about it. . . . They give them toy gods to worship!"

Every day ladies of discreet age and impeccable reputations felt his sides and counted his ribs and requisitioned the meats, fruits and starches of the mountains and the lagoons to lard them over. When these ladies spoke to him it was in a language compounded of modern native words together with mispronounced and abused words of French and English origin. This was not difficult to understand. But when they talked among themselves he could not understand them at all. He believed it to be their ancient language and was certain that they talked it much too fast.

Mumu was the name of the little girl who had brought him the toy god. She had very precious gifts of good nature and laughter. In return for her present to him he gave her one of the toys of his own religion; a little white metal star of Bethlehem to wear about her neck on a cord of twisted fibers. She was very happy with her star and sometimes went out into society wearing nothing else. He taught her to make the early Christian sign of the fish with her toes in the sand and he told her as clearly as he was able that pretty toy of the Christian religion, the Golden Rule. The grown-up stuff, the Ten Commandments, and the awful punishments would best be taken up later, he thought. They seemed somehow a little out of place in the Island world. The possibilities for wickedness were so very limited.

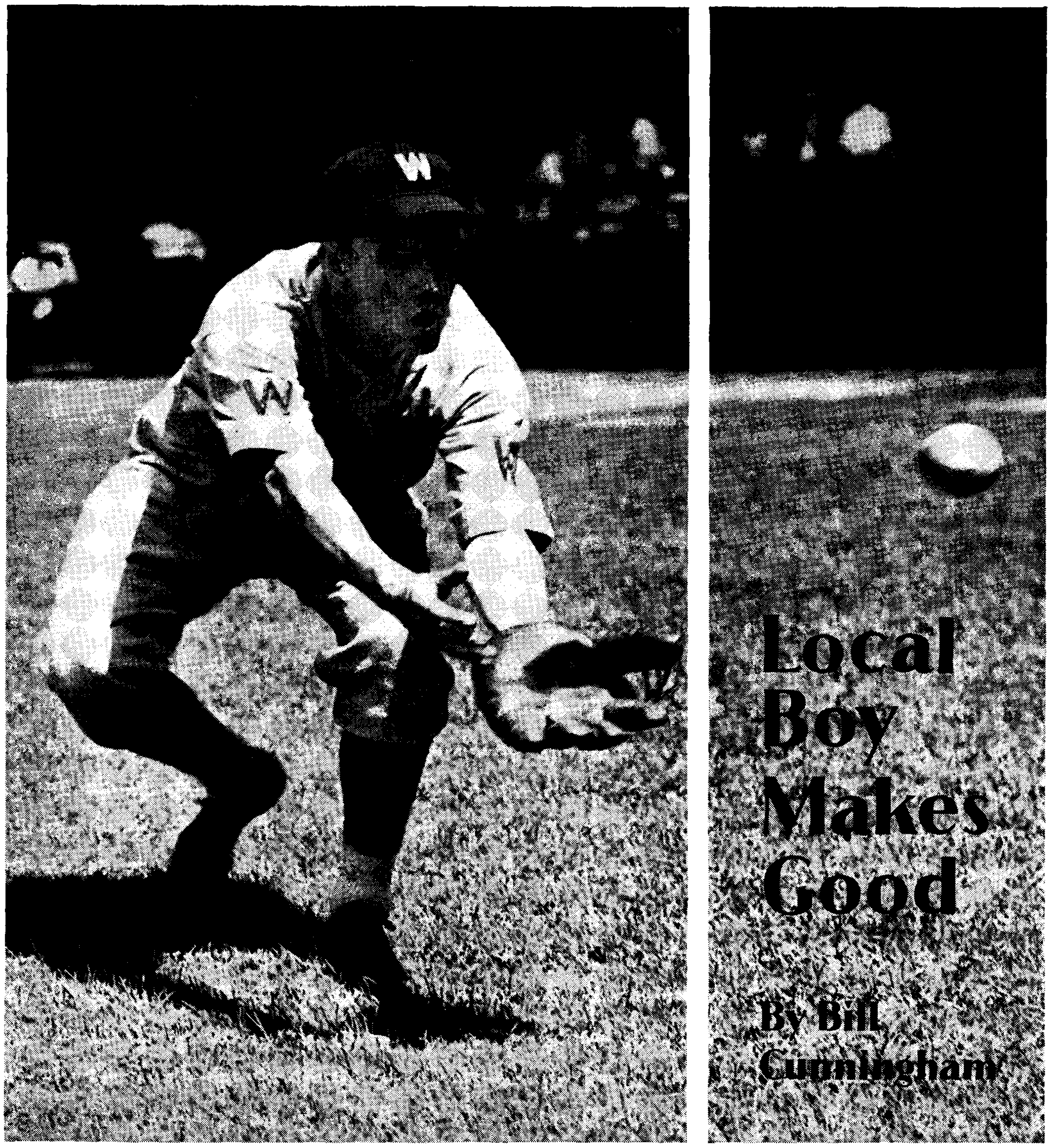
Stealing made no sense in a community where everyone found a sweet pleasure in giving. There were never any murders because nobody ever seemed to be in the right mood. There were laws of course, but no enforcement was necessary, because the laws appealed to good sense. You were forbidden, for instance, to eat certain species of fish at certain seasons and you did not eat them because you knew that if you did you would double up into tight knots and perhaps die. Though stigmatized as cannibal on the charts the Wise Islanders confessed to having eaten one enemy too many. And as a consequence many had died. But that was long, long ago. Now it was unlawful to eat anybody, and the mountains were now so full of pigs that it wasn't even a temptation.

MR. BIXBY was delighted to learn this, both for theoretical and personal reasons. It seemed to offer him a freer hand over a longer period of time, and fell in with his temperament, which was inquiring rather than domineering.

He must of course introduce Christianity into the Wise Islands. That was clearly the job for which he was being miserably underpaid. But if the subsequent relationship is to be pleasant and profitable there is such a thing as making an introduction at a favorable time and in a tactful manner. It is well of course, before the arrival of the brilliant lion at the party which you are giving in his honor, to build him up a little for the instruction of the assembled guests. But not too much lest reality fall short of expectation and there is disappointment.

Well versed in the history of Christianizing missions he could not accept the theory that the system of the most gentle and tolerant of the Jewish teachers is best advanced by violence. He did not believe in smashing idols, especially if they were works of art and droll in addition. He did not believe in standing on people's necks while you argued with

(Continued on page 51)



A prize product of the American Legion's Junior Baseball League: Buddy Lewis, third baseman for the Washington Senators

COLLIER PHOTOGRAPH

Local Boy Makes Good

By Bill Cunningham

"Judge Landis," said Mr. Sowers, "give us some help and we'll find you some ballplayers." That was the beginning of the American Legion Junior Baseball League. It has lived up to expectations—as you can see from the results that have been achieved

IF YOU happen to live in any one of the eight cities where the American League baseball teams do their afternoon chores and if you happen to be one who spends his afternoons watching the boys perform those chores you will, no doubt, have heard of John Kelly Lewis, who is more familiarly known as Buddy Lewis. Buddy Lewis plays a very natty third base for the Washington Senators and he has established himself as one of the prize rookies of the 1936 baseball season. Veteran observers are unanimous in saying that young Buddy has what it takes and that he will be directing traffic at that Washington hot corner for many a year to come.

Because of that and because of the fact that young Buddy Lewis came to the big leagues by way of an idea, it may be worth our while to consider the interesting case of this interesting young man.

Several years ago a very large gentleman named Dan Sowers had been made National Americanism Officer of the American Legion. The Legion was a bit worried because rumors had reached its ears to the effect that high school youngsters were thinking far too much about such foibles as Communism and not enough about the traditional American pastimes such as setting off fireworks on the Fourth of July, choral singing, the unhitching of gates on Halloween Eve, and baseball. About this time the high moguls of baseball were also beginning to worry about dwindling gate receipts and apparent loss of interest in the game and the difficulty of finding good young players.

Shrewd, sincere Mr. Sowers caught himself an idea. The Legion under his direction would organize the youth of the country into a nation-wide baseball league. The teams governed by the local Legion posts would hold sectional, then national championships. Mr. Sowers brought his 300 pounds of energy to the desk of craggy-chinned 130-pound Judge Landis.

"We believe," he told the white-haired high priest of baseball, "that the youth of the country need something healthy like baseball to occupy their spare time. Youngsters have fallen away from baseball because they are no longer encouraged to play. Sand-lot baseball is dead. There are no organized leagues below the minor leagues in which kids can play. We will provide such a league. In addition to helping the youth of the country toward healthy lives and high ideals, it will educate the youngsters on the subject of baseball and eventually," the shrewd Mr. Sowers said, "our league will send dozens of well-trained youngsters up to the minors and then to the major leagues. Give us some help, Judge, and we'll find you some ballplayers."

The Judge liked the idea, sold it to the two league presidents and the team owners and $50,000 was given to Mr. Sowers to organize his league. The American Legion Junior Baseball League was a hit from the start.

John Kelly Lewis is one of the ballplayers given to organized baseball by the American Legion Junior League. So is Phil Cavarretta of the Cubs and so is Babe Dahlgren, who played with the Red Sox last year.

Buddy is a product of the same Gastonia, N. C., that won the Legion championship last year. He was, as a matter of fact, a member of five Gastonia teams, but none of his got any further than a regional championship. His father, John Kelly Lewis, Sr., is a truck farmer near Gastonia and young Buddy is next to the youngest in a family that includes five sisters. He started second-basing for the Gastonians at the tender age of twelve, but he didn't function as a regular until two years later—1931. By that time, he'd been switched to third base.

Baseball Among the Mills

The Gastonia district is one the Legion Americanism executives consider an almost perfect example of a situation met and solved by their sports program for youngsters. When the textile industry started south after the war, Gastonia suddenly found itself becoming the center of the "fine-combed cotton yarns" industry and other manufacturing enterprises primarily allied with textiles. Originally a quiet farming community with a couple of ancient cotton mills, it eventually found itself in the hurly-burly of 104 textile plants and other affiliated industries with a town population that had suddenly ballooned up to 35,000—with a county population of 100,000.

Labor organizations and agitation automatically followed. There were troubles and mutterings, and, in the Legion lists, at any rate, the Gastonia district became "a hotbed of Communism." Maybe the Legion was right. Perhaps not. It isn't our business to judge, but it was to combat such situations that the Legion baseball plan was born, and whether or not Gastonia suffered from parlor pinkness or some deeper shade of red, the region, at least, went juvenile-baseball-crazy, while the other type of entertainment went into a swift decline.

Young Buddy Lewis third-based the first Gastonia team that "got anywhere." That was in 1931. There were about a dozen teams in the "Western North Carolina District." Of these, Charlotte and Belmont were "the toughest," he says, but Gastonia banged along as far as the state championship, where it was belted out by Greensboro.

In 1933, however, the Gastonians sailed right along as far as the Eastern Finals. In these, they met and lost to Trenton, N. J., the series being played in Springfield, Ohio, and this trip constituted young Captain Buddy Lewis' longest trip away from home.

Trenton won, but Lewis was the individual hero of the series. He not only fielded brilliantly, but he tore the stitching off the ball at bat. In one of the games he had a perfect day, getting four for four, as the ballplayers say—a home run, a triple, a double and a single in four times at bat—a regular royal flush with the bludgeon.

The Memphis team sent out a feeler for him, but the young man wasn't

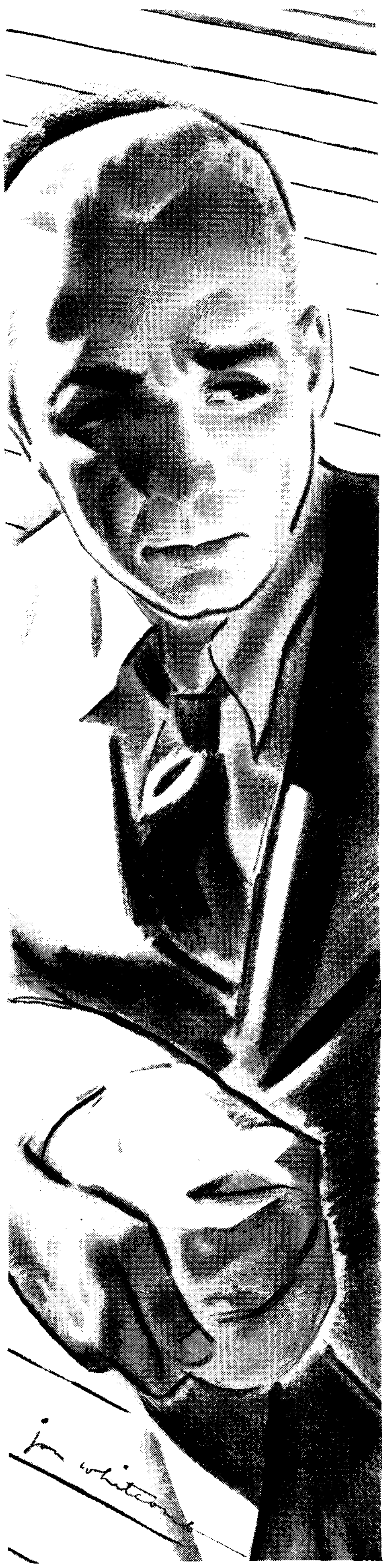
(Continued on page 69)

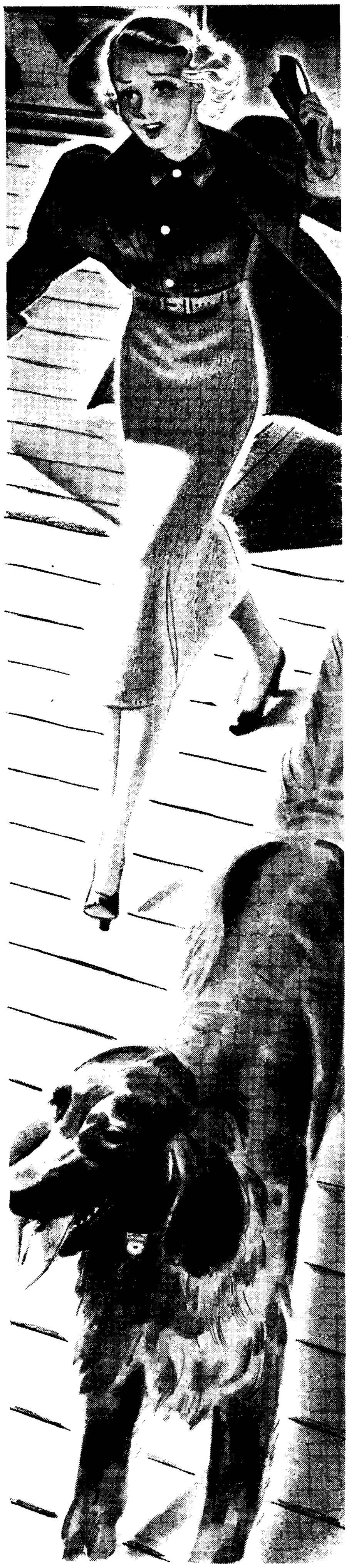
The Return

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB





Then, without a bit of warning, up rushes Margaret Welding, Alvin's old girl that was supposed to be engaged to Punkie Hazen

JUST about everybody in town was down at the station to see Alvin Forrest come home from Jeff City penitentiary. We knew he was coming in on the 4:27 St. Louis train because he telegraphed Tucker Smith to meet the 4:27 and old man Ned Parker, the station agent, told it around.

I went along with the rest of them. Alvin used to be a good pal of mine, even if he was Judge Forrest's son and I wasn't anybody very much. That is why I went. I figured there would be plenty of folks in our town there to crow over Alvin; maybe he would like to see at least one guy who was sorry.

Alvin had turned out to be an awful black sheep, I guess. He swiped seventeen thousand four hundred dollars from his old daddy's bank, the Farmers & Traders. Alvin picked a mighty tight time to steal the money, too. The bank had to close. It broke his mother's heart and she died; and then, a couple of months later, Judge Forrest killed himself.

They gave Alvin only three years, with time off for good behavior, and folks here in Bluff City thought it wasn't long enough. But I remember saying to Bud Swifton, walking to the station: "One year in the pen is a long time; and, besides, look what they did to Alvin's things."

"Yeah," Bud said, "they sure stripped him while he was in the pen. Sam Hazen took the house and the car and all the furniture the others didn't buy dirt cheap at the auction."

"That isn't the half of it," I said. "Didn't Punkie Hazen take Alvin's girl?"

Bud sort of grunted.

"I bet Punkie and Margaret are at the station to laugh and sneer."

"Punkie and his old man will be there," I said, "but not Margaret."

"Bet you a pack of cigarettes," Bud said.

THE 4:27 was seven minutes late. When Bud and I got to the station, folks were just kind of drifting in.

Bud and I looked for old Tucker Smith, who used to be Judge Forrest's lawyer, but did not see him. The only folks who were standing right smack out on the platform waiting for the train made a pretty poor showing. I saw Nigger Thomas, that used to be the Forrests' yardman, and Miss Annie Tregg, that used to sew for Alvin's mother. There were a couple of old farmers that didn't look as if they were going away on the train. These four folks were standing kind of together and they had bundles in their hands.

About a minute before train time, sure enough, up rolled Judge Forrest's old car with Punkie Hazen driving it. His old man was in the back seat.

"You owe me a pack of cigarettes," I said to Bud, and was I glad.

"I thought sure Margaret would be here," Bud said. "Lookit, here comes Owl Eye McGee!"

Owl Eye hobbled along the platform, leading a red setter dog.

"That's Alvin's dog Rex," I said.

We watched to see what Owl Eye would do. He joined up with Nigger Thomas and Miss Annie Tregg and the two farmers.

"Lookit Punkie and his old man pretending like they just came for an express package!" Bud said.

It got me sore. I moved over toward the folks that were standing right on the platform.

The train came in sight on the curve by the shoe factory. I said to myself: "If Punkie or any of these other folks makes one crack at Alvin I'll bust 'em."

When the train stopped, we had to walk forward to the chair cars. Owl Eye McGee and Nigger Thomas and Miss Annie Tregg beat us to it.

ALVIN was the third passenger off that car. I saw him climbing down backward and dragging an old straw valise off the steps. He had on a stir suit and he looked pale, like he'd been sick for a long time.

"Hi-yah, Alvin, old kid!" I yelled out.

I didn't have a chance.

Owl Eye McGee was first. He picked up Rex in his arms and shoved Rex at Alvin. Rex let out a big yelp and looked like he wanted to lick Alvin's face off.

"He remembers you, boy," Owl Eye said.

Miss Annie Tregg got to him next. She kissed Alvin on one side while Rex was licking on the other. She pushed her parcel into Alvin's hands.

"Some little things of your mother's, Alvin," she said. "I bought them at the sale."

Nigger Thomas picked up Alvin's valise. He was chuckling and crying all at the same time. He almost forgot the bundle he had in his hand.

"I got yo' daddy's shavin' set an' kep' it safe, yas *suh!*" he said, "and heah's some shortenin' bread Allie baked fo' you, *special.*"

Bud and I pushed up.

"How's tricks, kid?" I said.

"Hi-yah, Alvin," Bud said, "you're—you're just in time for quail hunting—with us."

Before Alvin could say anything, up rushed old man Tucker Smith and his wife. Mrs. Smith busted right out bawling and threw her arms around Alvin.

"You mustn't do it, Alvin," she said. "You must tell them—"

"No," Alvin said, pretty loud.

"Hush, Mother," old man Smith said. "But he's alive and has to *live* and his father—"

Tucker Smith hushed her up before she could say any more.

"Let's hurry, Uncle Tucker," Alvin said.

We kind of stood aside so Alvin, with Nigger Thomas carrying the crummy old valise, could walk toward old man Smith's flivver. In spite of his sudden hurry, Alvin stopped in his tracks and looked. He put his chin up and gave a long look. I guess he was looking at Bluff City and at all the folks who were down at the station pretending to meet friends.

THEN, without a bit of warning, up runs Margaret Welding, Alvin's old girl that was supposed to be engaged to Punkie Hazen. Right in front of everybody she said: "Hello, Alvin. I'm glad to see you back." And Alvin said, "Hello, Margaret. I—I—" He didn't get to say any more, because Margaret kissed him. Right in front of Punkie Hazen and old man Hazen and the whole town. They climbed into Tucker Smith's car.

I guess Mrs. Smith thought no one could hear her now, because she said: "Margaret never would believe you took the money, Alvin. She always said it was your father!"

Margaret didn't make a sound and neither did Alvin. She just snuggled up close to Alvin as they drove off.

"That's a pack of cigarettes you owe me!" Bud said.

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

A REMARKABLE apparatus, capable of *destroying all the navies in the world,* is perfected by Mark Humberstone, wealthy American inventor. Before his death, he bequeaths it to a group of seven Americans, with the proviso that it be used only for purposes of national defense or to demonstrate that war is no longer possible.

His son, Mark Humberstone, Jr., alone knows how to operate the device. Years after his father's death, he is in Nice, France, where, surrounded by a small army of spies (including one Suzanne, a blond charmer who will hesitate at nothing), he and Prince Cheng, a brilliant Chinese, are engaged in a vast and most mysterious enterprise. Working with them, at headquarters, is a beautiful woman, Catherine Oronoff, whose cousin, formerly a Grand Duke of Russia, is living near by.

In need of more bodyguards, Humberstone hires one of the most remarkable men in the world: "Professor Ventura." The professor's real name is Jonson. Possessed of some strange power unknown to science, he is immune to attacks—no one can shoot him, no one can lay hands on him, if he wills otherwise!

In London, Prince Cheng has an important interview with Sir William Temperley, British secretary of state for foreign affairs. Sir William asks Cheng why China is arming, why British cables and wireless stations will no longer work as they should. Cheng makes seemingly truthful answers, and takes his leave. A few minutes later he is flying toward the Continent; and a few minutes later, three men—plotters—are discussing him in a Soho restaurant. They have, it appears, made an attempt to assassinate Cheng. They have failed. They are furious over their inability to "get" their man....One of the trio is—*Jonson!*

III

THEN tragedy came very near indeed. A thin, languid-looking man opposite, who had slipped in unseen and at whom they had glanced curiously more than once, paid his bill, folded up his paper and strolled across the room toward them. His destination was obvious. Krakoff, who was in an evil temper, had his hand in that cunningly devised pocket of his before the stranger had come to a standstill. The lust to kill held him in a fierce clutch. Action of any sort he felt would make a stronger man of him.

"My name," the newcomer announced, "is perhaps known to you three gentlemen. Hendren—Inspector Hendren. I belong to the foreign branch of the Criminal Investigation Department."

The three men waited.

"You have passports, gentlemen?" the inspector continued.

"But naturally," Jonson admitted. "You do not expect, however, that we carry them about with us?"

Inspector Hendren waved his hand.

"That is not necessary," he said, "but I would like to remind you if I might, without wishing to take a liberty, that passports were meant for use. Yours, I think, have remained too long in your dispatch boxes or pocketbooks. Tomorrow would be an excellent time to use them."

Hendren strolled away. Krakoff's hand was half out of his pocket but Jonson's fingers were gripping his arm. They sat in silence. The swing door opened and closed.

SUZANNE, summoned by Mark Humberstone, tapped at the door of Mr. Cheng's room, then entered.

Mark, alone, was there. He motioned her to a chair.

"I understand," he began, "that your little difficulty with the police over *l'affaire* Costoli is arranged?"

"Monsieur Déchanel assures me that I shall never hear of it again," she replied. "He proposes, by the bye, to pay me a visit this afternoon."

"Good business," Mark approved. "You will embrace the opportunity, my dear Mademoiselle Suzanne, of inquiring whether he knows anything about a weird-looking Turkish cruiser which lies in the harbor."

"Again an affair of the sea," she complained. "The memory of the last one still troubles me. For my own pleasure I have lost what you call the taste for the navy."

"This time," Mark observed, "you will not need to be so precipitate. It is Monsieur Déchanel of whom you must first ask a few questions."

"Bien, monsieur."

"There are two men of importance on board, I believe," he continued. "The commander and the admiral. They are reported to be waiting for a cargo. Any information with regard to the nature of that cargo would be welcome."

Suzanne drew a brief sigh of relief. She was to be trusted again, then.

"Entendu, monsieur," she murmured. "The good Monsieur Déchanel shall tell me all that he knows within an hour. The nature of the cargo! Simple!"

"Perhaps at Maxim's tonight," Mark suggested, "you might look around for the commander. Even a slight acquaintance with him might prove valuable. An invitation to take tea on board might produce results."

"It probably would," Suzanne agreed, "but what sort of results are you looking for?"

"There are two ways in which the commander might prove to be a useful acquaintance," Mark explained. "The first is that we want to know why he is lying in Nice port and what manner of cargo he is expecting."

"That should not be difficult," she said hopefully.

"Another little matter in which we are interested," Mark continued, "is the fact that either the commander or the admiral was a director of naval defense, at any rate until a few years ago. An admiral with whom I was talking this afternoon believes that one of the two is probably at the present moment working upon a chart of the Dardanelles. That chart would be quite valuable to us."

"If I can once find my way on board," she promised, "I will bring you the chart."

Mark rose to his feet. Suzanne, with a little grimace, accepted the hint and like a sleepy cat, with just one backward glance over her shoulder, stole away. At her own door she was met by her maid.

"Monsieur Déchanel of the police awaits Mademoiselle," she announced.

SUZANNE, her masses of yellow hair warmer and more lustrous than ever against the white skin of her neck and her black gown, flung herself upon the couch and pointed out an adjacent easy chair to her visitor.

"It is very kind, Monsieur Déchanel, that you come to pay me a little visit under this roof. What an entourage we have here, eh? You find it a little strange in the midst of your wonderful Nice—an establishment like this dealing with world affairs?"

Monsieur Déchanel, who held a prominent position in the Bureau of the *Chef de la Sûreté* of the neighborhood, and was inclined to think that Suzanne was not treating him with sufficient respect, twirled his black mustache and disposed himself more comfortably in his chair.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "we consider it somewhat of an honor that your chief has chosen Nice for his headquarters."

"An honor," Suzanne repeated with a peculiar smile upon her lips. "Well, that may be so."

"Nothing in the activities of your bureau," he went on, "has ever come to the notice of the police that was not strictly in order."

"And of course," she commented, "the police know everything."

"YOU are inclined to be facetious today, little one. Nevertheless, I can assure you we who know look upon your director as a great person who is highly thought of in Paris. He mixes in the important affairs of the world—sometimes no doubt with profit to himself—but he preserves always for us and our government—"

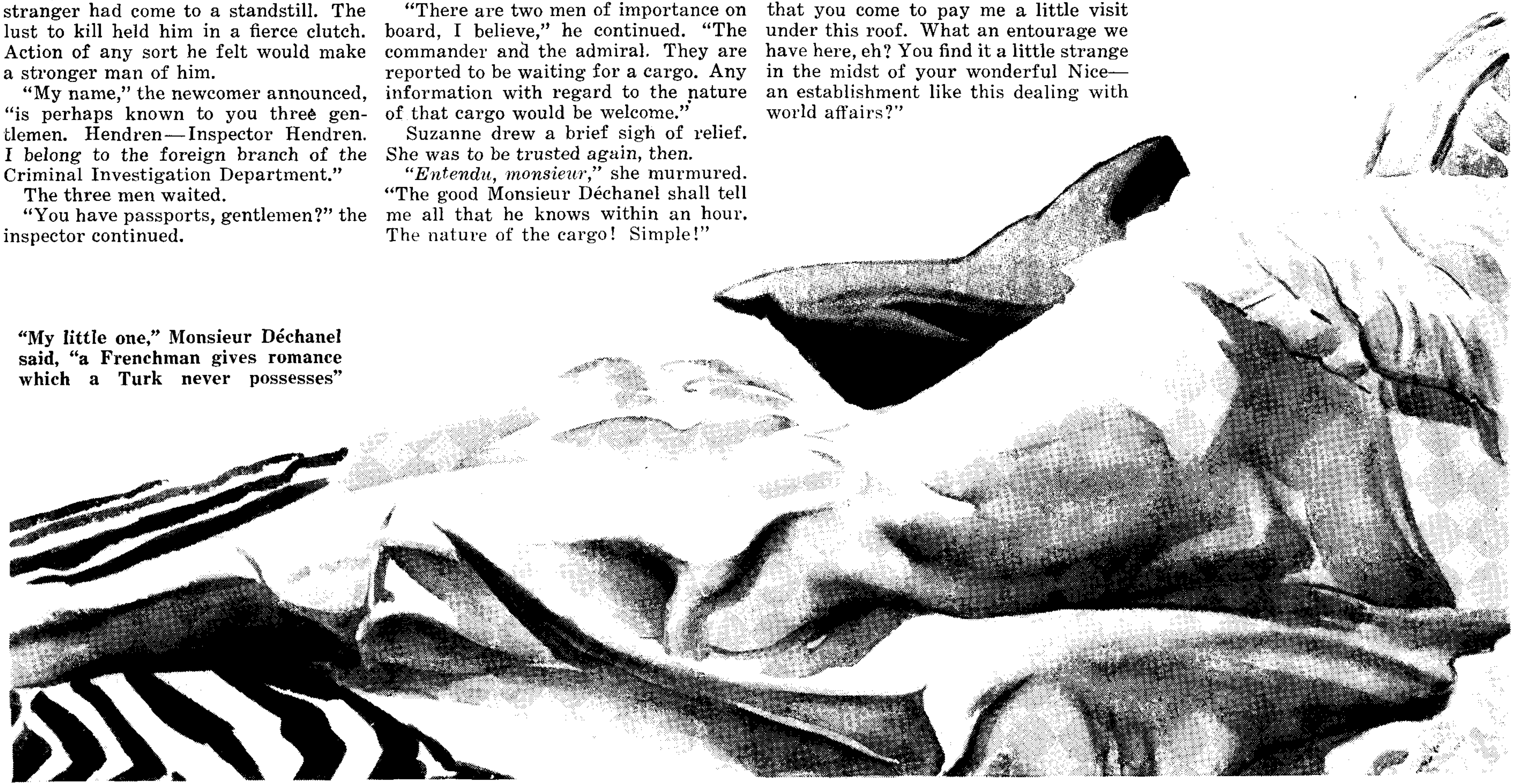
"Excellent, *mon ami,*" Suzanne purred.

"Then, for a further guarantee as regards the stability of the bureau," he went on, "consider Monsieur Cheng's partner. Is he not the son of Professor Humberstone, that marvelous American, the greatest *savant* the world has ever known?"

"It is true," she admitted.

"Why do you wonder, then, that we—the French police—hold this bureau in the highest possible respect?"

Suzanne lit a cigarette from the box



"My little one," Monsieur Déchanel said, "a Frenchman gives romance which a Turk never possesses" by her side and tossed the latter over to her visitor.

"I wonder no longer, *mon ami*. As usual, you are right. Help yourself, dear—am I to call you Henri?"

"It may be permitted," Monsieur Déchanel conceded, edging his chair a little closer.

"Well then, *mon cher* Henri, tell me this," Suzanne continued, "not that I am particularly curious but you know how I love the sea and all naval men. I drove yesterday around the port and I saw there a strange-looking ship—I suppose it was an out-of-date cruiser—flying a strange flag."

"Well?"

"Tell me—what is she? Of what country, I mean?"

His fingers toyed with the gold chain on his ample stomach. He looked at Suzanne with his head a little on one side. He had the air of one who was up to all the tricks of her sex—a man impossible to deceive—a man who demanded the truth.

"Tell me exactly why you are interested in that ship, Mademoiselle," he commanded.

SHE blew out a little cloud of smoke at him. The slight pursing of her scarlet lips he found full of pleasant suggestion.

"I like naval officers," she confessed, "but I am tired of the usual types. I wondered whether there might not be some novelty for me—Chileans I have heard are most attractive men."

"Mademoiselle will have to go to Chile to find them, then," he warned her. "Chilean ships do not ride these waters. The ship concerning which Mademoiselle is curious is a third-class cruiser, very much out of date, from a country one hears little of nowadays—Turkey."

She extended her arms with a sudden gesture. She wore very loose sleeves. The arms were shapely.

"Turkey! *Oh la la!*" she exclaimed. "I knew a Turk once—he was a minister—a friend of a friend of mine. He was so 'andsome."

He shook his head disparagingly.

"They have not the fire or the *élan* of the French," he assured her.

"Nevertheless," she sighed, "my Turk was marvelous and one needs a change. All women are different, you know, Henri, but men are all the same."

"How do you know that at your tender years?" he demanded. "Your experience has not been large enough. If you found the right Frenchman you would never be unfaithful to your country."

"The right Frenchman, then, does not disturb himself to find me," she confided. "I find them bold in words but evasive, and, alas, the things that count, my dear Henri—they are not too fond of spending their money. The little presents do not come so readily."

Monsieur Déchanel, who was a married man with a growing family, edged his chair a little closer still.

"My little one," he said, "a Frenchman gives romance, which a Turk never possesses. He gives fidelity, which is but a jest to a semi-Oriental. Moreover—"

"My Turk gave me pearls," Suzanne interrupted.

"Those were other days," he pointed out. "We are not poverty-stricken, but we French of the official classes, we have not great fortunes. Fortunately we have other gifts. We can give protection to our friends."

"Protection," Suzanne repeated thoughtfully.

The chair was a couple of inches nearer now. He laid his fingers caressingly upon that beautiful white arm.

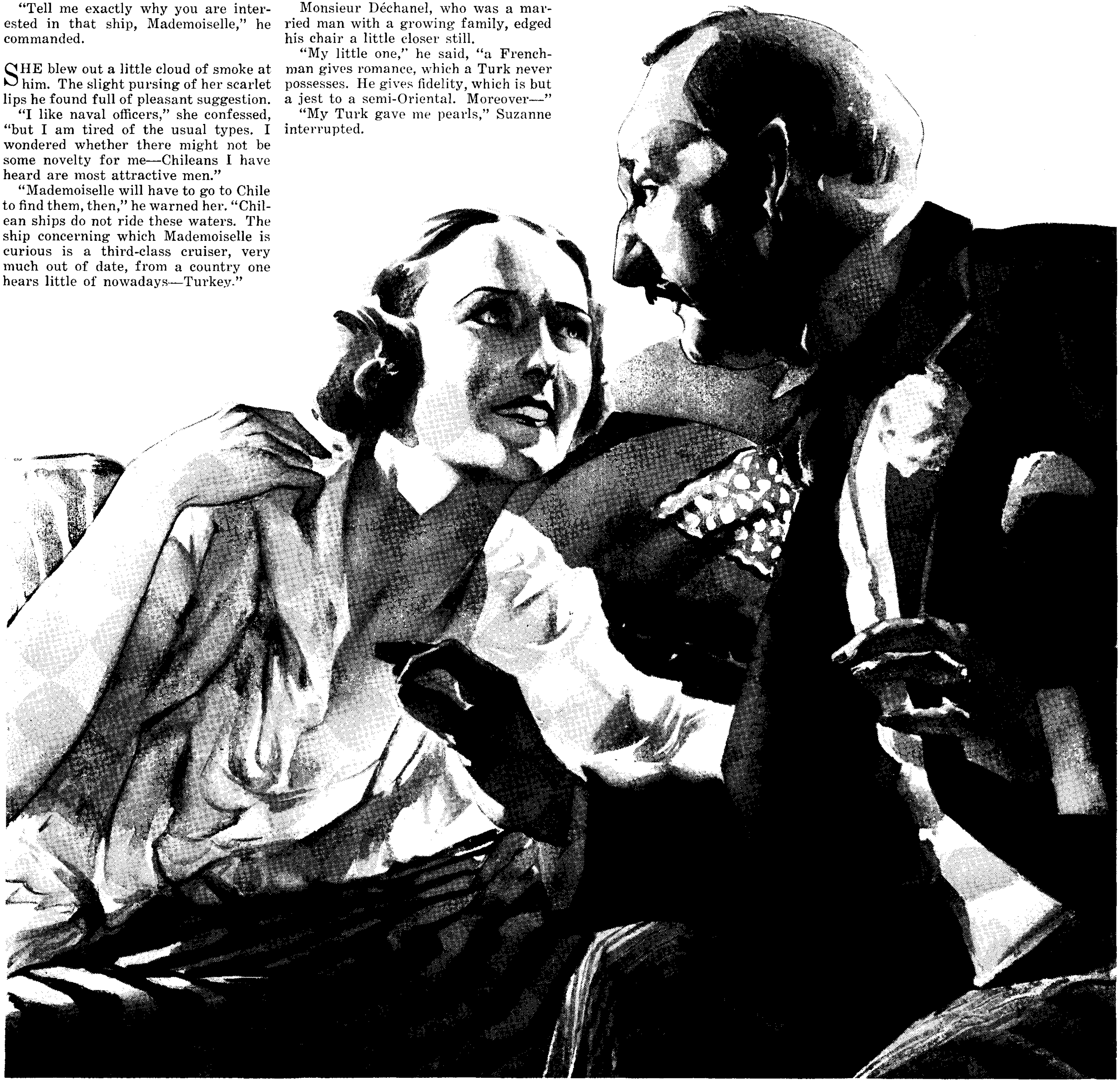
"THERE was a little affair at the Ruhl not long ago," he reminded her. "Everything about that was managed by the French police in a fashion which would have been impossible in any other country. The body of an Italian officer, *par example*, was conveyed at night back to his ship. There were rumors of a companion. It was I indeed who was in charge of the case. The companion was a Frenchwoman. What affair was that of ours? I tear up a few odd papers; I put the fear of God into a loquacious waiter; I seal the mouths of those who would have chattered. *Voilà!* Is not that protection, Suzanne?"

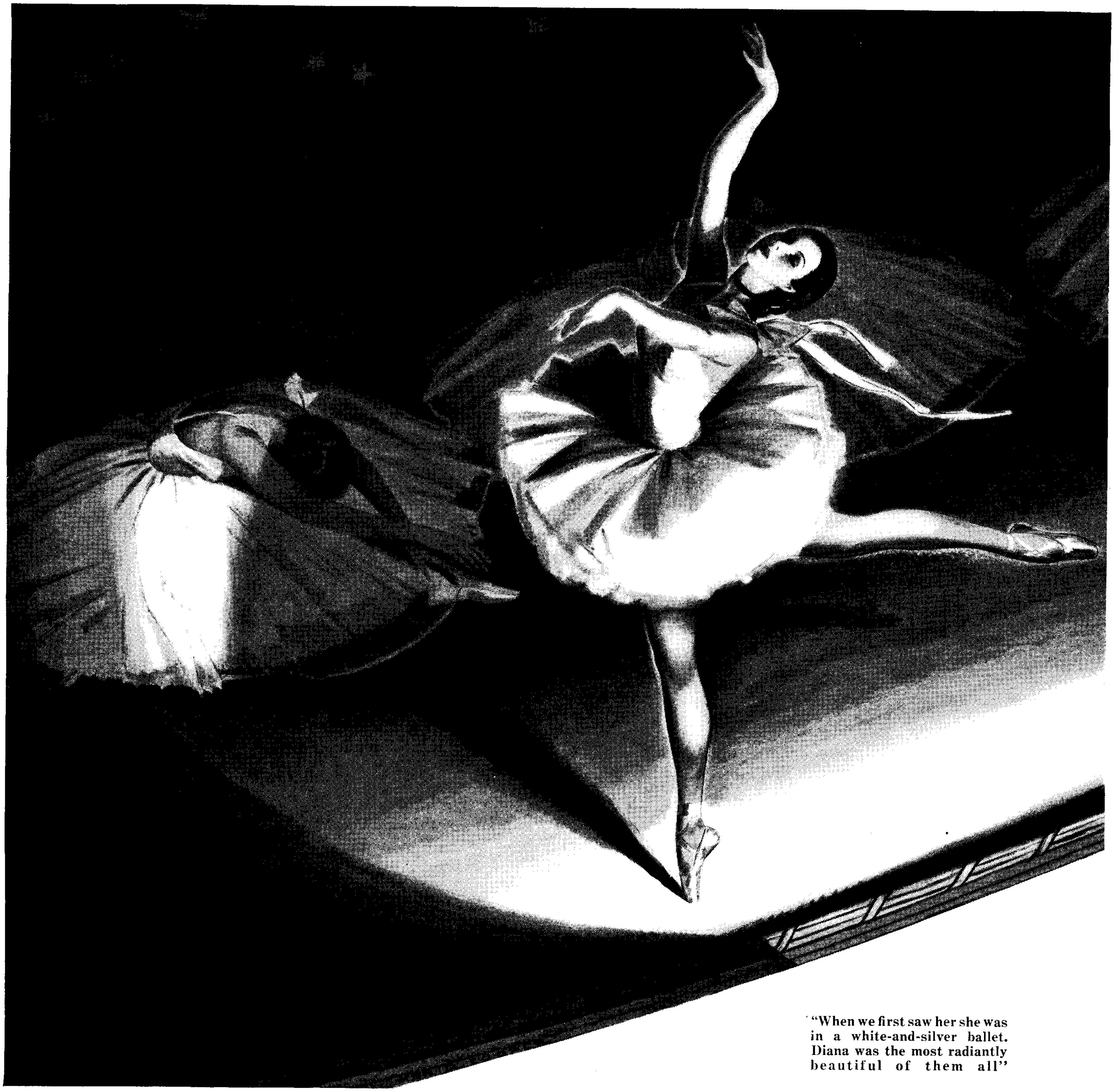
She looked at him with eyes full of well-simulated admiration. He was beginning to feel a trifle light-headed. Most men who spent an hour with Suzanne were taken that way.

"It is wonderful to have power. That counts for much with us women. One cannot deny it. Will you bring the captain or the first officer of the Turkish ship to see me, Henri?"

"You would be disappointed," he warned her. "The admiral is a fat and greasy man. He spends most of his time in his cabin eating sweetmeats and reading novels—French ones, alas, of the salacious type. You would disgust yourself with him. The commander who does

(Continued on page 28)





"When we first saw her she was in a white-and-silver ballet. Diana was the most radiantly beautiful of them all"

Bread into Roses

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

COPYRIGHT, 1936, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

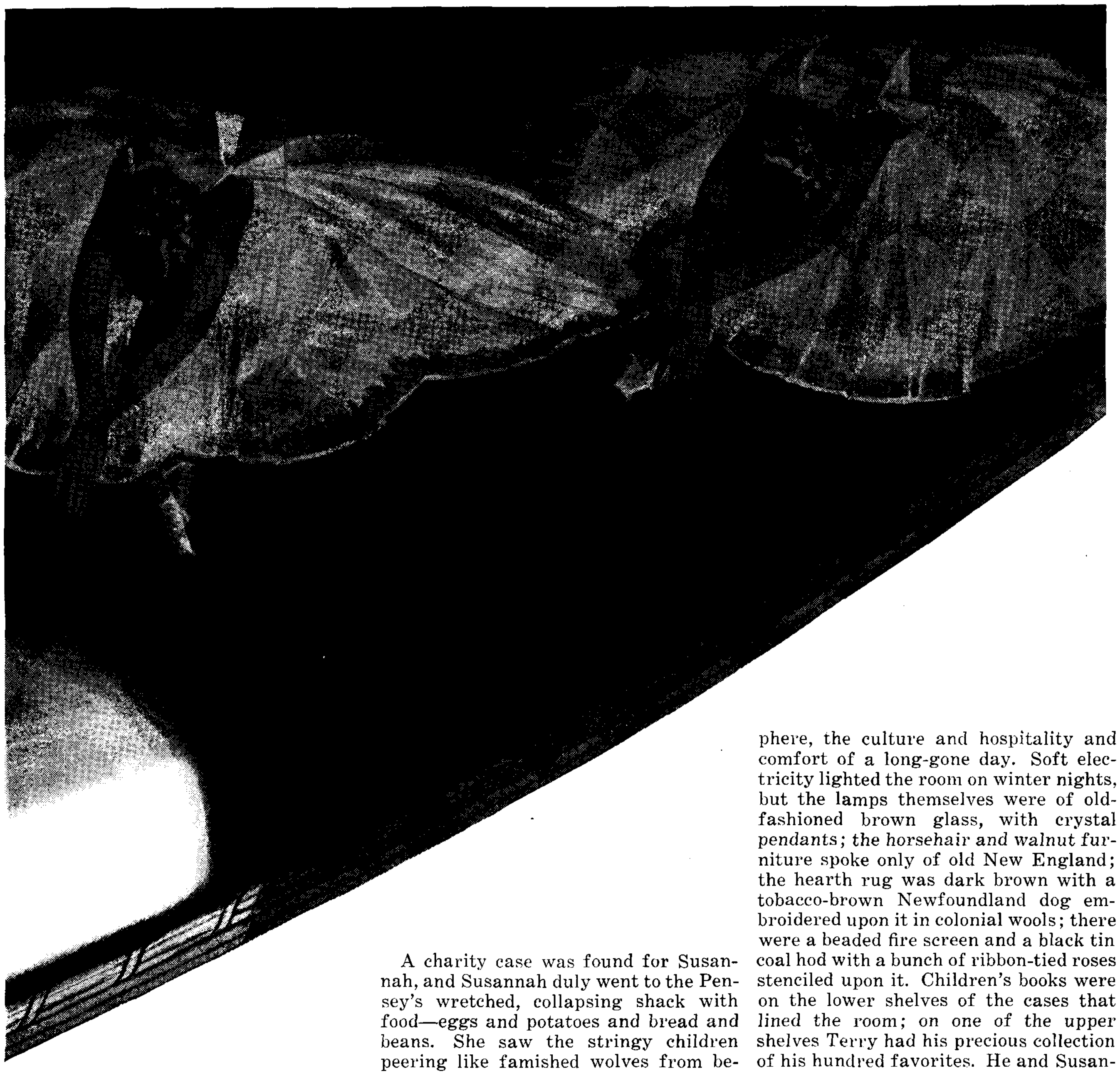
WHEN Susannah (Sanna) Farjeon marries Alexander Hazeltyne, in New York City, she wonders if any woman has ever been happier. She idolizes Alec; and Alec idolizes her. Together they plunge into a mad whirl of metropolitan gaieties—a whirl from which Sanna emerges only once, when her daughter, Evelina, is born. Together they enjoy all the delights which come with wealth, secure social position, comparative youth.

Then, like many another attractive man, Alec finds himself interested, far too much interested, in another woman. For a time, after he has met and seen much of Merle Sargent and helped her to get a start on the New York concert stage, he does not realize that he is drifting away from his wife. Then, when he is at last conscious that he and Merle are in love, he does what he believes to be the wise thing, the fair thing: he tells Susannah the whole story and asks for his freedom.

Susannah still loves her husband. She suspects that what he refers to as his "love" for Merle Sargent (a nineteen-year-old girl) is merely infatuation; she feels sure that she can, in time, win him back. She refuses to divorce him. And Alec does not press the matter; but from that moment on he is cold, distant, reserved: and he and Sanna are together only on rare occasions. . . . Quite innocently, Sanna has figured in an episode which, easily misinterpreted, would make it appear that she has been having an affair with Ross St. Hubert, an artist who has painted her portrait. Learning of this, Alec's attorney calls on her and informs her that he has all the evidence necessary to enable her husband to secure a divorce.

Shocked by the attorney's threats, and on the verge of illness, Susannah goes to Connecticut to secure a much-needed rest and think things over quietly.

A few days later, Susannah and her baby are comfortably ensconced in a charming old farmhouse, where the days drift by slowly and where Susannah hears nothing of Alec—or Merle Sargent. Months pass. Then, quite unexpectedly, Alec arrives. He announces that he must be given his freedom. For a few minutes, Sanna is hopeful; then: "I'll not oppose a divorce any longer," she says coldly. "Evelina's mine, of course." Alec thanks her, and goes out. His car roars away. Then there is silence.



VII

THAT night and during the following nights there were frosts almost as deep as snow. The leaves blazed, and when the sun was setting the maples turned to turrets of fire at all the crossroads, and every shabby little farm flew banners of scarlet and gold and clear, transparent pink.

Susannah moved through the hours like a woman in a play. She did not cry; she made no complaint; she was not even conscious of suffering; she was stunned. Sometimes when she was with Terry and Anne she looked at them thoughtfully; if they spoke to her directly, she seemed to have to gather her senses together to reply.

"I think it's the husband. He was here, you know," Anne said to her brother. "I think it's another woman."

Terry, scraping dried mud from a gaiter, did not look up.

"You gather that she loves him, then, in spite of it?" he asked.

"Ha!" said Anne mysteriously.

"And what—" His lean long hand was busy with the short stick. "What does 'ha!' mean?" he asked.

" 'Ha' means yes."

"I see." His tone was so strange that Anne looked at her brother sharply; his face was turned away, but his ears were red.

"Does it matter?" she asked simply.

"I am afraid," Terry answered mildly, tossing the stick away into the garden, straightening up to his tall length, and still not looking at her, "that it matters more than anything else in the world."

He went away without a backward glance, and Anne sat stupidly staring after him.

A charity case was found for Susannah, and Susannah duly went to the Pensey's wretched, collapsing shack with food—eggs and potatoes and bread and beans. She saw the stringy children peering like famished wolves from behind their stringy mother's back in the weatherbeaten doorway; she saw the shiftless father dragging about under the unpruned old woody apple trees indifferently gathering the windfalls. She measured Helene Pensey against herself, with the blue wool dress in mind.

Later she told Anne about them.

"The Penseys!" Anne said, in her hoarse, deep voice. "Oh, dear, are they back? We got them all equipped and shipped them all to Texas last winter. Of course one has to help them, Sue; children must eat. But I declare that Roy and Helene and Sonia are just as bad as their parents are!"

"I sent them groceries."

"That's really all one ought to do."

"It was something to do," Susannah said, not very steadily.

Anne gave her a shrewd glance.

"Bad as all that?"

"Pretty bad."

"WHAT happened? I heard that your husband had been here."

"Only the end of everything," Susannah said briefly, after a moment.

"Can't patch it up?" Anne asked, with a damp rag wiping paste from the snapshots she had just put into an album.

"No-o. It's not that sort of thing. No quarrel."

"What then?"

Susannah could not answer. She looked at the fire.

She and Anne were alone in the Duquesnes' sitting-room; the room whose leaded windows she had seen from the outside, jutting into the garden, when she had first come to call. She had thought then it must be a low room; she had since found it to be one of those old parlors that seem to hold the atmosphere, the culture and hospitality and comfort of a long-gone day. Soft electricity lighted the room on winter nights, but the lamps themselves were of old-fashioned brown glass, with crystal pendants; the horsehair and walnut furniture spoke only of old New England; the hearth rug was dark brown with a tobacco-brown Newfoundland dog embroidered upon it in colonial wools; there were a beaded fire screen and a black tin coal hod with a bunch of ribbon-tied roses stenciled upon it. Children's books were on the lower shelves of the cases that lined the room; on one of the upper shelves Terry had his precious collection of his hundred favorites. He and Susannah and Anne often wrangled about them.

This afternoon, rain was falling, and a low whining wind was bringing down the last of the leaves. Susannah, in rubber cap and coat, had been driven by the restless misery within her to a long walk; she had ended at Anne's fireside. She was watching the clock now with Evelina's bedtime in mind.

"The way I work out your particular complication, Sue," Anne presently said, pasting away expertly as she spoke, "is that you still love your husband, and he still—he has other plans."

"Right!" Susannah said, still shakily, but smiling.

"Another woman?"

"A girl," Susannah answered bitterly. "An English-Russian girl twenty-two years old."

"That can't last."

"It's lasted now for almost three years—for two years and a half anyway. It began just about the time Evelina was born."

Anne looked at her speculatively.

"Strange," she said thoughtfully.

"It's happened before," Susannah said.

"I know. Of course it has. But the strange thing is," Anne went on, "that anyone looking at you—your mother, say, or someone else close to you—wouldn't think of a man as ever *stopping* loving you, once he began, Sue."

"Well, that's comforting," Susannah said, with a rueful little laugh.

"And yet your life will go this way," Anne resumed, "and some homely, lumpy, dull woman will get a man who thinks she's a miracle for twenty-five or thirty years, adores her, takes her about, buys her things, and talks everyone to death about her!"

Susannah laughed again.

"These last weeks—since Alec was here—have been the hardest in my life," she said. "I don't know exactly what I hoped would happen; I don't know that I thought it out very clearly. But it was always Alec coming back and saying the things I imagined he might say—explaining—telling me he was sorry—

"Every thought I had was of that. Every thought all this long summer since Evelina and I came down here has been that," she added in a silence.

"I KNOW," Anne said briefly. In the pause rain whipped against the low, leaded windows, and a gust of wind brushed wet shrubbery branches with a sweeping sound against the roof.

"I'd my own problem," Anne went on, in a lighter tone, rising to take her photograph book and set it under some heavy volumes for pressing. "There was an Englishman when I was twenty-two."

She came back to attack the coal fire, in its round iron grate, with a poker, smashed a lump or two, started it burning more brightly. In the outside world there was still wet and rainy autumn dusk, but the parlor that was sunken almost into the garden was quite dark. She lighted a light, took a low seat opposite Susannah, looked into the little red and blue flames.

"Terry and I were in London," she said. "My father took us; our mother was dead. *His* interest was only in old books, and men in museums who knew something of polar records, but Terry and I—well, everyone ought to have a season in London at twenty-two! We didn't know many people, but they were the right ones. Terry'd just come in for my grandmother's money; we had to be twenty-five to get it, and he was just twenty-five. He fell in love; I fell in love; it was all intoxication and glory. My man was much too important to break up his life for me—he'd a wife and a son—he held a position, holds it now, for that matter, that made that sort of thing out of the question. So he got himself transferred to China, and Terry brought me home."

"What went wrong with Terry's affair?"

"NOTHING for a while. She was perfectly exquisite, a dancer. When we first saw her she was in a white-and-silver ballet—there must have been fifty girls in it, but Diana was the most radiantly beautiful of them all. She had about five minutes of solo dancing and in those five minutes Terry's affair was settled. We went, he and I, every time she danced. It was like a drug with him; he couldn't keep away from the theater when Diana was dancing, and eventually he met her.

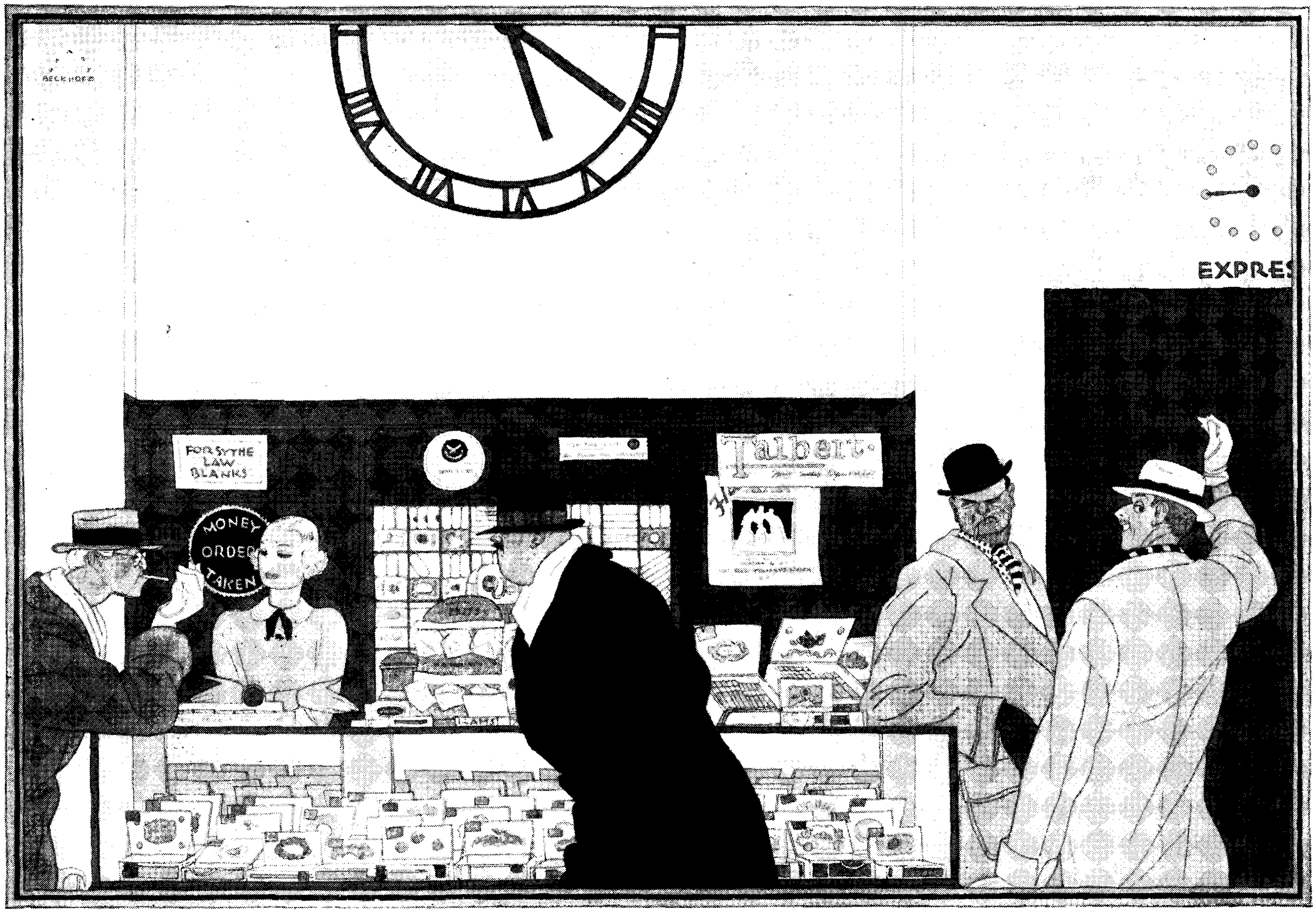
"After that," Anne went on, with a smile and a sigh, "Terry went frankly mad. He walked the Embankment nights. He couldn't pass her hotel without changing color. He wouldn't do anything more with me, he was so afraid that Diana might telephone. She was a gentle little thing and she hardly spoke at all. She didn't have to speak. She said everything when she danced. It was love-making; it was passion; it was fever; it was everything!

"The day her engagement ended—and it had been a success beyond anything imaginable—she and Terry were quietly married and slipped off to Palermo. It was May; everything down there was flowers and blue sea and moonlight and nightingales. They had three weeks of it, and then they wired me to join them and come slowly home in a friend's yacht as far as Naples, then Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen. Diana had to dance again in June in Copenhagen."

"I never knew Terry had been married!"

"I got Dad's permission, and started

(Continued on page 58)



"Good night, Mr. Lackie," Rudy said cheerfully. His boss grunted a wordless reply

Behind the Boss' Back

By Frank Condon

The singular adventure of Rudy Bergman, who had a good chance to get even with his boss but didn't take it

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

TWICE every month, maybe three times, the telephone rang between seven and eight in the evening and Mrs. Bergman answered. The call came from Mr. Lackie, who was Rudy Bergman's office boss, and, whenever it came, Mrs. Bergman—that's Anna—would look at Rudy, lying on the couch in his stocking feet, and make her mouth say soundlessly: "It's Mr. Lackie."

Rudy knew in advance it was his boss calling. It meant Mr. Lackie wanted Rudy to start downtown to the office and work on the books, a job usually lasting from eight until midnight or later. Rudy always said the same thing to his wife:

"Tell that frog-faced bozo I'm staying right here. And also tell him I hope he falls over dead, the ignorant bum."

Anna never conveyed this message. She always said in her pleasant, colorless voice: "Yes, Mr. Lackie. Rudy will be right down to the office." Thereafter, Rudy started pulling on his shoes, cursing Lackie and all his works, and ten minutes later he was on his way, sometimes in a rainstorm.

Now the reason Rudy Bergman felt as he did toward Mr. Lackie was quite simple. For fifteen years, Lackie had been boss and Rudy worked for the firm, starting as a youngster with radiant ambitions. He labored faithfully, but never mounted to office honors or high pay. Lackie didn't like Rudy and gave him the dirty end of the stick. When he asked for a justified raise, Lackie put him off. When promotions were handed out, other men benefited, not Rudy.

As time went on, he became a discouraged, underpaid drudge and his resentment turned to smoldering hatred. He and Anna lived in a little house in the suburbs and he didn't dare quit his job, for Rudy was no hero. They made out on the small pay and got by somehow. And for years Rudy had been loathing his boss with a rancor that baffles anything in the way of description.

He liked to think up unusual and horrible things he would like to see happen to Lackie. It seemed as if the boss took a fiendish delight in routing him out of the house on chilly nights to do extra work for which he received no pay. It was a large concern and Rudy was only a small and bitter cog.

IN DUE time, Lackie would abruptly fire him. He knew that. When he passed men on the street who resembled Lackie, he gave them a hearty cursing, just for the resemblance. And that's the way it was. It may have been that Lackie didn't suspect how bitterly his underling hated him.

One night after supper, Anna said: "You better take the old radio set over to Mother's. You promised it to her."

"All right," said Rudy, who was a normal and friendly fellow out of the office. "You want to drive over with me?"

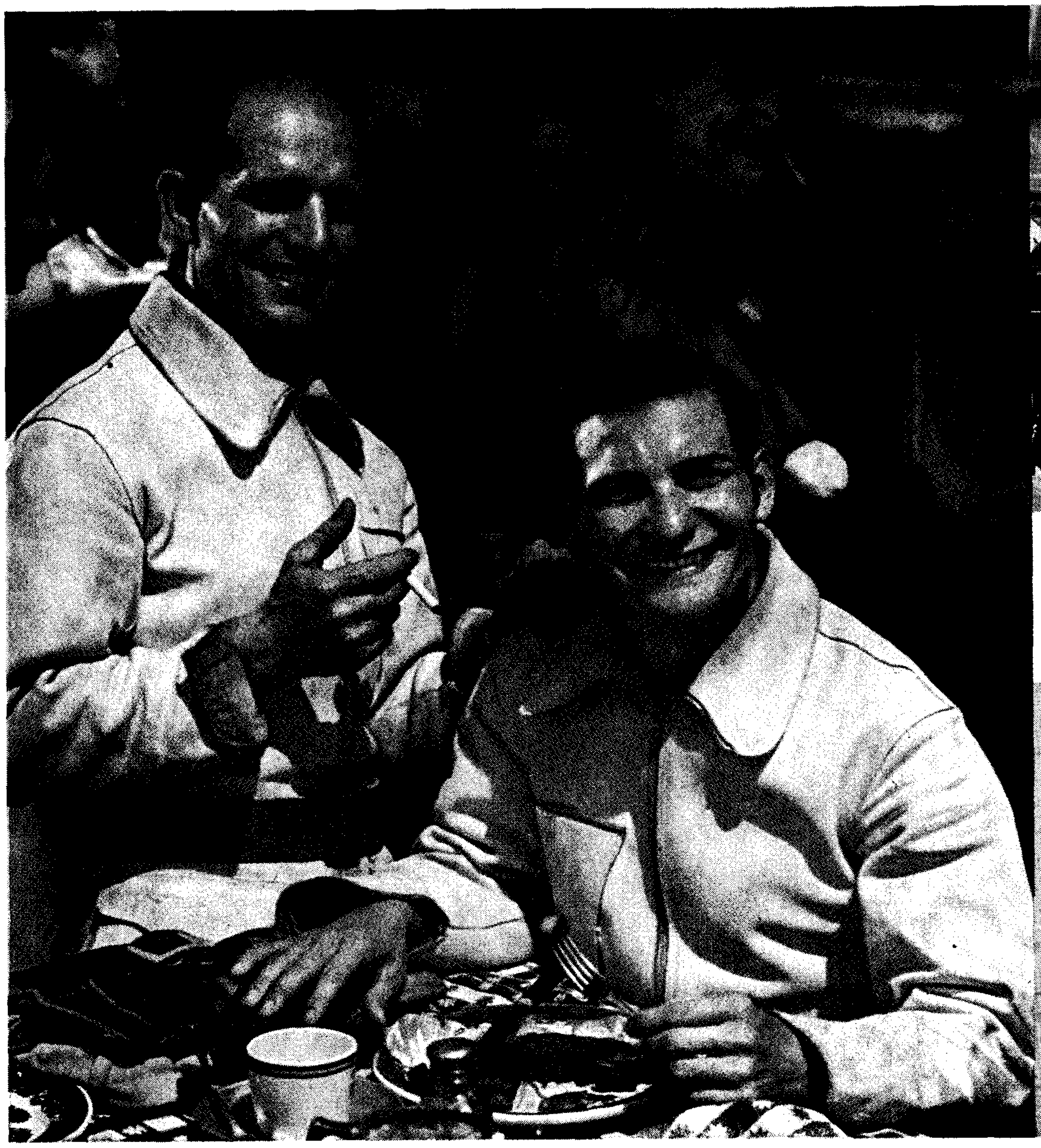
"No, I got some ironing."

Wherefore Rudy placed the radio set in the old car and drove across town to Anna's mother, gave the old lady the gift, waved aside her thanks, refused a glass of elderberry wine and started back home. It was a cold, drizzly night and Rudy suddenly thought of a short cut back. In five minutes he was rolling along in the outskirts of town and also was lost, finding himself in a sparsely settled community, much like open country.

The streets were greasy wet with the drizzle and he pegged along steadily. He heard what he thought was a blowout, so he threw on his brake, began to slip and skidded bang into a ditch with a great bumping of fenders and tinkle of broken glass.

One headlight quit and there he was in the gully, at an alarming angle. He crawled out, stood beside the tilted car and swore. A figure came slowly out of the darkness and Rudy was unaware of it until the man spoke.

(Continued on page 26)



HUMAN COMETS. Hugo and Mario Zacchini disappear deep into the maw of a monster cannon. *A flash!—a crash!*—and these human bullets hurtle across the arena into distant nets. As a test of digestion, this spine-chilling grand finale in Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus stands by itself. "Mario and I both smoke Camels," says Hugo. "Camels set me right—keep digestion working smoothly."

"NEWS COMES FIRST," says Miss Helen Nolan, reporter on a big metropolitan newspaper, "eating is a second thought. So I turn to Camels. Food tastes so much better and digests so much easier when I smoke Camels at mealtime and after."

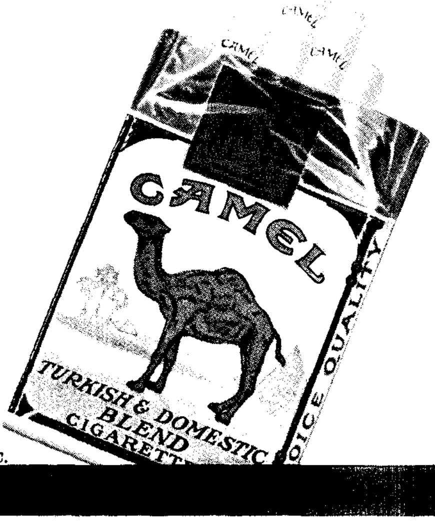
FIRST in the Albany-New York Outboard Marathon! Clayton Bishop says that digestion must be O. K. to stand the shocks of this 3½-hour grind. "Camels are a swell aid to digestion," he adds, "Camels make my food taste better and digest easier."

PEOPLE CAN MEET TERRIFIC STRAIN—YET ENJOY GOOD DIGESTION. SMOKERS SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE WHEN THEY SAY—

"For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels!"

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Men and women in ordinary life are not called on to meet the tremendous jolt that the Zacchinis take. Still, modern life bombards us all with a thousand and one little jars, shocks, and nervous irritations that climax in a similar effect. The strain tells on digestion...slows down the flow of digestive fluids.

And it is to the comforting cheer and refreshment of Camels that one naturally turns to put more enjoyment into eating. As you enjoy your Camels at mealtime, the flow of digestive fluids speeds up...alkalinity is increased. You feel at rights with the world!

Camel's invigorating "lift"...Camel's aid to digestion...Camel's matchless taste and fragrance—all these are yours when you make Camels *your* cigarette. Camels set you right! And they never get on your nerves.

ketchup goes So far . .
you can afford the best!

HEINZ
ESTD 1869
TOMATO KETCHUP
HEINZ
57
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
MADE BY
H.J. HEINZ CO.
GUARANTEED P
HEINZ CO

Heinz Tomato Ketchup is extra thick—extra rich with spicy goodness. Use it in your cooking—and at your table—to make humdrum dishes real flavor treats.

NEXT time you use Heinz Tomato Ketchup, notice how slowly it pours! That's simple proof of its simmered-down richness—the concentrated goodness that makes Heinz Ketchup go so *much* further!

We take great pains to make Heinz Tomato Ketchup wholesome and nourishing. We grow the tomatoes from special Heinz-cultivated seedlings. Our experts journey 'round the globe for rare spices and seasonings. We cook each batch long and patiently, until every ingredient yields its full measure of luscious flavor. Then we bottle this "red magic"—right from the kettle—hot and fragrant!

So many simple, inexpensive dishes can be made real flavor treats by the judicious use of ketchup, that you really can't afford to buy anything but the very best! That's the conclusion millions have reached—and it's the reason that Heinz is far and away the largest selling ketchup in the world! Have at least two bottles—one for the table and the other for use in the kitchen when cooking!

57

Heinz

TOMATO KETCHUP

© 1936 H. J. Heinz Co.

Certified Czech

By T. R. Ybarra

Dictators to north of him, dictators to south of him, Eduard Benes, President of Czechoslovakia and one of the ablest statesmen in Europe, goes on nursing his infant republic with no visible signs of uneasiness

Eduard Benes, former Foreign Minister, now President of the Czechoslovakian republic

WIDE WORLD

"MR. PRESIDENT," I remonstrated, "I came here to interview *you*. Instead, you are interviewing *me*." The bright eyes of the man whom many competent students of international affairs consider the cleverest statesman in all Europe twinkled shrewdly.

"You came here to get something out of me, didn't you? Well, I intend to get something out of you."

Eduard Benes all over! For years—first as right-hand man to Thomas Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak republic and its revered national hero, and, later, as Masaryk's successor in the presidency—Eduard Benes has been engaged, with phenomenal success, in getting what he wants out of others—not for himself but for Czechoslovakia. That is the principal reason for the dazzling reputation which he enjoys among Europe's statesmen; that, and his capacity to remain, despite the heady draughts of world-wide fame which he has drunk, as simple and rugged and close to the soil as any of the peasant ancestors whose blood flows in his veins. There are no frills about Eduard Benes; no pretenses, no pomposities. He is as genuine and unornamental as an old glove.

Yet his office is up on the superb Hradcany, rising—a bewildering conglomeration of citadel, cathedral and palace—above the roofs and spires of Prague, the Czech metropolis. To that office I had been shown through a succession of splendid rooms, paneled in white and gold, furnished with chairs upholstered in red velvet, flanked by fine tapestries—reminders, all, of days only a few years back when blue-blooded officials of the Austro-Hungarian Empire enforced, upon what was then not the free state of Czechoslovakia but the fettered province of Bohemia, the decrees of their imperial Hapsburg masters at Vienna.

The Twin Heroes of Czechoslovakia

But times have changed; so much so that it seemed quite natural to find not a grandee of the Hapsburg realm, clothed in medieval magnificence of manner and raiment, but a little alert chap, wearing an ordinary sack suit, and shoes with a machine-made scroll-work design stamped upon them, just like those you can find in a score of shops along Broadway. President Benes, in short.

Masaryk and Benes. Benes and Masaryk.

For over a quarter of a century they worked together for Czechoslovakian freedom. First, as plotters, they and other pioneer Czech patriots used to whisper in darkened rooms, well aware that the Austrian police were on their trail. Then, after the start of the World War, they slipped abroad, with forged passports, to interest Allied statesmen in the Czechoslovak cause.

After their life's dream of an independent Czechoslovakia had become a reality, they devoted themselves—Masaryk as President, Benes as Foreign Minister—to steering the infant republic past the reefs besetting its course, into the harbor of democracy. And, always, there was between them a harmony of mutual understanding such as is rarely vouchsafed to fellow workers.

But now Masaryk, in his eighty-seventh year, loaded with honors, amid veneration such as few men have ever won while alive, has retired to richly deserved rest on his country place, near Prague. Up on the Hradcany Eduard Benes stands at the helm alone.

Knowing well how darkly the menace of European dictatorships looms before his eyes, and before those of all freedom-loving Czechoslovaks, I asked him:

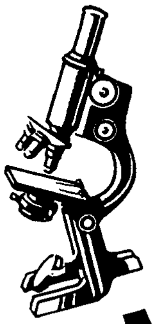
"Is dictatorship gaining on democracy in Europe? Or do you think that the recent victories of dictatorship—in Abyssinia and the Rhineland—are merely temporary? And do you think that they have endangered the maintenance of European peace?"

He said:

"I believe that we have definitely emerged from that period of European development when it was thought that one or another particular internal regime, or internal political system, would sweep over the world like an avalanche and carry state after state with it.

"Europe is living, and will, for some time, continue to live in an epoch of upheavals, revolutions and violent changes of internal regime, which are symptomatic of the universal sickness resulting from the World War. *But it would be absurd to imagine that she is passing wholesale into a state of some permanent form of dictatorship* signifying a new life, a new historical era, a new world outlook.

(Continued on page 56)



LOOK THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

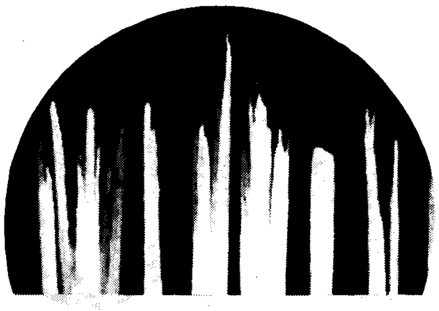


Photo-Micrograph of
ORDINARY BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

THE BRISTLES IN *YOUR* TOOTH BRUSH LOOK LIKE THIS, IF YOU BUY *ANY* BRUSH *EXCEPT* PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC!

ONLY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH HAS THESE PATENTED *ROUND-END* BRISTLES. YOUR GUMS FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!

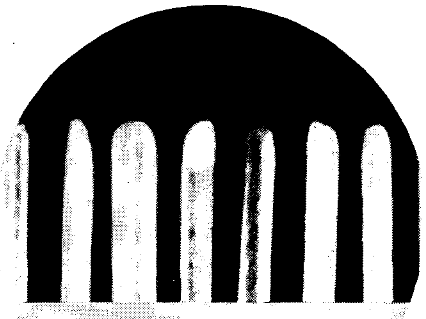
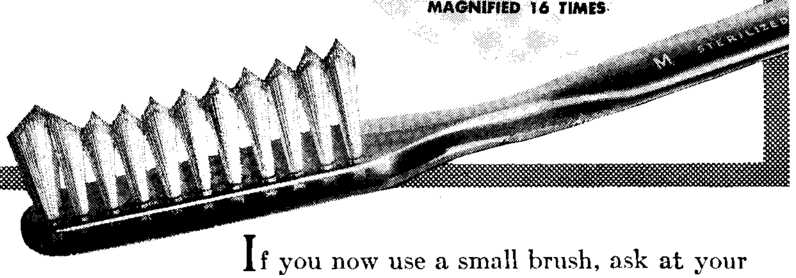


Photo-Micrograph of
ROUND-END BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES



If you now use a small brush, ask at your regular drug counter for the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Small Type for Adults*. If you prefer a slightly larger size, get the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Regular Adult*. Either is 50¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

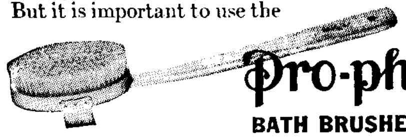
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

Stay Young and BEAUTIFUL

Putting this or that on the outside will not bring glowing cheeks, lustrous hair, smooth firm throat, lovely back. "*Brushing* does it!" say famous beauty editors. Brushing urges the tiny blood vessels to deliver more blood to the scalp and skin. Cleanses pores completely. Strengthens sagging tissues. But it is important to use the right brushes. Brushes with elastic, penetrating bristles which really work and last. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name is your guarantee of bristle excellence. Look for it on hair brushes, complexion brushes, bath brushes, hand and nail brushes.



Pro-phy-lac-tic
BATH BRUSHES $1.25 TO $4.00

Behind the Boss' Back

Continued from page 22

"Kind of slid into the ditch, hey, buddy?"

"Yeah," said Rudy, startled. "I put on the brake and she skidded."

"Lucky thing, too."

"What's lucky about it?"

"Not for you. Lucky for me. Come on; I'll help get you out."

Rudy wondered at the fellow's helpful interest. They tugged at the car, Rudy started the engine, backed down the ditch which grew shallower, and presently wriggled up to the pavement. The stranger instantly climbed in.

"Turn around," he said, "and drive fast."

He didn't ask. He commanded, and Rudy was inclined to resentment, but not when they passed a street light and he caught a flash of the fellow's face. It was a tough countenance, plenty tough.

"Now slow up, buddy," said the visitor, "and I'll hand you some news. I said it was lucky you skidded. It was. You saved my life."

"Who did?"

"You did. Didn't you hear the shots?"

"I thought I heard a tire blow out."

"Well, they took four shots at me and I ducked. My name is Winkie Mora—ever hear of me?"

Hear of him! Sure Rudy had heard of him—Winkie Mora, gang leader, mobster, famous character of the underworld, noted for his cruelty, viciousness and steady immunity from arrest.

"I'll take care of them lugs later on," Winkie continued, "but you come first. You saved my life—you did. I'm superstitious about such things. You did me a favor and now I got to do you one. Who don't you like?"

"What do you mean?" Rudy asked uneasily.

"You got enemies?"

"I have not," said Rudy. "Not a one."

"You must have. Everybody's got somebody that done him dirt. You give me the name of some guy that crossed you up and I'll take care of him—either me or my boys. Then I'm even with you. See?"

"What would you do?"

"Rub him out. Beat his ears off. Depends on what he done to you."

RUDY instantly thought of Lackie and a chill ran down his spine.

"Mister," he said earnestly, "it may sound funny to you, but I like everybody. I haven't an enemy in the world."

"Don't bull me," growled the gangster. "And lemme out here. Where do you live?"

Not daring to lie to a notorious killer, Rudy gave his name and address. "Where do you work?" Rudy told him.

"I'll be talking to you later," said Winkie, stepping out.

Rudy drove on home and went to bed without saying anything to Anna. The next day he was early at his office and said, "Good morning, Mr. Lackie," for the first time in years. Lackie merely looked at him. For three days he heard nothing further from Winkie Mora, but his feeling of fear increased—a terror that, in some roundabout way, Winkie would hear of Mr. Lackie. Almost like a miracle, all hatred of Lackie faded.

At the office, he remembered Lackie's approaching birthday and initiated a fund to buy the headman a gold watch, collected the money from the boys, told them Lackie was a grand boss, and at home he spoke to his wife.

"Say," he said, "if anybody ever asks you any questions about me, just keep your mouth shut, will you?"

Anna looked surprised and said: "What kind of questions?"

"Well, like would I be having any enemies. I ain't got any enemies. I like everybody. You understand, that—I like everybody."

"You don't like Mr. Lackie. You hate *him*."

Rudy glared at her.

"I do not. Lackie's a great guy. He's got a lot of good points. So just remember—I got no enemies anywhere, in case someone asks you."

Then he heard from Winkie again. He was leaving his office and Winkie was leaning against the cigar stand in the lobby. "How about it?" he asked.

"Just the same. You better forget it, Mr. Mora. If I happened to do you a favor, that's all right."

"You don't want to tell me, eh?"

AT THIS point his boss passed through the entrance and Rudy glanced at him with a smile. "Good night, Mr. Lackie," he said cheerfully and his boss grunted a wordless reply.

"Listen, Bergman," said the gangster. "I told you how I feel. I'm superstitious. You're gonna do as I say—soon. I'll be seeing you again."

He strode away and Rudy went on home to supper. Then he didn't see Winkie for a while, but his uneasiness grew. The phone rang one night at seven and, as usual, Rudy was on the couch, wearied, his shoes off. Anna was washing the dishes and peace was over all. Anna generally answered phone calls, but not this time. It was Rudy who crossed the room and said, "Hello." It was Lackie calling.

"Yes, Mr. Lackie," said Rudy in hearty tones. "I'll be glad to come down tonight. Matter of fact, I was wondering what was I going to do with myself this evening. Thanks. Be there right away. . . ."

It was on the following Friday night that he arrived home, tired and hungry, and sat down to supper in gloomy silence. The unfinished business with Winkie hung over him like a pall.

"You don't seem so cheerful lately," said Anna, bringing on the soup.

"I'm all right. Where's the paper?"

"On the front walk, I suppose."

He walked out, picked the paper off the walk and came back into the house, and at first he couldn't read, as it was dark in the hall. He held the paper before him and the headlines sprang up, as he came in:

WINKIE MORA KILLED
IN GANG FEUD!

MOB LEADER'S BODY, FILLED WITH
SLUGS, FOUND IN DITCH

He sat down and read the details carefully. It was just another ordinary gang war among the racketeers and a belligerent leader had been liquidated. Rudy finished his supper in silence, took off his shoes and lay down on the couch. He thought of a number of things, lying there and wriggling his toes in his white socks, and at seven the phone rang. Anna answered and went through her usual pantomime, meaning it was Mr. Lackie.

"He wants you should come down and work tonight," she said, covering the mouthpiece with her fingers, and Rudy looked at her. He said: "Tell that frog-faced bozo I'm staying right here. And also tell him I hope he falls over dead, the ignorant bum."

Anna looked a little surprised and moved her head nearer the phone.

"Yes, Mr. Lackie," she said in her pleasant voice. "He'll be down as soon as he can get there."

HOW TO SELECT A BETTER SPARK PLUG

GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
PATENTED
CHAMPION
EXTRA RANGE SPARK PLUGS

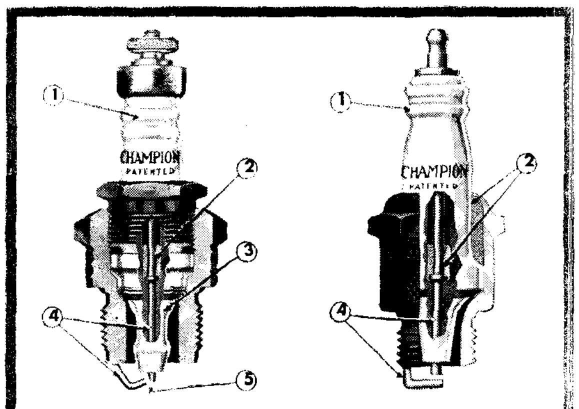
CHOOSE THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE

CHAMPION has recently had the great satisfaction of perfecting, through the use of Sillment, a compressed dry powder seal, what is, to the best of our knowledge, the first completely and permanently gas-tight spark plug. Remote as this development may seem from the average *motorist's viewpoint, actually it represents an* enormous step forward.

Years of constant research are back of this single advance, but it is only one of a score of similar developments in the last 26 years. All have involved great investments of time and money, in many arts and sciences, human skill *and ingenuity, manufacturing and engineering* equipment. The sole purpose of this is that Champions will give your car better, more economical and more dependable engine performance.

When you buy spark plugs consider the reputation of the maker. Today more than ever before there is no substitute for experience in designing and building spark plugs that will enable your car to perform up to 1936 standards.

Judge spark plugs by those who use them and you will unerringly choose Champions. Thirteen consecutive years of supremacy in racing throughout the world, show how conclusively Champions make every engine a better performing engine. In a like period Champions have enjoyed an ever growing preference among the majority of the world's motorists while over 150 makes of spark plugs have appeared on, and disappeared from the market. Today the majority of American automotive engineers as well as the motoring public specify Champion Spark Plugs.



① **SILLIMANITE INSULATOR**—Sillimanite has demonstrated itself to be the finest spark plug insulation ever developed. Champion owns the only known commercial deposit of Sillimanite.

② **SILLMENT**—A new compressed dry powder which forms an absolutely gas-tight seal, keeps Champions in their assigned heat range. Pre-ignition, early electrode destruction, compression losses and service troubles are eliminated. Obviously power, gas and oil are saved.

③ **EXTRA-RANGE SHAPED CORE**—The only patent of its kind. Covers the heat flow in the firing chamber of a spark plug. Responsible for the wide range of Champion Spark Plugs.

④ **ELECTRODES**—Special alloy with catalytic agent to prevent bridging of gap—oxidation or carbon formation on the wire itself. Covered by broad and exclusive Champion patents.

⑤ **GAP**—The form of gap as well as machine operation employed in forming gap is patented.

TO RID YOUR CAR OF MOTOR "BUGS"
INSTALL A SET OF CHAMPION PLUGS

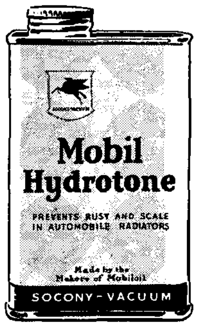
35c PROTECTS YOU

Against Radiator Failure

Mobil Hydrotone Ends Rust and Corrosion

DON'T take a chance on your radiator clogging with rust and sediment and making your engine overheat. Don't risk costly repairs on a leaky radiator. Stop rust and corrosion from causing damage—add Mobil Hydrotone to the water.

Mobil Hydrotone neutralizes the elements that form rust and corrosion—keeps radiator passages clean and open—saves your engine from overheating. A single can gives you complete protection for months. Your car should have this protection. Get some Mobil Hydrotone today.



Mobil Hydrotone
PREVENTS RUST AND SCALE IN AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS
Made by the Makers of Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM

MOBIL HYDROTONE

Buy where you buy Mobiloil and Mobilgas

Mobil-Products

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

SOCONY-VACUUM

MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL UPPERLUBE

The Dumb Gods Speak

Continued from page 19

the work of the ship, he is better but he is one of the new party of Turks—he keeps a still tongue in his head. The commissioner and also the general in command here are both curious to understand the presence of a Turkish warship in these waters. I, having gifts in that direction, was sent to call and entertain these officers. The commander knew nothing. The first officer would tell me nothing. They have a purpose in coming here but what it is I cannot tell."

"Perhaps," she said with a smile which was full of self-confidence, "I might be more fortunate."

Monsieur Déchanel was distraught. Such a picture of loveliness as Suzanne that afternoon the whole of Nice could not display. There was no woman of his acquaintance—and he knew many—who could compare with her. His fingers closed tightly around that alluring arm.

"Why should I bring this man?" he demanded. "There is no way he could be of service to you save in one fashion and for that I am jealous."

She turned slightly toward him.

"But my dear Henri," she reminded him with her lips very close to his, "you need not bring him until tomorrow and you are here today."

THERE was something akin to a mild sensation among the officials of the famous night restaurant in Nice when Monsieur Antoine, the manager, discovered a new patron of most distinguished appearance standing at the head of the room glancing down the long line of tables. The two chief *maîtres d'hôtel* were already offering their respects; suggested tables were being pulled out. Monsieur Antoine presented himself with a low bow.

"Monsieur is alone?" he inquired.

"I am alone," Mark replied, "and I wish to remain alone," he added a little significantly.

"There is a gentleman who makes signals to Monsieur," Antoine pointed out.

Mark glanced down the room again and smiled faintly. It was Monsieur Déchanel who had risen from a table and was seeking to attract his attention. Antoine glanced questioningly at his unexpected patron.

"It is a high official in the police there who invites that Monsieur should share his table," he confided. "Monsieur would rather be alone?"

"Not at all," Mark replied. "I will join Monsieur Déchanel."

With a bodyguard of waiters surrounding him, Mark passed about halfway down the room to where Monsieur Déchanel was already pushing out his table. With a nod of dismissal to his escort and a bow to his friend, Mark took the vacant place.

"The best wine you can offer us," Mark ordered. "A sandwich, perhaps, of caviar. You are sure that I do not disarrange you, Monsieur Déchanel?"

"You do me a great honor," the latter said, "and you are very welcome."

"You will give me the gratification of joining me in a bottle of wine?"

Déchanel pushed his own half bottle of very inferior vintage away.

"It will give me great pleasure," he agreed.

Mark lit a cigarette and, leaning back against the wall, was silent for a few moments. His eyes were searching among the crowd. Suzanne was by far the most remarkable-looking woman there. She was clasped in the arms of a tall, handsome young man of olive complexion and with heavy black eyelashes. She was leaning back laughing into his admiring eyes.

"Who is this young man to whom Suzanne is clinging?" Mark inquired.

"He is an officer from the Turkish boat that lies in Nice harbor."

"One might be mildly interested to know why that craft is here," Mark reflected.

"As to that," Déchanel replied with a savage little twirl of his mustache, "I should think that Suzanne is already informed."

"Or will be presently," Mark added under his breath, as he watched the cloakroom attendant bringing her fur coat.

MR. JONSON remained cheerful in the face of adversity. Things were certainly not looking well for him. At first, he had applied for this interview in vain and now, when he had at last been admitted to the audience chamber of the International Bureau of Espionage, Mr. Cheng, who was watching him from the other side of his table, showed little signs of friendliness.

"Is it like this," Jonson asked, "that you treat all your staff, sir, even when they have done you great service?"

The glimmer of a smile passed over Mr. Cheng's set face.

"You consider that you have rendered me a great service?" he inquired.

"Indeed, yes."

"Why did you go to London without orders?"

"I went there to save your life. I served you well inasmuch as I succeeded."

"You saved my life, did you?"

"Without a doubt."

"Explain."

Jonson smiled.

"There are still a few things which your wonderful International Bureau has never discovered," he said. "One of them, let me tell you, is that there is a triumvirate of men nominated by your greatest enemy, whose mission in life is your assassination."

"I know all about them," Mr. Cheng assented. "One is called Nikolas Krakoff, another Paul Hanson."

"And the third?"

Mr. Cheng looked steadily across the room toward his questioner.

"The third is a man who has borne many names," he replied. "He is known at present under the title of Jonson."

The little man was perturbed. The wrinkles which were so seldom visible creased his face.

"Astonishing," he murmured. "Did you chance to know that, sir, when you consented to have me join the staff? Did you know it when you saw me crossing Grosvenor Square?"

"Perfectly well. I consented to your engagement because I came to the conclusion that you were safer working under my direction. When I saw you as I was leaving the house of the British Foreign Secretary, it was perfectly apparent to me that for the moment you were harmless."

"Well, you happen to have been right," Jonson reflected. "Nevertheless, it was a brave action to take me into your entourage."

"Why?"

"You knew that I had presented myself with a false passport."

"Naturally."

"You also knew that I was one of the triumvirate delegated in Moscow to guard the life of the acting head of the Soviet and incidentally to arrange for your assassination."

"Bravery is not a word the meaning of which you understand," Mr. Cheng said scornfully. "I run no risk from you or I should think from those other two assassins. Not one of the three of you was ever meant to harm me. You would never succeed."

"You have a charm over bullets?"

"It never comes to bullets."

"Nevertheless," Jonson persisted, "I saved your life in London."

"Explain, if you please," Mr. Cheng invited.

"It was simple. Mr. Wang Kai-Hsiung gave me a chit to the inspector of police squad, Scotland Yard. They were worried about you and were only too glad of outside help and information. There were two police squad cars at work that afternoon."

"That I already know," Mr. Cheng assented. "I was asked to change from one to the other in a side street about a hundred yards from Grosvenor Square—some mews they called it."

"Precisely. The other car took a somewhat roundabout route, entered Heston by the back way and took you to your plane in safety. A pleasant ride, I trust, and without misadventure?"

"Almost monotonous," Mr. Cheng admitted. "There was not a soul to see me off except the officials of the airdrome."

"Not so with my brief promenade," Jonson recounted with a bland smile. "Yes, it was exciting while it lasted. A slight drizzle of rain, as you may remember—most convenient. There was a fog that threatened. Alas, it never came. As we passed along the park by the barracks I fitted in the armorproof windows on the left-hand side of the car. A very remarkable invention! Really, I think Scotland Yard improves. I can assure you that as we neared the shelter at the beginning of the broad byway to Heston I felt that adventure was back again. I placed myself in the far corner of the car in a careful position. At precisely the spot agreed upon the bullets came spattering against the window like large drops that fall on to the pavement before a thunderstorm. Very thrilling. It is not given to everyone to sit a yard or two from these bullets and remain in safety."

"THIS interests me," Mr. Cheng acknowledged.

"From the flap window behind," Jonson continued, "I saw Krakoff and Hanson spring into their car and drive off. Then I spoke through the tube to the chauffeur. He hoisted the police signal and we made Heston going at something like sixty miles an hour. I was at the plane ten minutes before they arrived. I joined them just as you, my lord, passed over our heads."

"You joined them?" Mr. Cheng exclaimed. "They did not suspect you of interference?"

"Why should they?" Jonson protested with wide-opened eyes and his head a little upon one side. "The car passed the shelter at precisely the appointed hour. With the drawn shutters they could not have had any idea as to who was inside. They had their message from me with the police number as arranged. I was there on the grounds waiting for them. I gave a lifelike impression of a disappointed traveler whose friend had failed him—and that is all."

Mr. Cheng sat for a moment in silence. His eyes were fixed speculatively upon his companion.

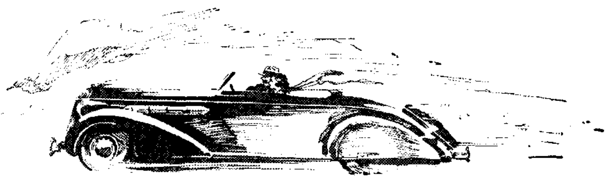
"An interesting adventure," he remarked. "One thing puzzles me."

"I will explain," Jonson promised cheerfully.

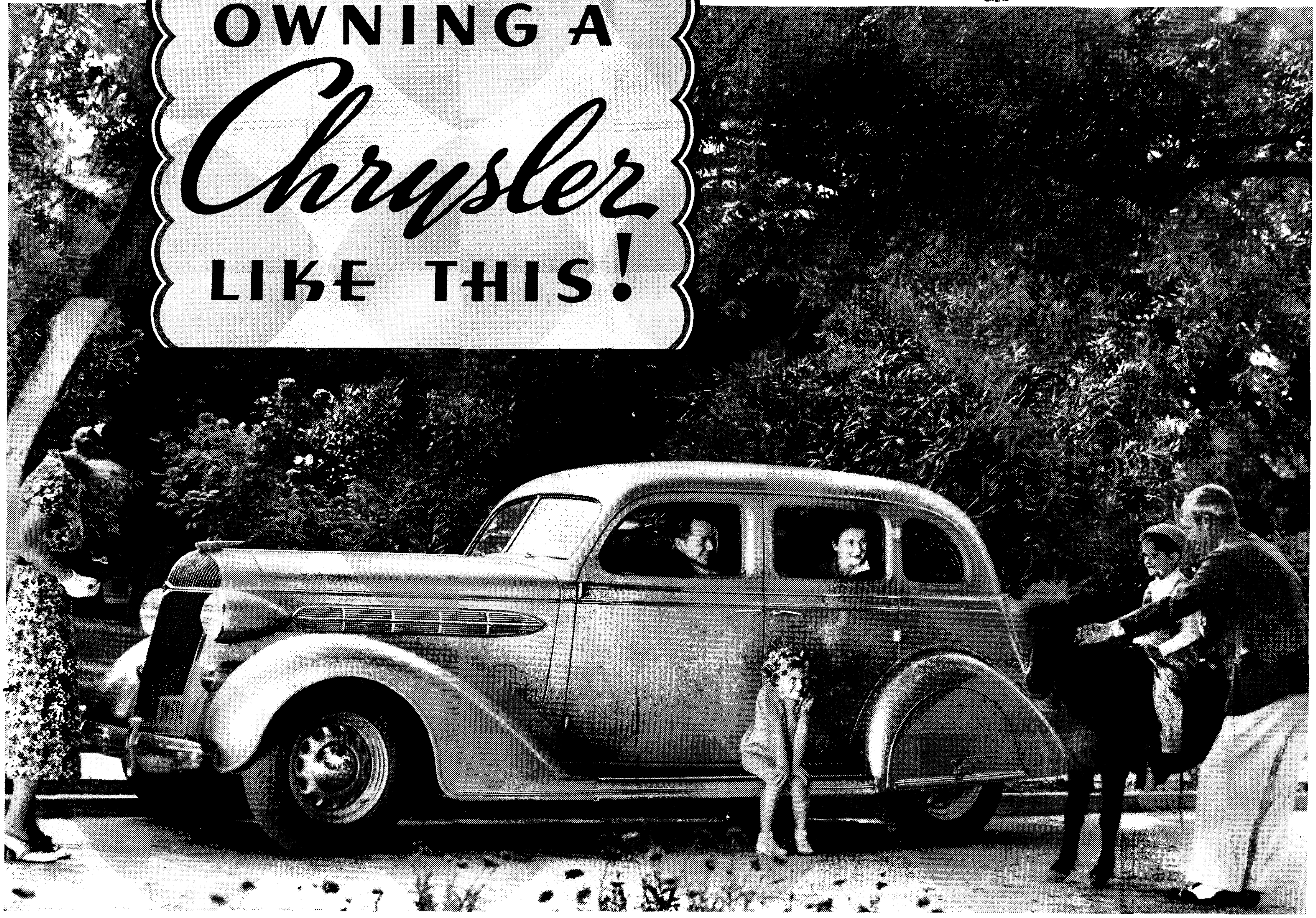
"I do not see why, when Krakoff and his companion, who have a great deal of

(Continued on page 31)

PICTURE OWNING A *Chrysler* LIKE THIS!



Chrysler Six Sedan, $875*



...and actually *Saving* money!

$760

AND UP. LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT

CHRYSLER economy isn't a claim . . . it's just a plain matter of record and fact!

A Chrysler Six is priced just a little above the lowest-priced cars . . . two or three dollars a week will cover the difference on our easy payment plan.

And then, the savings begin!

Hundreds of Chrysler owners write that savings on gasoline alone will quickly make up the difference.

From Colorado comes a report of 22 miles to the gallon! From New Jersey, J. P. Keller reports 18 miles to the gallon. Up in Minnesota, Claude M. Fleet records 19½. A. R. Massey of Memphis says gas, oil and lubrication have stood him less than 2 cents a mile.

Up to 25,000 miles without a valve grind is commonplace. With centrifuse brake drums, cost of relining brakes is more than cut in half. Records of 100,000 to 200,000 miles without major repairs are plentiful.

One man who kept careful record shows repair costs of less than ½ cent per mile in 115,000 miles.

Why drive a gas-eating car, when Chrysler owners are reporting 16 to over 20 miles per gallon?

Why drive an out-moded car, when Chrysler's famous modern engineering features actually save you money? Why not have a car you'll be proud of, when a luxurious Chrysler actually costs no more to own and maintain?

It's engineering leadership that makes Chrysler economy so outstanding. Your Chrysler dealer will gladly show you where and how a Chrysler saves you money. Visit him today . . . drive a fine new Chrysler . . . learn just why it will pay you to buy one.

☆ CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase, *$760 and up.*

☆ DE LUXE EIGHT . . . 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase, $925 and up.

☆ AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. All models, $1345.

☆ AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. All models, $1475.

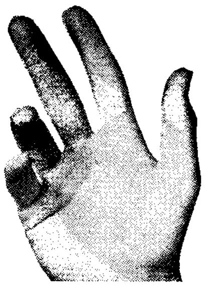
☆ AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 137-inch wheelbase, $2475 and up.

Automatic Overdrive is standard on Airflow Imperial. Available on all 1936 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

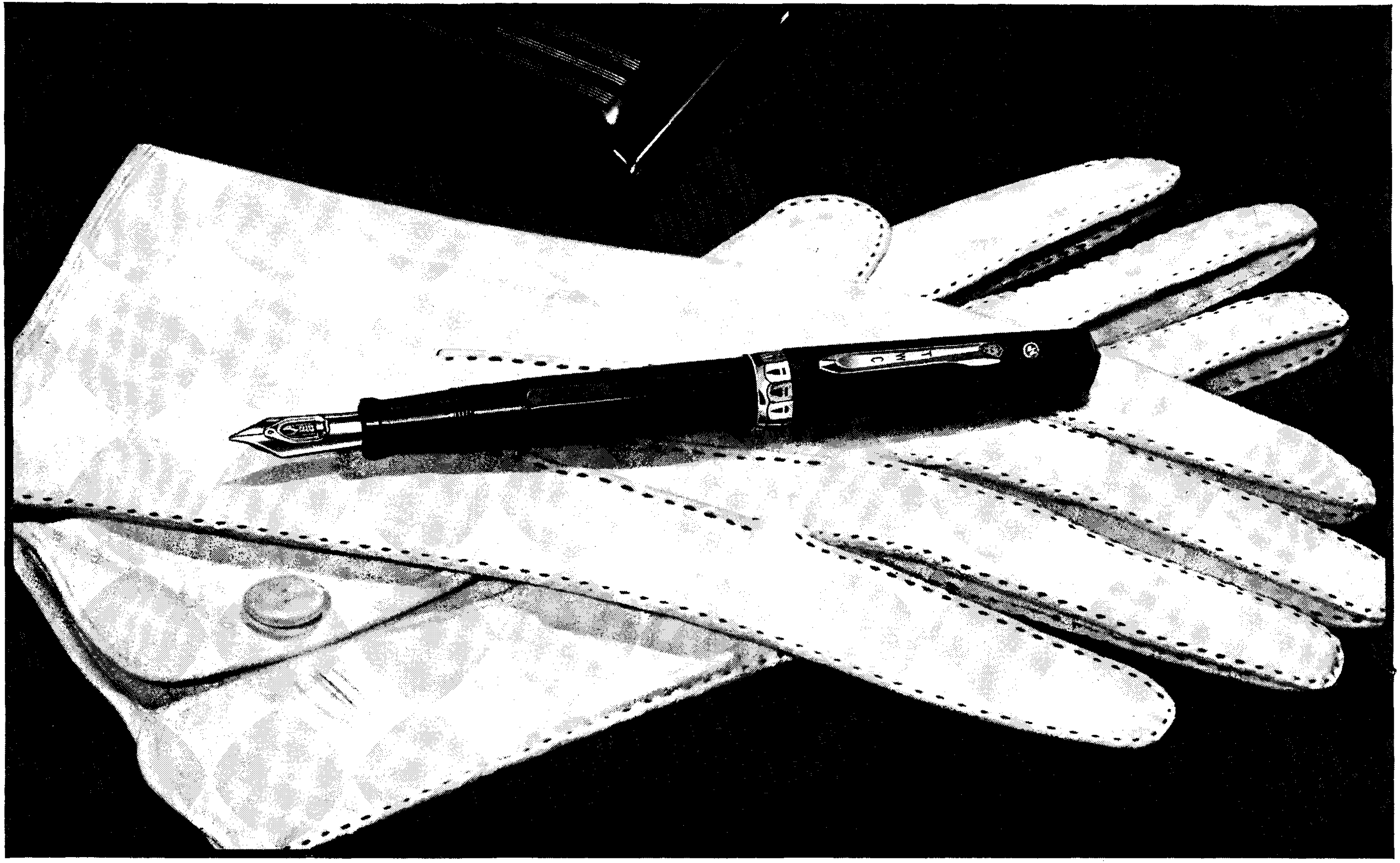
All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra.

Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Company Time Payment plan. Available through all Chrysler Dealers.

IT PAYS TO BUY A *FINE CAR*!



NO MORE INK-STAINED FINGERS!



SAFE FROM STAINS - THE NEW EVERSHARP PEN CAN'T LEAK!

Countless fingers have been branded with evidence that the ordinary fountain pen can leak—no matter how carefully you cap it.

The ink has the exasperating ability of leaking from the pen-barrel into the cap, or on to the finger-rest—an annoyance that Eversharp has ended forever!

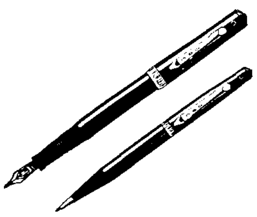
*Thank the Safety Ink Shut-Off**

When you screw on the cap, the new Eversharp Pen won't leak—it can't! *For its exclusive Safety Ink Shut-Off* sees to that! It automatically shuts off the ink in the pen-barrel as effectively as a faucet shuts off water.*

Pack this pen in your traveling bag, leave it lying around in your desk, carry it upside down in your pocket—*it can't leak!* No more ink-stained fingers, clothing, purses, or gloves!

And this same Eversharp Pen also gives you the exclusive *Adjustable Point* that anyone can instantly adjust to fit his or her own style of writing. So it is *the* pen to think of —when you're thinking of a gift pen.

It is the only pen made in the graceful, streamlined Doric design. And filling it is but a two-second task. One stroke fills it with a long, long-lasting supply of ink—and you can *see* when it needs re-filling.



Write with the new Eversharp Pen today! Try it—at any pen counter. You will discover the sweetest writing that any fountain pen has ever given you! Sold at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department, and drug stores. $7.50 and $10 with guarantee for life. Other models, $5. Pencils to match, $3 to $5. Slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Toronto.

EVERSHARP square LEAD gives a writing point that stays sharp—and the lead can't twist or turn in the barrel. It writes smoother, blacker . . . and it's the *only* lead that fits *all* makes of mechanical pencils. Try it! The *genuine* comes only in the "Red Top" package.

*U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

(Continued from page 28)

experience in such matters, saw the armored windows in the car, they took the trouble to risk firing at it."

"That is to the credit of the British police," Jonson pointed out. "These armored shutters have blue cloth on the side that faces the window. They have a tassel. They resemble in every respect a closely drawn curtain through which naturally a bullet would go as though it were butter."

Mr. Cheng nodded gravely.

"Does it never occur to you," he said, "that to remain one of that triumvirate and yet to be secretly my man is a post of some danger?"

Jonson smiled again, that fat comfortable little smile which changed his whole appearance.

"I love danger," he confided. "Favor me with a sheet of paper and I will show you how I love to court a knife between my shoulder blades or a bullet in my heart."

Mr. Cheng passed him a sheet from the table by his side. Jonson produced a pencil which traveled like lightning here and there across its smooth surface. A score of words. No more. He held it out to his chief. There was in the latter's immobile face a gleam of admiration as he studied it.

"I wonder," he reflected, as he tore the page to pieces, "how you can possibly expect me to allow another man to live and share with me a secret like that."

"Yet that is what you will surely do," was the confident reply, as Jonson backed towards the door.

MARK came presently into the room. His fatigue had passed; his step was once more buoyant but his expression was grave. Cheng nodded and tapped the telephone receiver which he was holding. He held it away for a moment.

"They have rung me up from the Quai d'Orsay," he confided. "I must hear what they have to say."

Mark nodded and sank into an easy chair. Cheng held the receiver once more to his ear. All the time he spoke and listened he betrayed no signs of any special interest. He wound up, however, in a different tone.

"You must explain to *Monsieur le Ministre*," he said, "that this matter, important though it may be, scarcely comes within the scope of my activities. We deal with smaller affairs altogether. However, I am very much at the disposal of General Levissier when he arrives. It will give me great pleasure to receive him here. How are things in Paris?"

Again Mr. Cheng became a listener. He hung up the receiver with a few final words.

"I shall await the arrival of *Monsieur le Général*," he said.

"And who," Mark asked, "is *Monsieur le Général?*"

"Someone who would be a very unwelcome visitor for us just now," Cheng replied. "He is the head of the whole police system of France. He wishes to look over our observatory. However, we have faced difficulties before. Tell me—how are things going?"

He lifted his arm and forefinger towards the ceiling. Mark rose lightly from his chair, lit a cigarette and paced restlessly up and down, talking a little disjointedly all the time.

"Fan Sik Tsun," he said, "has been with me up there for fourteen or fifteen hours. He is lying down for a short time. I promised to let him know when you were here. No, not now," he went on, waving his hand as Cheng rose to his feet. "The general is in the same condition as I was when I came down some time ago. He is almost speechless."

"Nothing has gone wrong, I hope?"

"On the contrary," Mark went on, "every enterprise seems to be maturing at the same moment according to plan. Wu Lu Chên reports a million men under arms."

"That is all good news," Cheng said quietly. "The moment is arriving when it will be impossible any longer to hide from the world what is happening in Asia. Yet you know, Mark, there is one more task to be accomplished before we can flash the great signal around the world."

Mark paused in his restless perambulation of the room. He stood by his partner's desk—a grim expression of distaste upon his pleasant face.

"I don't like that much, you know, Cheng," he said.

"It is fortunate then," was the smooth rejoinder, "that its execution does not fall within your province."

"It is part of the joint scheme, though," Mark pointed out.

"In any case, the affair is not imminent," Cheng observed. "I have been thinking it all out," he went on, leaning back in his chair and looking meditatively out of the window towards the mountains, that one particular corner which was so dear to him. "It will be next month, Mark. The third week of the next month. We cannot strike before. Until then I think we can keep all this restless flood in check. Some time between now and then this thing will happen. Do not concern yourself with it. You will have no time to waste over such a trifle. Remember this too, Mark. If there are two men in this world who will move along in peril upon the borderland between life and death during those five weeks, it will be you and I and not that other one."

"Getting scared?" Mark asked with a grin.

That very rare smile softened for a moment Cheng's whole expression.

"That," he said as he rose to his feet, "would I think be a new sensation for either of us, my friend Mark."

SUZANNE was sulky. She was unaccustomed to failure and it was failure which she had to report on the following morning. Perhaps because she knew that she was to be interviewed by Catherine Oronoff she had dressed with less than her usual care. Her sleepy eyes had lost their charm, her hair its sheen and her manner its allure. She had to confess her failure, too, to another one of her own sex, which made things no better.

"I could do no more," she declared sullenly. "The man laughed at me when I hinted and was contemptuous when I pleaded. He was also very rude."

"Quite an unusual experience for you, I should imagine," Catherine Oronoff remarked.

"Anything I set out to do I generally accomplish," was the curt rejoinder. "Men of any ordinary type are easy. This one is an exception. Why not try him yourself, Mademoiselle Oronoff? You have the interests of the bureau at heart as much as I. Stroll along the quay once or twice until he takes notice of you and then invite him to tea with you. You may be his style, perhaps."

The Russian girl struck back again with glacial poignancy.

"I have not the usual inducement to offer," she said. "Apart from that, I desire that you do not address me again with such suggestions. Will you be so good as to remember that or leave the room immediately?"

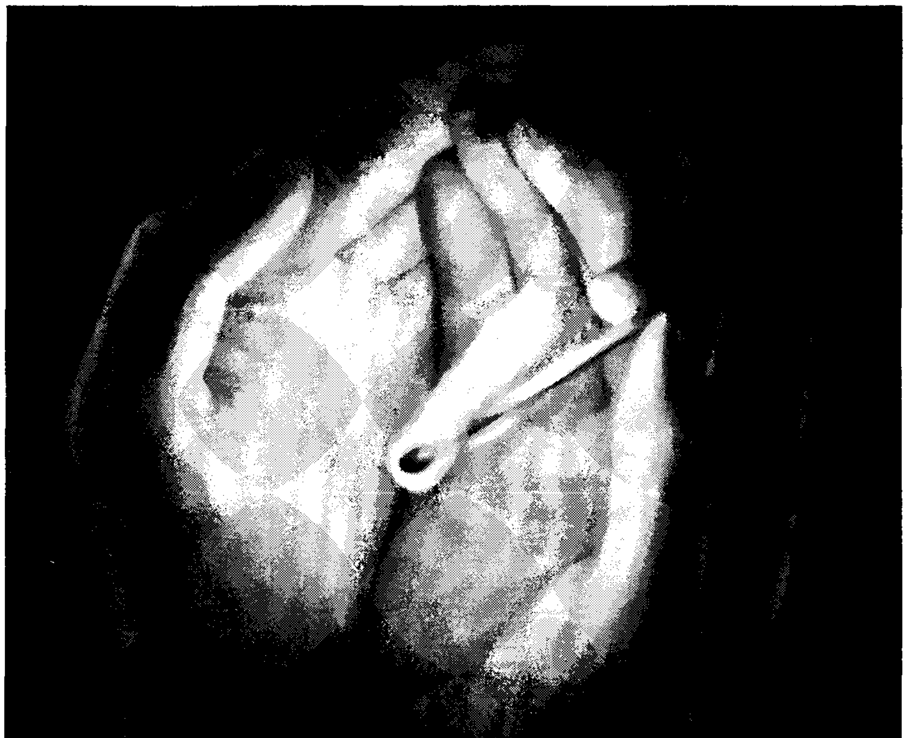
Suzanne glanced at the speaker, then cowered in her chair as though she had been struck with a lash.

"Je regrette," she faltered. *"Mille pardons, mademoiselle."*

Catherine dismissed the matter with a wave of the hand.

"All the same, I am surprised that you failed so completely, Suzanne," she went on coldly. "What do you propose to do

(Continued on page 32)



MATCH company makes STRIKING sales gains by LONG DISTANCE

A match manufacturer distributes through brokers in larger cities across the country. The brokers sell to 2000 jobbers. The manufacturer's two representatives make calls in person on both groups two or three times a year.

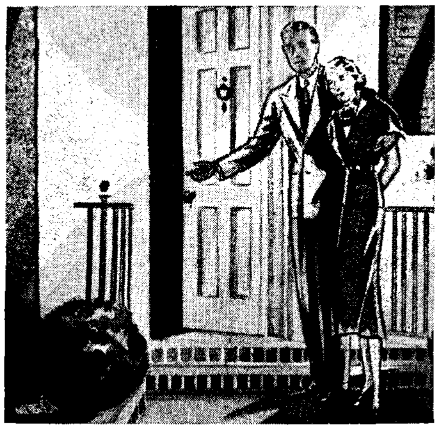
The company believed that more frequent coverage would bring closer relationships and more business.

Accordingly, the representatives combined personal visits to brokers with telephone calls to outlying jobbers. Results—more customers and prospects contacted in less time—sales volume increased at low cost—more orders received between salesmen's trips.

In one month, 1200 telephone calls, costing $720, sold the total output for several weeks!

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

"Come on in— . . . here's home comfort you never dreamed possible"



YES . . . and at a price you never dreamed possible

Step into a really modern home — a home that is doubly comfortable because it is doubly protected against winter's discomforts by a new American Radiator Conditioning System. These great systems provide both the finest kind of air conditioning and the finest kind of heating—radiant heat from small inconspicuous radiators. Yet the cost of this new and better kind of home conditioning is well within the budget requirements of the average home owner. Here's what you get and it is exactly what you need!

CONDITIONED AIR—Conditioned air, as fresh and sweet as a spring day, cleaned of dirt and dust and then silently circulated throughout your house. In winter, proper moisture is added for maximum comfort!

RADIANT HEAT—Sun-like radiant heat—as only radiators provide—insures healthful warmth regardless of the weather outside. New controls *guarantee even heat distribution,* room by room, from cellar to garret.

HOT WATER—Year 'round domestic hot water, a special feature of these great systems, provides hot water for baths and general cleanliness, winter and summer.

Everything can be automatic; any fuel—coal, oil, coke or gas—can be used. Send coupon today for the complete story of Conditioned Comfort—and how you can have it immediately for what you can afford to pay.

New
AMERICAN RADIATOR CONDITIONING SYSTEMS

Bring in fresh air • Add humidity
Clean the air • Circulate the air
Give sun-like radiant heat
Warm every room evenly
Supply year 'round domestic hot water

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
45 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
Send your free book, "This New Comfort."
☐ Building a new home. ☐ Modernizing an old home.
☐ Just interested.
*Name*________
*Address*________
*City or Town*________ *State*____
© A. R. Co. 1936 C. 9-12

LISTEN IN! American Radiator Fireside Recital . . . every Sunday 7:30 P.M. E.D.S.T. WEAF-NBC Network

(Continued from page 31)

about it? The bureau will not be satisfied with your report."

"I can deal with any man who is a natural human being," Suzanne grumbled. "With this one I can do nothing."

"Take a few hours to think it over," Catherine advised. "Mr. Cheng is not satisfied with losing the elder of those two Italians. Elise and Mademoiselle Despard are coming down to the Opera House next week. He may choose to put other singing birds in your cages."

"He had better not try," Suzanne cried. "One learns things here, you know."

Catherine Oronoff was leaning forward in her place. She seemed to have gone very stiff and rigid. Her eyes were steely.

"Are you threatening us, Suzanne?" she asked.

The girl bit her lip.

"No, I am not threatening," she answered. "I am not going to be sent away, though—especially for a Turk. Turks are only half-civilized creatures."

"I have no right to suggest that the bureau would go so far as to send you away," Catherine said, "but they abhor failures and people who have failed. I should advise you to go and think it over. There may be another way."

Suzanne obeyed her companion's gesture of dismissal and left the room, but on her return through the labyrinth of passages to her own suite of apartments, another way dawned upon her.

IT WAS about six o'clock that evening when, holding her skirts a little raised and making careful progress to avoid the sinking of the high heels of her shoes into the crevices of the imperfectly laid pavement, Suzanne descended the steps and walked slowly along the quay at Nice. She paused at the spot where the small Turkish cruiser lay alongside the dock. The gangway on board was a very easy one to surmount. At the top stood a uniformed sentry, smoking a cigarette.

"I should like to come aboard, please," she said.

The man stared at her, waved his hand as though bidding her go and answered her in Turkish. Suzanne shook her head and commenced the slight ascent. The man stood at the top of the gangway, immovable. She reached him and paused.

"You are in my way," she told him, smiling. "Please."

He shook his head and stamped on the deck with his heel. Another man in the uniform of a junior officer made his appearance. He, too, stared at Suzanne and it was perfectly obvious that the commander's inclinations towards playing the St. Anthony were not shared by his subordinates. He saluted and addressed her courteously in French.

"This is not a visiting day. Mademoiselle desires something perhaps?"

"I DESIRE to speak to your admiral," she confided. "I have even forgotten his name but he may remember me. We met, I feel sure. I think it was at Alexandria."

"This ship has never been in Alexandria," was the somewhat suspicious rejoinder. "The admiral is resting in his cabin, Mademoiselle. He does not see chance visitors. I am afraid I must ask you to leave the ship. If it were possible," he went on, dropping his voice, "to take an *apéritif* a little later on—"

"Charming," she interrupted. "Ask for me at Maxim's, at seven o'clock, but in the meantime be very kind—let me have one word with your admiral."

"Mademoiselle," the young man assured her, "we are not disciplinarians of the strictest here but to do as you ask me would be utterly impossible. It is my duty to prevent your arriving on the deck."

"Seems a pity," she murmured, leaning her arms upon the white rail and smiling at him.

"Nothing but the thought of that *apéritif,*" he replied, "keeps me from being desolated."

Suzanne's fortunes were changing. An exclamation from the officer with whom she was arguing attracted her attention to the figure of a tall, enormously stout man standing in the open door of the adjacent companionway. He was wearing a sort of undress uniform, the long coat of which was unbuttoned, and he was smoking a cigarette. There was tobacco ash upon his tunic; his brown shoes were hideous. The young officer stood at attention. The admiral looked at Suzanne. She smiled at him and her heart grew lighter. Here was a man of a different order. Turks were Turks after all.

"Mademoiselle understands that it is not permitted to board the cruiser except on visiting days?" he said in passable French.

"How is Mademoiselle to understand?" she protested. "I simply saw your beautiful ship. I ask what she is and hear that she is Turkish and I remember that I met a Turkish admiral a year or two ago and I thought that I would see if he was on board."

"What was his name?"

"I have forgotten his name," she confessed, "but he was very like you, only not so tall, not so fine here," she said, with a movement towards her chest. "I would like to talk to you, please. Will you tell this obstinate sentry that he is to let me pass?"

To do the admiral justice he hesitated, but his hesitation did not last very long. He rattled out a brief command in Turkish. The junior officer fell back; the sentry stood on one side. Mademoiselle tripped airily onto the deck.

"I will do myself the pleasure of receiving you in my own quarters," the admiral suggested. "Will you kindly descend?"

Suzanne made her way gaily down into the very comfortable but terribly stuffy saloon. One porthole was open but a considerable quantity of cigarette smoke was still hanging about. All the improper French papers that she had ever seen were strewn upon the table and a few that she knew nothing of. There were also paper-backed novels. On the writing table there was a chart. Suzanne felt quite at home.

"Mademoiselle will be seated," he begged.

"And Mademoiselle will smoke if she is invited," Suzanne said. "I am so excited to meet someone again of your race," she added, assuming a comfortable but not too austere position in the corner of a divan. "Tell me all about yourself, please, and why you have come here, and how long you are going to stop, and if you really are as nice as you look."

HE CAME and established himself by her side. His hand touched her knee—by accident, no doubt—as he seated himself. There was nothing about him which reminded her of the commander.

"You are inquisitive, little lady," he remarked. "What may I call you?"

"Just Suzanne," she answered. "We do not need to waste time, I hope, with the other names, and unless you tell me your name I shall call you Hemal. That was the name of someone I once knew."

"I like Hemal better than my own name," he declared. "I will be Hemal to you and you will be Suzanne to me. You shall sit here and smoke my cigarettes and eat my sweetmeats and tell me stories about the naughty places of Nice."

"And you?" she whispered.

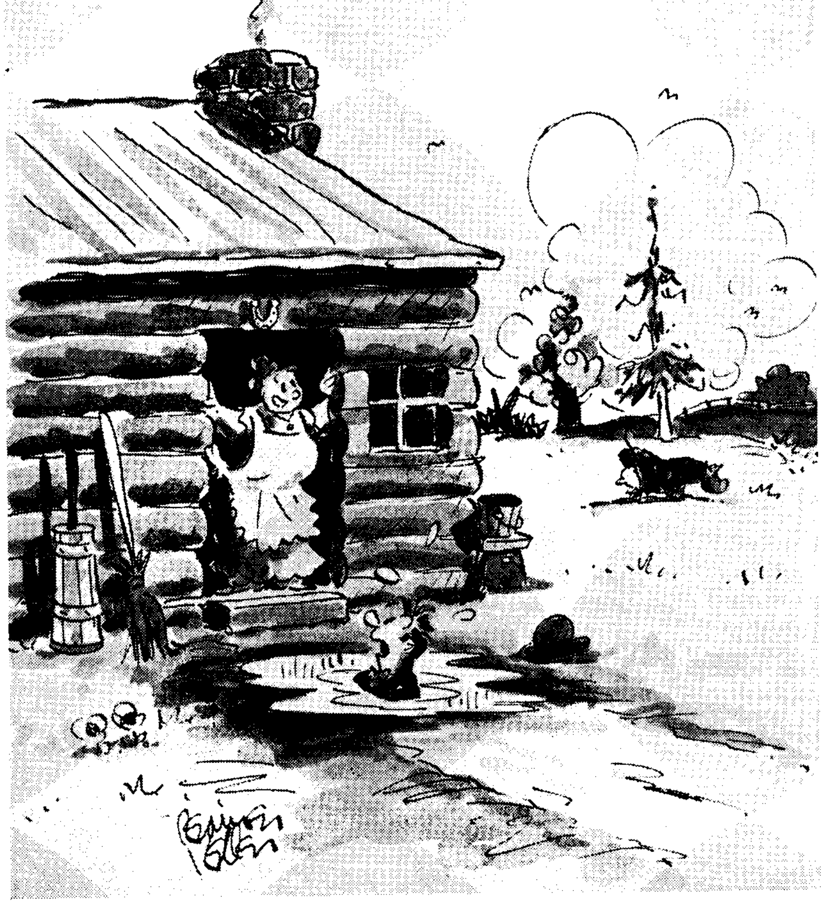
"I shall make love to you," he answered. "It is not often that I see anyone so charming."

"First of all let me tell you," she said, "that I have met your commander at Maxim's. Where is he?"

"He has twenty-four hours leave and he has gone to return a call on a British man-of-war at San Rafael," the admiral confided. "It was a happy chance that he chose today."

"For myself I am content," Suzanne assured him.

(To be continued next week)



"That puddle fools more people, Mr. Ripley" REAMER KELLER

ARE YOU MAKING PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE?

Now you have the opportunity to establish a basis of financial security for your family through the Regular Purchase Plan of United States Savings Bonds.

Investment in Savings Bonds turns today's $75 into $100 in ten years and permits setting aside as little as $18.75 or as much as $7,500 in each calendar year.

The Government checks, which you will receive as your United States Savings Bonds mature, will provide cash for definite needs.

This is a safe and convenient method of providing cash for the future: to educate children . . for a retirement fund . . to take care of dependents . . for a cash estate . . for travel and recreation.

Select the systematic savings program in the table below best suited to you.

Ten Years From Now — Enjoy the rewards of having invested today's surplus funds in United States Savings Bonds.

QUICK FACTS ABOUT UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

They are direct Obligations of the Government.

Your investment will increase 33⅓% if held for ten years. Bonds are available in the denominations shown in the coupon.

Interest Accrues at the Rate of 2.9% Per Annum Compounded Semiannually, provided the bond is held to maturity.

May be Redeemed in Cash after 60 days from issue date, in whole or in part.

Free From Price Fluctuation. The fixed cash redemption values, which are never less than the purchase price, are printed on the face of each bond.

Ownership. They may be registered in the name of an individual, a trustee, a corporation, or any other legal entity.

Ownership by Two Persons. They may be registered in the names of two (but not more than two) individuals. Such bonds may be redeemed by either person named as coowner.

Beneficiary Can be Named. You may register your bond with the name of a beneficiary to whom, on request, your bond will be payable or reissued in the event of your death.

Protection Against Loss. Should your bond be lost, or destroyed, a duplicate will be issued upon proof of loss and proper indemnity.

Tax Exempt both as to principal and interest to the same extent as other Treasury bonds, as more fully defined in Treasury Circular No. 554.

$10,000 Maximum in One Year. It is permissible under the law authorizing these bonds that $10,000 (but not more than $10,000) maturity value, issued during any one calendar year (Jan. 1 to Dec. 31), may be held by any one person. An additional $10,000 maturity value issued during each or any subsequent calendar year may be so held.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

The Basis of a Secure Future

The maturity values of United States Savings Bonds, bought at regular intervals and not redeemed prior to maturity, will be payable at the same intervals as the purchases, ten years from the respective issue dates.

For example, a $25 denomination bond (present price $18.75) purchased each month for 120 successive months will result, if each bond is held to maturity, in an ownership of $3,000, maturity value, of these bonds, payable during the following ten years by the United States Government on the first day of each month at the rate of $25 per month. Likewise—

Amount you invest each month for 120 months	Maturity Value in 120 months	Payable each month for 120 months starting in 10 years
$37.50	**$6,000**	**$50 per month**
75.00	**12,000**	**100 " "**
93.75	**15,000**	**125 " "**
187.50	**30,000**	**250 " "**
375.00	**60,000**	**500 " "**

For sale at Post Offices and—DIRECT BY MAIL

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT 904, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
....	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	**$** ....
....	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	**$** ....
....	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	**$** ....
....	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	**$** ....
....	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	**$** ....
		Total	**$** ....

Register in the name of and send to
*Name*____________________________
*Street Address*________________________
*City*__________________ *State*__________

Make all checks payable to the Treasurer of the United States.

You'll Feel Better

IN THE MIDDLE YEARS

In his office . . . on his vacation . . . he *feels* better because he has chosen a most wholesome form of whiskey. It pays to conserve your vitality for your years of heaviest responsibility.

©*Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Distillery: Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Executive Offices: New York*

. . . if you watch your diet, exercise sensibly, live moderately. And, if you drink, *choose a whiskey that agrees with you*

Many men have long sensed a difference in whiskies, which had nothing to do with taste.

It is now our privilege to give them the *facts.* For months we have examined this vital question, "How does the human system respond to different forms of whiskey?"

The findings of a group of trained, impartial, fact-finding men engaged by the House of Seagram have conclusively proved a momentous reality.

It is this: "*Seagram's Crown Blended Whiskies are* A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY."

Therefore, you who have always liked the fine, rich *taste* of Seagram's Crowns now know why these whiskies agree with you so well . . . why they are so easy on you, so considerate, so kind.

Blended with Seagram skill from one of the world's largest stores of fine aged whiskies, Seagram's Crowns, if taken in moderation, are your assurance of *pleasure without penalty.*

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey

Seagram's Crown

Blended Whiskies

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are **5** years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, and 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May 1936. **90 PROOF**

SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are **5** years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies, and 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grain. Bottled under this formula since May 1936. **90 PROOF**

A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

West Side Romance

Continued from page 9

a little oughday then she might veil it with me. You know, Mr. Hodge, she'd look mighty tasty in a bridal veil."

"Let's think about your neck now—not her veil."

"So, for almost six months I've been on that wagon and I never even got up once to give a lady my seat," he went on. "Judy told me I could have four glasses of beer a day—that was all. So help me I never went one over that four."

"Not even last night?"

"Not even last night," he said steadily. "Last night I and Little Red—I call Judy Little Red, she's so small and—"

"Yeah, I know. Let's get down to what happened last night."

"Last night we caught the first show over to the Allahambra on Tenth Avenue and on the way home I said, 'Let's stop this clowning, Little Red, and get married.' I told her I had a hundred and eighty dollars saved up and how's for us going out and getting a ring right away and going through with it this week. And she said, 'All right, Big Mac' —just like that she said it, quiet like."

"So what then?"

Johnny McClain looked at me with contempt. "So I kissed her; what do you think?"

"I mean afterwards."

"We went to David Lumpkin's jewelry shop. There was a ring there I'd had my eye on for a long time. We went in and priced it and old man Lumpkin says it'll cost two C's. I told him to put it aside for me. I'd be back. Then I took Little Red home and I felt so good that I had to tell someone so I dropped into Nick Grogan's saloon over on the West Side. I told Nick and I told him I'd be getting that ring in another day or two and he could send me a wedding present then. And I told Bill Kirk who was there and who works with me."

"Do you know him well?"

"He's my pal," McClain said simply. "We had two beers and then Bill Kirk tells me there's a small crap game going on over behind a warehouse on Tenth Avenue and why not try our luck. 'It looks like the dice come seven for you once tonight, maybe they'll do it again.'"

"WAS Nick's barroom crowded?"

He looked up surprised. "Yeah, it was jammed. It was a warm night, remember, and there was many a beer drinker in there. Anyhow, we went to the crap game. Now I am no sucker in a crap game. I watch the dice go around twice and see they are honest dice and that they're kind of right tonight. I'm a right better myself so when it comes my roll I shoot a sawbuck and leave it there for three rolls. Before I'm through rolling I'm in just two hundred bucks. So I kiss the game good night, and start to go home."

"Are they all your pals in the game?"

He shook his head. "Outside of Bill Kirk I don't know a soul there. They were just men from the docks. I started to leave. Kirk stays there. I get a little bit away and two men come up and one of them says, 'Nice goin', kid. You can roll them babies all right.'

"'They had to be good to me,' I laughed, 'I needed that dough bad.' Then I told them about that ring at Lumpkin's I was going to get.

"'Funny thing,' one of them said, 'I'm a jeweler myself but I don't own no store. I carry my office in my hat and that way save overhead and I can cut prices in about half. I could get you a nice stone in a good setting for about maybe one hundred dollars that would cost you three hundred in Lumpkin's.'"

"Did you fall for that, McClain?" I said in disgust.

"Mr. Hodge, I am no hayshaker," he said. "I did tell the man I'd look at the stone. He said he had his stuff at his flat on Barrow Street so why not run over with him right now. That was all right with me. I am a big guy, Mr. Hodge, and people do not stick me up or get mussy with me. I wasn't afraid of these two palookas and besides they were nice and friendly."

"What were their names?"

"I don't remember," he said slowly. "One was very short and a bit beefy. The other is tall and has a kind of big nose. The short one called him Butch. They had a car with them, an old touring wreck it was. I got in and we get a block from Barrow and Hudson when the big-nose guy called Butch suddenly says, 'That reminds me, I got a couple of bottles of beer in the back. Let's slap a bottle.' The little short man who was riding in the back had the beer all opened and he handed me the bottle. I'd only had two glasses at Nick Grogan's so it was all right for me to take another. I knocked it off all right and then . . ."

"Then what?"

McCLAIN looked at me steadily. "Then the next thing I know is looking a rubber hose in the face."

"And that's all you know?" I was amazed. If he was guilty he certainly had a terrible alibi. If he was innocent he had a worse one. "Now, son, just forget everything you've told me and we'll make up a nice pretty story that maybe somebody will believe."

"Oh, no," Big Mac said calmly. "I've slugged many a guy in my time and I've been drunker than any owl you ever saw, but, Mr. Hodge, I don't lie."

That, of course, made everything easier. "Did you ever see those two men before?"

"I'm not sure. I told you Nick Grogan's saloon was crowded and I got a vague idea I see those two men standing at the bar. It's just a vague idea. I mean when they come up to me at first I figured them as a couple of guys I had met somewhere before. Then I figured them as two guys I had only seen before. Now I have an idea it was in Grogan's bar."

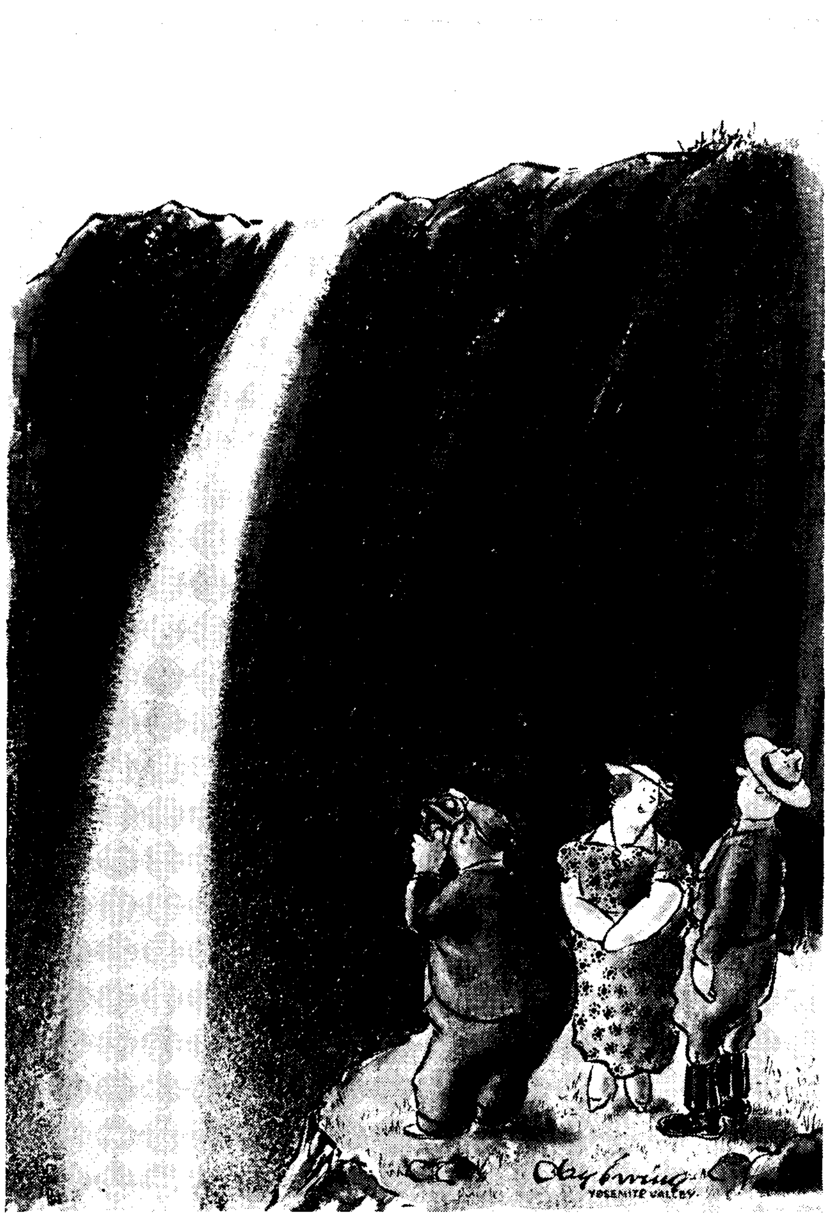
"If they were there they could have heard you tell Nick about that sparkler in Lumpkin's shop?"

"I was so happy I wasn't keeping it any secret—"

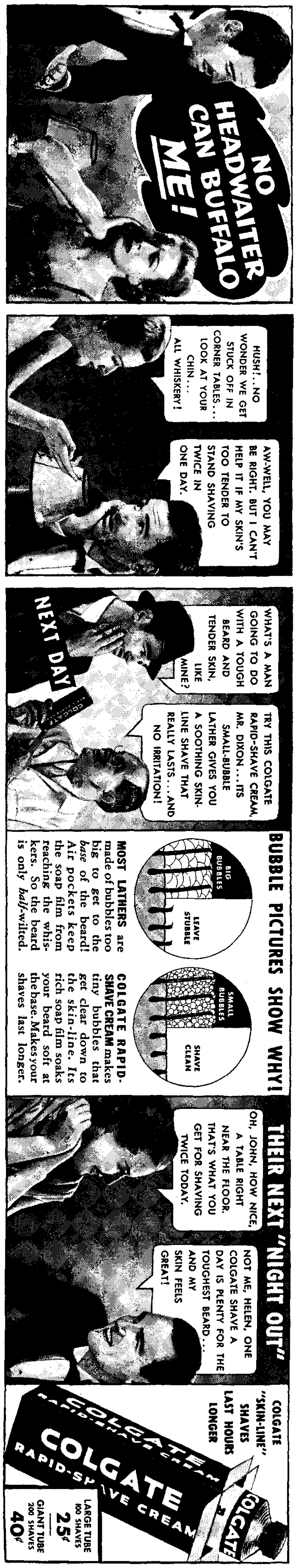
"They could have heard you and followed you to the dice game. They could have doped that beer, carried you into Lumpkin's, looted the store, killed the jeweler, thrown some whisky on you, given you a small crack on the head and then amscrammed." I was thinking out loud.

"That's probably what happened," he said eagerly.

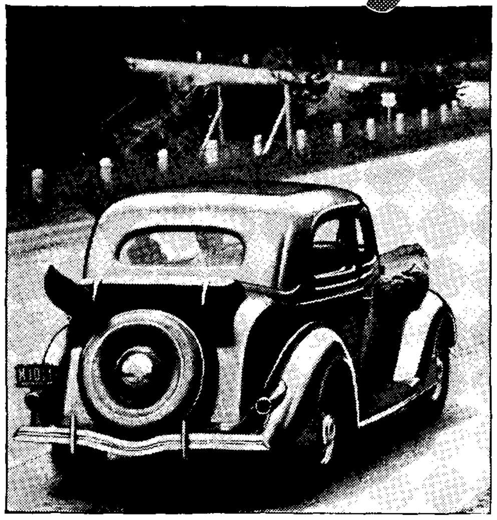
(Continued on page 36)


Jay Irving
YOSEMITE VALLEY

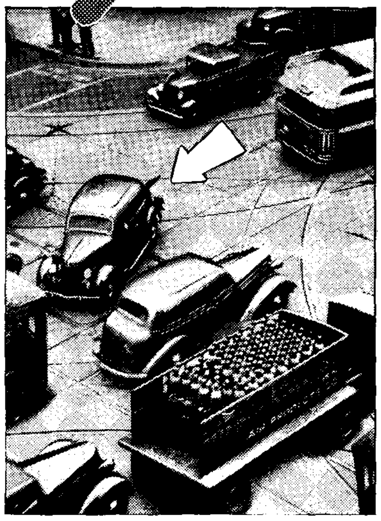
"When we get home, we'll make it run backwards" JAY IRVING


NO HEADWAITER CAN BUFFALO ME!
HUSH! . . NO WONDER WE GET STUCK OFF IN CORNER TABLES . . . LOOK AT YOUR CHIN . . . ALL WHISKERY!
AW-WELL, YOU MAY BE RIGHT. BUT I CAN'T HELP IT IF MY SKIN'S TOO TENDER TO STAND SHAVING TWICE IN ONE DAY.
NEXT DAY
WHAT'S A MAN GOING TO DO WITH A TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN, LIKE MINE?
TRY THIS COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM, MR. DIXON . . . ITS SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER GIVES YOU A SOOTHING SKIN-LINE SHAVE THAT REALLY LASTS . . . AND NO IRRITATION!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.
THEIR NEXT "NIGHT OUT"
OH, JOHN, HOW NICE, A TABLE RIGHT NEAR THE FLOOR. THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR SHAVING TWICE TODAY.
NOT ME, HELEN. ONE COLGATE SHAVE A DAY IS PLENTY FOR THE TOUGHEST BEARD . . . AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

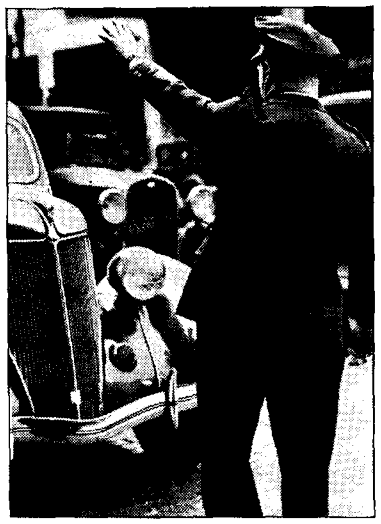
EVEN ON A 300-MILE TRIP -IT'S "Stop-go"



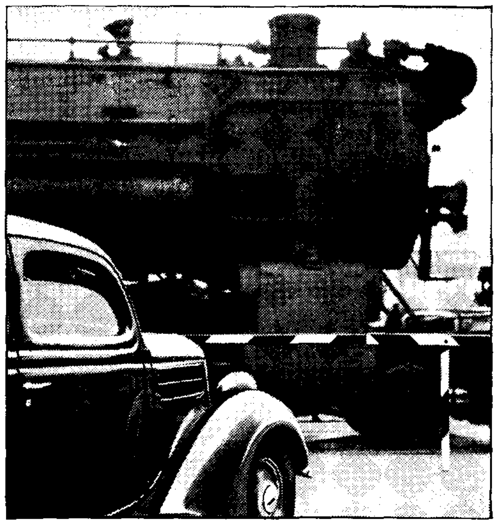
ON A LONG WEEK-END TRIP
. . . in the Country as Well as Towns, It Was Slow Going All the Way For This Motorist. He Often Crawled Along Even in Rural Sections.



TRAFFIC JAMS
Brought Down His Average Speed . . . Going Through Cities He Crept for Minutes in Second Gear.



STOPPED BY POLICEMEN
34 Times . . . in One City He Was Stopped By 3 Officers. (One Stop Can Use ⅓ "Mile" of Gas.)



WASTED MINUTES AND GAS
Idling at Stops . . . Grade Crossings, Toll Bridges, Detours Were Frequent. (Idling Your Motor Can Use Up a "Mile" of Gas.)

4 out of every 5 miles you drive are "STOP-and-GO"

Costly . . . unless your gasoline has these 3 Kinds of Power . . . in Perfect Balance

EVEN WHEN DRIVING near home, you average 30 stops a day. You make stops going to the stores, on business calls, visiting your friends.

For economy in today's driving, your gasoline needs 3 different kinds of power—just as your car needs 3 shifts of gears.

You need one kind of power for *quick starts,* another kind of power for *fast pickup* and hill climbing, and still another for *economical running.*

First to recognize the need for it in today's "stop-and-go" driving, Shell engineers have combined these 3 different kinds of power in one fuel—Super-Shell, the *first* truly balanced gasoline.

You'll find Super-Shell at over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

SUPER SHELL

(Continued from page 35)

"That's what we're going to say happened."

"But I hear you charge high fees, Mr. Hodge. What do you charge for a case like this?"

I snapped, "For a case like this: five thousand down and another five when it's all over."

"Five grand!" he gasped. "I can't count that high."

"You won't have to. Have this one on me. That doll of yours is mighty sweet. She hypnotized me into doing this on the cuff."

I left him and I went to work. As far as McClain's story could be verified it checked. He'd been to Nick Grogan's bar all right. Nick confirmed everything he'd said. About those two men . . . ?

"I was awfully busy," Nick said. "The joint was crowded but I kind of remember a guy with a big nose standing at the bar near to Big Mac."

"Is this the big-nose man," I said, showing him a picture.

His eyes lighted up. "It looks like him. Yeah, that looks like him."

I growled, "It isn't him. That's a picture of Jimmy Durante."

"It might have been Durante at that," he said slowly.

"Durante don't go around murdering people. Durante gives things away—he don't steal. Anyhow he's in Hollywood, making a picture." I located Bill Kirk and he told me about the crap game. It was as McClain had said.

"Big Mac was very hot that night, Mr. Hodge," Kirk said earnestly. "No, I don't remember any guy with a big beak being in the game but it was kind of dark and he might have hung around the outskirts of the crowd. We were all watching them dice anyhow."

I worked harder and the harder I worked the tougher it got. The only pleasant thing about it was that I saw Judy quite often. She was a brave little soul, that Judy; and she helped a great deal. She got every boss for whom McClain had ever worked to give him a grand character—but a grand character isn't much help when it comes to murder in the first. I was banking a lot on Nick Grogan. I'd talked to him a great deal and by now I had him convinced that he had positively seen the two men at the bar listening intently to Big Mac as he told of his wedding plans and of that ring he wanted so much. Then—and it's things like this that give criminal lawyers gray hair—the day before the trial opens, Mr. Nick Grogan, a bit under the weather, stepped in front of a fast-moving truck and there he was very, very dead. My best witness dead, and an alibi that was practically no alibi at all!

I WASN'T too happy about trying the case in front of Judge Corrigan. We might be friends outside of that courtroom but Corrigan wouldn't put up with my tricks. In my opening speech I explained my theory that Johnny McClain had been deliberately framed by the two men who had overheard him in Nick Grogan's bar. They had drugged McClain and taken him to Lumpkin's shop. At two in the morning the street was deserted. It wasn't difficult to force the door of the shop, carry McClain in there, loot the store, put a diamond ring in his pocket, soak him with whisky, rap him on the head and leave him there. When Lumpkin had interrupted them they had calmly smashed his skull with a heavy candlestick and then placed the weapon near the unconscious McClain. It seemed a lot of trouble to go to for a robbery but once McClain had been convicted they would be safe, and that haul was tempting bait. The jury was a bit restless as I explained all this, and that didn't make me feel any better. Then I dwelt for some time on the two men with especial attention to the tall man with the big nose.

The district attorney, a clever devil named Simon Bartlett, made me look rather bad on that when it came his turn.

"That big-nosed man named Butch exists only in the imagination of the defense counsel," he laughed. "Your Honor, I submit that this big-nosed man is an invention of the defendant and that he has apparently convinced counsel that such a man exists. Where is he? Who has seen him? A dead bartender and a defendant on trial for murder. The dead make poor witnesses—and a man who was dead drunk, as was the defendant the night of the crime, can't be relied upon."

"It does seem to me that counsel might be able to find this man," Judge Corrigan said, "he describes him so well. He seems a particularly individual character."

JUDY O'HARA was my best witness. I had her dressed very simply in black and that jury held its breath while she was on the stand. She told of her love for McClain and she described him as being honest, thoughtful, sweet.

I felt better when she got down from the stand. Not that she'd added anything to my defense but she had made a fine impression on the jury.

Then I put McClain on. He told the same story he had told me. We'd gone over it again and again and he told it well. There was a quiet air of sincerity about him and out of the corner of my eye I watched the jurors leaning forward intently. Then I turned him over to Prosecutor Bartlett for cross-examination. I was a little nervous; I knew that Bartlett was very good.

"I'm just going to ask one question," Bartlett said softly. Then he wheeled toward McClain and thundered, "Did you kill David Lumpkin?"

Big Mac looked at him with his mouth half open. He seemed stunned and then he said weakly, "I don't know."

"That's all," Bartlett snapped. "And that's enough."

I did my best to save the situation. But I could see the jury wasn't impressed.

In his summing-up Bartlett was brilliant. "We ask for a verdict of murder in the first degree," he thundered—and he was quite a thunderer. "McClain and one or two accomplices planned this robbery. McClain's interest was chiefly in obtaining that diamond ring. He had completely fooled that poor girl, Miss O'Hara, for whom I have every sympathy. He hid his real character from her. I submit that just before the robbery took place the defendant took a few drinks of whisky to brace himself for the ordeal. Perhaps he didn't go to the store that night with the deliberate intention of killing Lumpkin. He and his pal or pals did go there with the intention of committing a felony. The court in his charge will explain to you that the New York State Penal Law makes it first-degree murder if there is a killing premeditated or unpremeditated while a felony is being committed."

The court did so charge. Corrigan's calm judicial voice was a relief after the ranting of Bartlett. Only the facts and the law interested Corrigan. We were but creatures of the law to him—not individuals.

"The main question seems to be whether or not such a person as Butch, the tall man with the big nose, and his smaller companion really existed," Corrigan told the jury. "If you believe the defendant's story that they accosted him and drugged him you may well believe the contention of defense counsel that this defendant is an innocent victim of a diabolical plot. The district attorney has claimed that no proof has been given that two such men exist. That is true. We have only the defendant's word for it. You are the judges of the truth. Did the defendant tell the truth?"

It was a fair charge but it didn't help us any. The jury was out three hours. One look at their faces and I walked over to where Little Red was sitting.

"We find the defendant guilty as charged," the foreman said solemnly and only then did Judy O'Hara break. "He didn't do it!" she cried. "He didn't do it!" Tears ran down her cheeks and her red hair was flying wildly as she tried to get to McClain, but they took him away and somehow I managed to quiet her.

"We're not through yet—I have lots of tricks left," I told McClain back in his cell.

"There's only one trick that'll work," he said gloomily. "Find that man with the big nose."

"I'll find him," I said grimly.

A WEEK later Corrigan sentenced McClain to the electric chair. He had no choice, of course—the death penalty is mandatory in first-degree murder cases in New York.

The date was set for the second week in September.

The week before the execution I went to the governor. I took Judy with me. I wanted a reprieve. I wanted more time. I had my men scouring the East for a big-nosed man named Butch. The governor was kindly enough.

"I've read all of the testimony," he said gently. "It's all against McClain. Bring me some new evidence and I'll gladly grant a stay. Better yet, bring the evidence to Judge Corrigan. You know I always issue a reprieve on his recommendation."

"I understand you are going west next week, Governor. I want every minute I can have on this case. Would you grant us one favor—will you ask Warden Lawes to set the execution for the last day of the week. Something may turn up, Governor, at the last moment."

He nodded, "I'll do that. I'll tell him, too, that in my absence I deputize Judge Corrigan to act for me in this matter. If you bring new evidence to Judge Corrigan he will then have the power to order a stay of execution until my return. It's . . . it's unusual, Counselor, but as you well know I have great faith in Judge Corrigan; and then too, you know my attitude toward capital punishment."

I nodded. Yes, the governor hated capital punishment and he had given us every concession—but he hadn't granted a stay of execution.

The days dragged on and Little Red grew paler and paler and her face looked ashen now against the vivid redness of her hair.

"Your tricks don't seem to be very good, Mr. Hodge," she said sadly; "I only know one, perhaps that'll work."

"What's that?"

"Prayer," she said simply.

It was true my tricks weren't working. Our appeal was turned down and now it was the last day of the last week. That afternoon I had to visit McClain.

"I haven't found that man with the big nose," I told him.

"Oh, well," he said wearily, "maybe there never was such a man. Maybe I imagined it all. Will you have dinner with me, Mr. Hodge?"

"What are you having?" and what made me ask that I don't know.

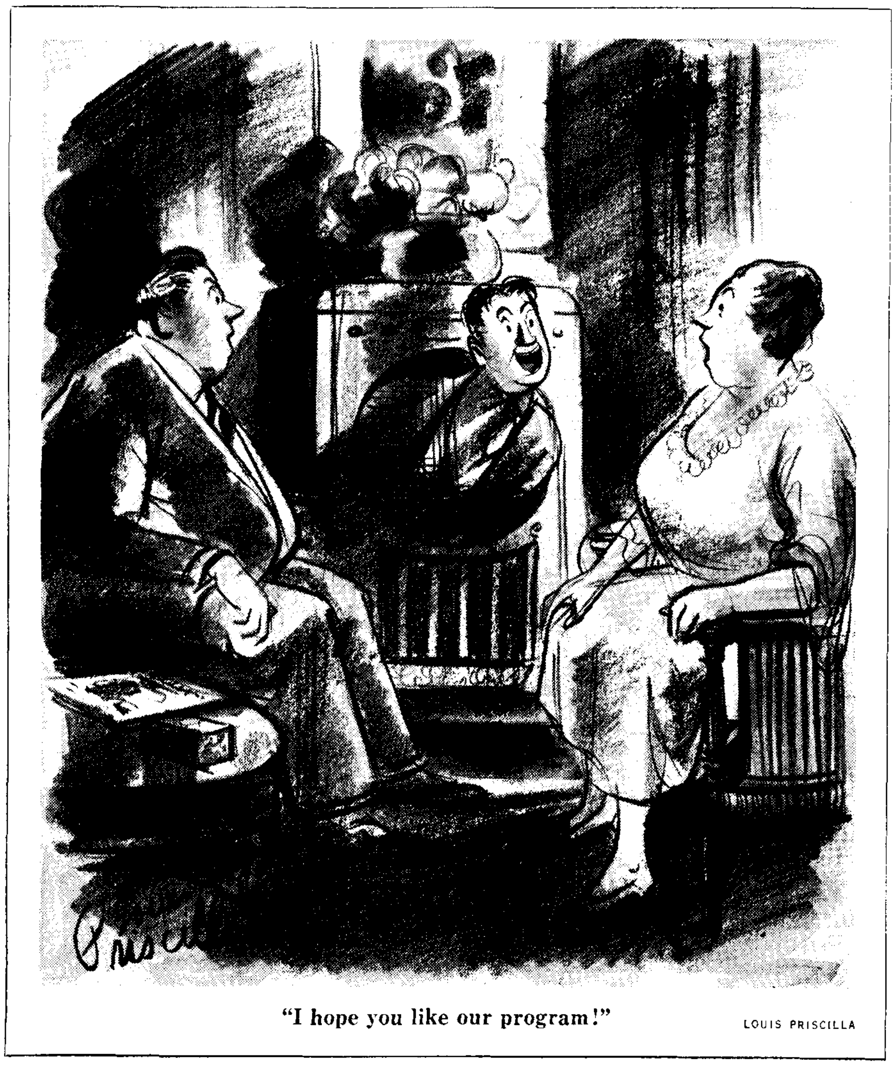
"What else would an Irishman be having but corned beef and cabbage?" he smiled. "Cheer up, Mr. Hodge. Everything will be all right." Then his voice broke a bit. "How is Little Red bearing up?"

"She's praying, Mac," I told him.

He nodded. "You see that's where we have the advantage of you. You're discouraged. You feel like hell. We can pray and get some comfort out of it and we can look forward to something better than this. Although," he added slowly, "I can't imagine anything better than being married to Judy. Think heaven has anything as good as that to offer, Mr. Hodge?"

I turned away. "I won't have dinner

(Continued on page 38)



"I hope you like our program!"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
New York U.S.A.

The answer to a maiden's hair problems

If summer has left you with 'problem' hair, try this simple scalp treatment before your next shampoo...it's sure to put flattering highlights and softness into the driest and most unruly hair.... Get some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic at the nearest druggist, and rub it generously into the scalp with absorbent cotton. For best results the Tonic may be warmed slightly.

Next wrap towels, wrung out in hot water, around your head for a good steaming. Shampoo and revel in the admiration of your crowd! Note: For added glamour spray on a few drops of Tonic before setting your wave.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is an especially good hair conditioner before and after a new permanent wave. Why not try it? Made by Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

40¢ and 70¢

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Putting up a smooth front

The plain toe boom is on! Younger executives, in particular, put their instant okay on these smooth-front Walk-Overs. New BERKELEY last, styled for comfort. Pear-shaped heel-fit hugs your ankle. Fine feeling of elbow-room for all your toes. Weatherproof leathers, flexible oiled soles. You're dressed up and dry even when it's damp. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

(*top*) Weatherproof black or brown Baltic. Brown or gray Ruffit (reversed calf). $6.75 (*below*) Tab blucher, smart seam-line toe. Weatherproof black or brown Baltic. Also made of actual football leather. First shoe of its kind. $7.50 Prices slightly higher West

WALK·OVER

(*Continued from page* 37)

with you, kid. There may be something I can do. I'm going back to town, kid."

"If I don't see you again, thanks, Mr. Hodge."

Then I got out of there. I didn't want those guards to see me cry.

I don't even know how I spent those next few hours. I know I read and reread the testimony of the trial looking for some loophole—but I couldn't find one. I saw Little Red and her eyes were steady and that mouth that was made for laughter and song and love was drooping only a little bit.

"Where will you be if I want you?" I asked her.

"At St. Malachy's Church," she told me and she left.

It was nine o'clock now, and I was as nervous as a turkey in November. I kept looking at my watch. It seemed to be racing. I threw it into a desk drawer. Then I went uptown to Judge Corrigan's house.

He looked up hopefully as I entered. I knew how he felt. He looked at me and he knew how I felt.

"I was in the neighborhood and I thought I'd drop in, Judge," I said mechanically as I'd said so often before.

"Glad you did. Come in and have a drink . . . I . . . I'm not a drinking man but rules are only made to be broken—except legal rules," he said just as mechanically.

"I wish we could break some legal rules tonight, Judge."

"The law is nothing else but reason," he quoted.

"The law is a fool sometimes," I said. Corrigan put a hand on my shoulder. "The law is the last result of human wisdom."

I flung his hand away. "Judge, we sit here swapping quotations and a boy is going to die within an hour or so. You sentenced him. I led him to the sentence. My defense was bad. I was only half convinced of his innocence during the trial—now I know he is innocent, yet he's going to die."

"You can't know that he is innocent." Corrigan was pale himself.

"Let's . . . let's get out of here, anyhow. . . . Let's ride around. I need that fresh air. Come with me, Judge."

He looked at me in surprise, then nodded. We walked out in silence. We walked a block, then I hailed a cab. "Go to Nick Grogan's saloon on lower Tenth Avenue," I snapped. Why there? I don't know yet.

WE TRAVELED in silence and drew up in front of Grogan's. "Do you mind, Judge?" I asked. "It's a terrible place but it was here it all started, you know. Let's look around."

We went in. There was a long bar and, on the left side of the room, booths. Two men were sitting in the booth nearest the door. We sat in the second booth.

"Two Scotch-and-sodas," I told the bartender. "Make one of them a double Scotch."

The drinks came. We drank in silence. The barroom was filling up now. There was laughter coming from the men in front of the bar. Voices came to us but we only half heard them. The large clock over the bar read 11:45. I couldn't drag my thoughts away from what was happening in that big house up the river. Eleven forty-five. In fifteen minutes a boy would be dead.

"Two more drinks," I called and I was amazed at the sound of my voice. It was calm. It was steady. Why? Why? Something, some instinct was trying to tell my mind something, trying to send some message into my consciousness.

"Try not to think of it, Hodge." Corrigan couldn't keep a tremor out of his voice.

"That youngster over there in St. Malachy's praying for a miracle," I muttered. "Do miracles ever happen, Judge?"

"I don't know," he said simply.

Voices half heard came to us; then some words dropped out of the buzz of conversation and began to find lodging in my mind.

"Dempsey could've murdered the two of them in one round. . . . Give the Dodgers two outfielders and they'd make lots of trouble. . . . Stop worrying—we'll be all right in a minute. . . . I won't feel safe until it's over. . . ." laughing voices from the bar, rasping voices from the next booth.

Then incongruously the clock above the bar began to chirp cheerfully, twelve cheerful notes. I had to grip the edge of the table to keep from screaming. I had to close my eyes to shut out the scene I knew was being enacted in a small room. It was all over. It was all over now. A boy had died. A boy had paid a debt to society which I knew someone else owed.

"Bartender . . . set 'em up . . . we're safe now, Butch," the rasping voice came from the next booth. "It's all over, Butch . . . McClain has burned now. . . . They'll never pin it on us, Butch . . . the greatest frame ever pulled in this town . . . stick your long nose into that glass, Butch, and forget about it . . . you look like you're seeing ghosts. . . ."

I LOOKED into the startled eyes of Judge Corrigan. He had heard too, but it was too late. "I'll kill them," I sobbed convulsively. . . . And then the bartender's voice, petulant, querulous: "That damn' clock always picks up fifteen minutes every day. It's always fifteen minutes fast."

The judge pulled out his watch. He turned it face up on the table. It was just 11:46. Then suddenly I was calm.

"The phone is in the back. I see a booth there, Judge. The number is Ossining 998. I'll slip out for a cop. Hurry, Judge."

But he was already walking quickly to the back of the barroom. We had fourteen minutes. I got up and walked past the first booth without even a side glance. There was a cop on the corner.

"I'm Ray Hodge. Call a radio car quickly. There are two murderers in that saloon. They are in the first booth. I want them arrested. Work fast—you'll get a promotion for this."

He looked at me, then nodded. There was a call box on the corner. He picked up the phone and I walked back into the saloon. Judge Corrigan was coming back from the phone booth and his watch said 11:55.

"Just in time," he breathed. "I got Warden Lawes. Thank heaven, the governor had deputized me to act for him."

"Let's go then." I took his arm. As we walked out of the barroom a police car, its brakes screaming, jammed to a stop.

"Grab the two men in that first booth," I told the two cops who hopped out of the car. "Take them to headquarters and book them for murder. Judge Corrigan and I will be there in a few minutes to place the charge."

They recognized Corrigan and he nodded. "Is that all, Judge?" one of the cops said.

"One more thing," I interrupted. "Remember the police commissioner's speech last week? He said, 'Muss 'em up.' He'll like it if you muss those two up a bit. They're bad boys, officers."

They turned into the saloon grimly. There was a cab standing there and the driver was looking at us in surprise. We got into the cab.

"Where to now?" Judge Corrigan asked.

"St. Malachy's Church," I snapped. "We're going to tell a red-headed girl that her one trick was better than the hundreds that I tried. We're going to tell her that miracles do happen—even on the West Side."

Two famous Brothers win new honors with their G&W "*Drink of the Month*"

"For a man who doesn't drink, you certainly know how to mix swell cocktails, Mac!" says SHEPARD BARCLAY, *leading bridge authority.*

"That's because I know enough to make 'em with G&W whiskey!" says McCLELLAND BARCLAY, *noted painter and sculptor.*

ESTD 1832
G&W
SEVEN STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

G & W SEVEN STAR BLENDED WHISKEY. G &W's richest blend. 90 proof. 35% six year old whiskey, 65% neutral spirits distilled from grain.

"THE GRAND SLAM"

G & W's Drink of the Month for September

½ jigger G&W Two, Five or Seven Star Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger Italian Vermouth *⅛ jigger Curacao* *⅛ jigger Lime Juice*

Shake well with cracked ice . . . and pour out a drink that will trump the taste of the most critical connoisseur!

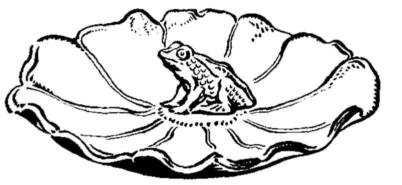
McCLELLAND BARCLAY concocted this delicious new G&W Drink of the Month . . . his equally famous brother, Shepard Barclay, christened it. And just one sip will tell you why "The Grand Slam" is so popular at artist McClelland's studio parties and at expert Shepard's bridge games!

Try McClelland Barclay's recipe next time you entertain. And to be sure you'll pour perfect drinks *out* of the shaker, be sure you pour G&W Whiskey *in* it! There's a G&W liquor for every purse and palate and, whether you pick a low-priced straight whiskey . . . a G&W Star blend . . . or one of G&W's seven-year-old treats . . . you get extra richness and extra smoothness at no extra price. 104 years of distilling experience is the secret of G&W's "good whiskey" taste.

G&W
G&W
Mill Farm
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED FOR
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

G & W MILL FARM STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. The triumph of G & W's 104 years of distilling experience, we believe it's America's biggest whiskey value! 90 proof, one year old, in round quarts and flask pints, Mill Farm is *made right . . . tastes right . . . is priced right!*

FREE—GOLD ASH TRAY DESIGNED BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY



G&W offers a grand reward for each of the best whiskey or gin recipes received this month . . . a lovely, practical gift. It's the popular Wild Rose Petal Ash Tray, finished in 24 carat gold, designed by the world famous artist and sculptor, McClelland Barclay, who also created the cigarette box shown above. Your favorite recipe may win one, so send it in now to Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., P. O. Box 887S, Detroit, Mich.

(*This offer not good in states where such offers are prohibited*)

G&W STANDS FOR *Good Whiskey*

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LTD., DETROIT, MICH. . . . Established 1832

How sister Sue got ATHLETE'S FOOT
Father was a CARRIER★

IT'S the same old story; it happens in thousands of homes every year. Father picks up a case of Athlete's Foot at the beach, golf club or somewhere else. He carries it home, and every time he takes a bath his bare feet spread the infection over the floor to prey on the innocent toes of his family.

Don't be a carrier. If you have Athlete's Foot get rid of it with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Do your toes itch, the skin between and beneath? Use Absorbine Jr. promptly or serious trouble may follow. The fungus digs and bores into the living tissues. Dead white skin appears, peeling off in sticky patches; the toes crack open, get painfully raw unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, it is wise to consult a doctor in addition to the use of Absorbine Jr. morning and night. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine product. It has been tested and proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to kill it.

Absorbine Jr. is economical to use because it takes so little to bring relief. Price, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

★"CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.
Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

Both Were Dumb

Continued from page 11

pole across the street, and through the tenement door, as the impounded taxis, trucks and wagons flowed down the street with a roar. Mr. Osborne glared indignantly in all directions. "Get the police on the phone at once! Get his name!"

"Now, Father—"

"The rowdy! The ruffian! Invading the lobby of an apartment house like this and—hello—hello—is this the lieutenant? I want a man arrested. Yes—right away. This is Ripley Osborne. I'm leaving town, but my superintendent here, at Tifford Towers, will appear against him!"

Mr. Osborne completed his arrangements on the telephone, and stormed out and into his car, where the doorman had placed his luggage. Dariel spoke hurriedly to the doorman, and got into the car.

As the car moved off, Owen, Shed and Shanty came charging back from the tenement. "You better look out," the doorman whispered. "Mr. Osborne is one of the owners here, and he throws heavy weight. His daughter told me to tell you he called the cops."

"The air will do the cops good," said Owen, and he thought, "Now wasn't that nice of Dariel? I'll have to return the favor. Must be a lot of things I could do for her."

He and his men put up the canopy quickly, neatly, then scurried across to the tenement, and into the back yard, where the new pole was leaning on a board fence. As an audience of neighbors watched from their windows, they went at it like a team of acrobats, screwing in the pulley fastenings at the right intervals, driving in thick spikes staggered to make climbing rungs, and painting eight feet of the butt with a creosote mixture.

A hole had been dug and the cement was ready. Owen got on the fence, and raised the pole, as the Weintrube boys steered it into the hole. They dumped the cement around the base of the pole. Then, with pikes, they brought it erect, and plumb. They were filling in around the pole with cement, when a series of Bronx cheers and catcalls from the neighbors announced a policeman. The cop paged Owen Monroe.

"Listen, Cop," said Owen, "can't you wait till I rig this pole?"

"Want me to help you along with something on your wrist?" said the cop, annoyed by another round of Bronxes.

Owen called, "Tamp that dirt hard around the pole. Spread the rest of the dirt along by the fence. Make it neat. Then bring the truck to the precinct station and send in your cards!" He turned to the cop. "Come on."

LIKE so many other families of refinement, the Osbornes had found that a playroom for their guests saved the other rooms from wear, tear, breakage, burns, beverage stains, and other forms of social sabotage. The playroom in their city quarters took up most of one floor of a triplex apartment, and at nine that night, it was full of well-dressed, well-blooded people at play.

At nine, Mr. Owen Monroe, as correct as a gentleman, a master of ceremonies, or a visiting union delegate, in a perfectly cut tuxedo, a single black pearl on a shirt front that bulged not from starch but from the chest under it, marched through the Tifford Towers lobby and to the elevators, a Panama in his hand, a topcoat over his arm, and mentioned, "Osborne," to the man.

A maid, annoyed at leaving a bridge game in the servants' sitting-room, let him in, and stopped being annoyed when she saw his smile, his regular, friend-making smile.

"They're all in the playroom, sir. These stairs—and—"

Owen skipped up the stairs, located the playroom by sound, and for a moment stood in the doorway, inspecting the guests. His attention first was attracted to the poker game. He approached and watched. Three gentlemen, a debutante, and a large lady with gray-blond hair, a honey-colored evening gown, and a bust that was a bureau for four loops of pearl necklace, were intent on their cards and chips.

HE WATCHED, and then from a side table he took a bridge pad and pencil. He wrote a note on the back of a score sheet, held up a finger, and drew a servant with a tray of empty glasses. He indicated the lady of the pearls, and the servant delivered the note. She read: "I don't know your table rules, but you are playing at a disadvantage. You are the only one with chips showing. Why not put yours in your lap so your opponents can't see where you stand in the game?"

The lady looked up at the servant, and then at Owen. He bowed gravely. She smiled and bowed twice in return, and swept her chips into her lap, as the debutante and one of the gentlemen gave her the look of a lion whose antelope has been snatched from it. As the servant came back, Owen said, "Miss Dariel? Mr. Monroe."

"Yes, sir. Spirits or cocktail, sir?"

"At present—nothing," said Owen, and the servant went away.

Dariel Osborne and several other bare-backed, bare-armed young ladies were sitting in the open doorway of a little balcony, discussing young men and what to do about them, and in particular, a young man named Firbank Poole, on whom, it would seem, Dariel had once taken out first papers and earmarked them for future reference.

"Oh—Firbank—" said Dariel, as though she just remembered him, and what of it? She went on, "Today I met the most wonderful man. You have no idea. Good-looking, very fit, but absolutely the most audacious—oh, I don't mean offensive—but bold. Fairly sheds vitality and horsepower. And what do you suppose happened?"

They wanted to know, and she told them: "Father had him arrested!"

As the gasping, and the "No, really's?" began, there was a terrific, rhythmic tapping, as of someone drumming on wood. They turned, and at that moment, a servant said, "Mr. Monroe is here, Miss Dariel."

Dariel put her brows together. She got up, a lovely figure in a flowered evening gown. Then she gasped. Most of her guests were in a circle, watching Mr. Owen Monroe execute, to radio music, a tap dance that was worthy of paid admissions.

She joined the circle. Owen wound up, standing still, finishing out the rhythmic patterns with five double pats of his hands. Then he saw Dariel, and went to her, through the applauding group. He grinned and she smiled, and they walked away together, as people called, "Oh, Dariel—you know—introducey! Don't take him away!"

"Are you leading me to the door to throw me out?"

"Don't be absurd."

She took him to the balcony, and they sat down. "So glad you could come. I was afraid you had one of those unbreakable engagements."

"I'd break any engagement to keep a promise to you."

"I meant—about the police. I tried to appeal to Father, but—"

"Oh, the police came. But at the precinct station your superintendent lost interest in the case when I called to his attention that there were five violations on this building that I could see from the street."

She turned to him, puzzled. "Violations?"

"Building ordinance and city ordinance violations. The sidewalk canopy stanchions are almost a foot too far in from the curb, and—oh, let's forget it. I didn't even have to sound the Monroe clan call."

"That's right. You said you had a brother who is a policeman."

"Detective sergeant. I've another who is a magistrate, one who is a professor at Fordham, one who was at Little America with Admiral Byrd and weighs a ton in scientific circles here, and another who is at West Point, and makes touchdowns in the fall, and has more influence than any three judges."

"Gracious! And I was being sorry because you were arrested."

"Never be sorry for a Monroe."

"Did you get your big clothes pole through that door all right?"

"Thank you. We did. And you did me a big favor."

"That was nothing."

"It was much. We Monroes never let a favor get cold till we return it. Now what can I do for you?"

"Why—nothing. What makes you think you could?"

"The person doesn't live who couldn't use some kind of favor. Now, do you want me to get rid of this gang for you?"

"Mr. Monroe! They are friends."

"You can't help that. Oh, well, if you can stand it, I can. Only, a guy like me, in a place like this, I have to park my brains outside."

"What!"

"Certainly. I've been here only a few moments, but I never heard a more stupid line of talk."

"Well, I like that!"

"Well, I don't. Two guys dragged me into their conversation. One said he had claustrophobia, and the other had agoraphobia, and they asked me mine, and I said, heightrophobia, that I couldn't breathe unless I was on top of a clothes pole."

"So you think that all of us are dumb? I don't mean to be offensive—but are you familiar with the type of people you've seen here?"

"Oh, yes," he said easily. "I've been in some of the finest homes in New York. Sometimes with my brothers, but mostly I go in through an upper window, on top of a piano. Sometimes I go in through the front door, and come out on a big davenport, or something. I find that lots of rich people have a line of small talk that is just about back-fence high, or rates along with rural gossip."

"Why—why—!" she said indignantly.

"Sure, even if they use long words like those phobia guys—the claustro lad who was afraid of being crushed by walls, and the agora boy who wanted to be shut up in a small room, away from the world. Hah! Two healthy young guys, talking like that. They're dumb, and I can prove it."

SHE rose suddenly. She said, "Would you mind indicating the two young men who struck you as being particularly dumb, of all my guests?"

"Very well—that tall, gloomy, well-built, dark fellow, sitting by himself."

"He is my younger brother, Cluett Osborne."

"Strike one," said Owen, embarrassed. "The other is that blond fellow with the eyeglasses, rolling the pool ball around the table. He's afraid of walls—"

She smiled wickedly. "Mr. Firbank Poole, one of the trustees of the Poole estate—and my *fiancé*." This last wasn't quite true, for Firbank was the one she had broken with, as the butler poured the cocktails for two.

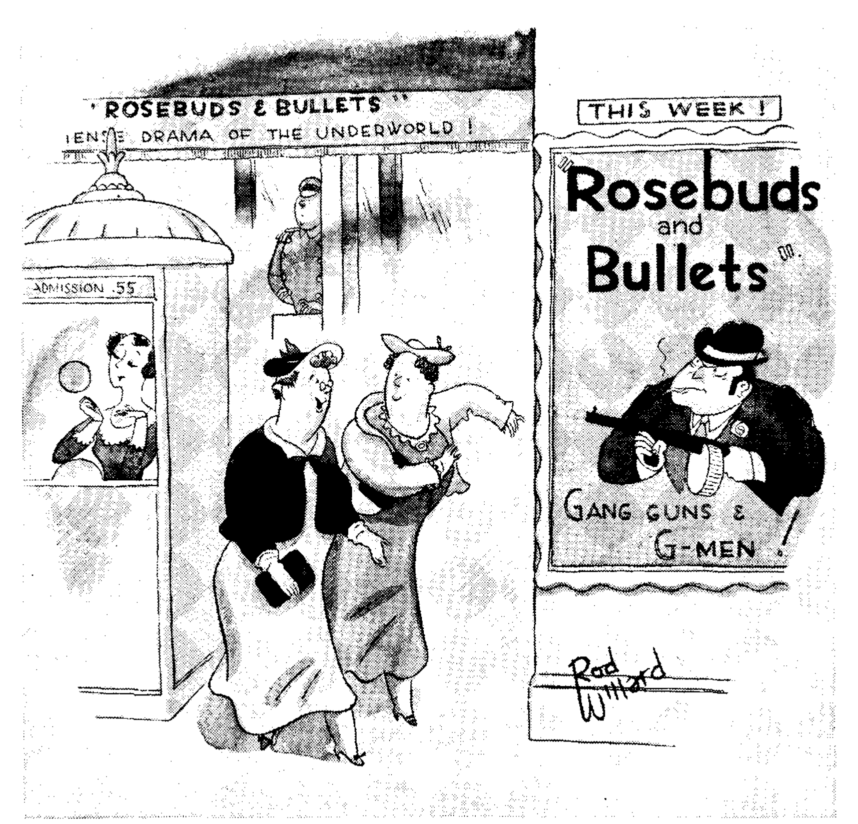
"Two strikes on me already! Miss Dariel, all I can say is—I've put my foot in, clear to the hips. I'm sorry."

"Oh, no. It's just that our men are too dumb for you. Oh, have you met any of the ladies? Perhaps—"

He grinned. "Nope—but that middle-aged lady, just getting up from the card table. She should never play poker. I had to send her a note to warn her to hide her chips, as all the rest of them were doing."

Her eyes flashed. "She is my mother.

(Continued on page 42)



"I'm gonna scram back to the joint and put the finger on Herbert for that dainty little tea frock!"

RODLOW WILLARD

For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?
Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?
If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM ...is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES . . . another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

ORALGENE...Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise . . . and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . . especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

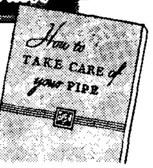
PIPE GAVE THE BUCK FEVER!

BOYS, we see no sport in gassing deer with a gooey old pipe filled with garlicy tobacco. But we see a lot of pleasure in a well-kept briar packed with a gentle, fragrant blend like Sir Walter Raleigh. We've put a lifetime into mixing this rare combination of well-aged Kentucky Burleys that wouldn't nip a baby's tongue or a doe's nose. Sir Walter's got a delightful aroma all its own. Buck up and join the happy herd of Sir Walter Raleigh smokers. You'll have the world eating out of your hand! (Full tin, with heavy gold-foil wrap for freshness, at the unbelievably low price of 15¢.)

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢
UNION MADE
"Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco"

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-69



(Continued from page 41)

Sorry my father isn't here, so you could complete your analysis of my family."

"The mighty Casey has struck out!" said Owen. "I'll rush over to the police station, and see if I can get locked up."

"Oh, don't go. Well, if you must—"

But he didn't go. Mrs. Osborne finished a financial transaction at the table, looked about the room, and came to them, beaming. "Oh, Dariel—I've had such wonderful luck!" She smiled at Owen. "And all due to you, Mr. Lippincott!"

"This is Mr. Monroe, darling. Mr. Monroe—my mother."

"So glad you could come tonight."

"You'll excuse me a moment?" said Dariel, and marched down the room and placed herself beside Firbank Poole, who looked at her, and went on rolling the ball.

THERE was a burst of radio music, and three young ladies and two men came to Owen and Mrs. Osborne. "Oh, please give us another solo dance. Oh, come on. We just know you're Fred Astaire's brother, or Eleanor Powell's!"

Owen grinned. "Mrs. Osborne—may I have the honor?" And Dariel, looking up suddenly, saw Mr. Monroe piloting her mother through a rumba routine, and doing it so skillfully that her mother seemed to be dancing on the light feet of Cuba.

"Come on, Firby, let's dance!" said Dariel.

"Aw, what for? What's the matter with you, all of a sudden?"

"Your daughter and Mr. Poole have been engaged for some time?" asked Owen.

Mrs. Osborne, who hadn't enjoyed a dance so much since the days of the Castles, said, "They're no longer engaged. Firbank is too timid and elusive, and Dariel is too headstrong. Let's not talk, Mr. Monroe. You dance so beautifully."

Mr. Monroe danced with three other ladies, then approached Dariel. "I have no right to be here—but before I go I'd love to dance with you, just once."

"Why, of course," said Miss Dariel sweetly, for she had decided to secure the hide of Mr. Monroe, and cause him the utmost discomfort in the process, but first she must ready him for the massacre. That is why she went down with him, presently, as he got his hat and coat—more furious than before, because her mother and her guests had made his departure that of the lion of the evening. That is why, in the seclusion of the lower foyer, she kissed him good night. Only, when he had gone, she looked at herself in the hall glass, and she was startled at the look the glass gave back.

She was so startled, and the alarm lasted so long that the next day she went out to the Osborne country place, in Long Island. Maybe it might be well to leave Mr. Monroe with his hide and his peculiar philosophy. She sent for Mr. Firbank Poole, to sustain her, and she was so nice to him that he began to write poetry, and got more ink on his fingers than he did on the first and the fifteenth of the month, when he had to sign hundreds of checks.

On the evening of the second day, Mr. Owen Monroe appeared in a small black roadster, and in excellent flannels, and when Mr. Poole sought her to recite to her the ode for the day, it seemed that she had departed with Mr. Monroe.

Ten days later, at a cost of forty dollars, Mrs. Osborne bridged the continent, from Long Island, New York, to Santa Barbara, California, by telephone, and conferred with Mr. Osborne. Mr. Osborne was irritated. "Myra—I can't come back now. This is a very large deal and I can't get these men together again for months."

"You should come back. I'm really worried. I have never seen Dariel act this way about any young man. You know how she is—just touch and go—in and out of one ear and the other—but this is serious. And we know nothing about this young man."

"What's the matter with him? Where did she meet him?"

"I don't know. I can't find out. Dariel is so closemouthed."

"Well, hire a detective. Speak to the lawyer. Use your best judgment. Please ring off, darling, and let me get back to my conference."

Mrs. Osborne was worried, but she was more confused than anxious. Mr. Monroe seemed to be a charming, gifted young man, yet it was one thing to be nice to him because he was courteous, and another to regard him as a suitor.

A day or two after the telephone call, Mrs. Osborne had to go into New York on business, and there she encountered Owen Monroe, who was also on business. Mrs. Osborne was playing cards in a beautifully appointed club. Mr. Monroe had come to remove a piano. As he steered it through a third-story window, he and Mrs. Osborne discovered each other. She stiffened, shivered. He checked a look of surprise, and that was all, until that evening, on Long Island.

Owen, natty in white gabardine, was fooling with a large sheep dog that had so much hair he seemed to be a double-ender, and no wonder he had gotten lost in New York. Mrs. Osborne reconnoitered, then dropped into a chair beside Owen. He grinned. "I don't know if Dariel has told you the business I am in. Piano-moving is one phase of it. I hope I caused you no embarrassment."

"Of course not. But, Mr. Monroe—about that club—"

"Yes—about that club. Now you and your daughter have been very kind to me. I'm still indebted to Dariel for a favor she did me out of the kindness of her heart, before she knew me. I'd like to speak to you frankly. Promise you won't be angry?"

"Why—why, certainly," she said nervously.

"That club. I'm sure you don't know much about it."

"Why, no. It was the first time I've played there."

"I'm sure that you and the friends who invited you do not know that the club has a bad reputation. They expect to be raided and prosecuted. I know it, from my brother, who is a detective. They moved that piano out to put it in their new location. Before they leave the old one, they are willing to trim all the su—I mean, to defraud as many of their guests as they can. I hope you didn't lose much today."

As Mrs. Osborne quivered at the memory of her losses, Dariel came in with a merry "Hi, conspirators! What's the plot?"

MRS. OSBORNE and Owen exchanged a glance of understanding as he rose. "Your mother and I have just been discussing careers for the young man of today." He turned to Mrs. Osborne. "But really, I am a very good clothes-pole man and piano and safe mover. Someone has to do it, and I never knock off plastering in halls, or break windows."

"Don't be absurd. Run along, children, and enjoy yourselves. Don't you want to take Firbank with you?"

"No," said Dariel.

They didn't take Firbank. He and young Cluett Osborne were stalking stiff-legged about the lawn, having a terrific argument. One of the kind they had every day now, when they met.

Owen and Dariel drove to the beach, and in the Osborne cabanas changed to their swimming suits. They took the breakers for a while, and then they lay on the beach, and Owen, with a hundred fumbles, recoveries and promises, proposed to her. "God knows, I never thought it would come to this, but I can't help it. Will you marry me?"

Now was her moment. Now was the lamb led to the slaughter. Now was the time she had to speak her piece, if only because she had learned it. She told him, "No." In silence they drove back to the Osborne estate. They circled the drive, and stopped at the door. "I guess this is goodby, then," he said. "No use for me to come out here any more."

Before she could answer, her father called sternly from the terrace, "Oh, Monroe. Just a minute, please!"

"Why, Father! When did you get back?" Dariel kissed him, and he told her, "Leave us. I want to talk to Mr. Monroe."

"No, Father—"

"You heard what I said."

Dariel went into the house, and Mr. Osborne came down to the car. He looked at Owen, and in spite of himself he had to admire the youth for his physique and clear, healthy look, and for the sincerity of his gaze. He began with, "I have been checking up on you."

"And I have been checking up on you," said Owen. "Let's hear from you, first. But in the beginning, let me apologize for my rudeness to you in the apartment house lobby. I had no right to be there."

MR. OSBORNE lost some of his bluster. "Oh, well, that's all right. Now you have been seeing a great deal of my daughter. I hope you have no hope of—er—carrying the matter further?"

"I have not, sir. Today I asked her to marry me, and she turned me down. If you think it was presumptuous of me—"

"Well, now, after all, Mr. Monroe, Dariel has been brought up—"

"Yes, and let me tell you something. I have a good, prosperous business. I built it up myself, and I'm going to expand, with a trucking business. If I had come from the country, and accomplished this much, maybe I'd be hailed as a rugged, log-cabin boy, making good in the city. But because I was born and bred in the city, I suppose that makes me a Bowery bum."

"Now, now, Mr. Monroe—"

"I had to drop out of college, my second year, and I am the least creditable of the family—but now that you've checked up on me, have you found much to my personal discredit?"

"To be honest, the reports have been excellent."

"Thanks. Now all this began when I attempted to repay your daughter a kind favor. I can't repay her, now. I'll square the debt, with you."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Osborne flushed to the top of his bald head. What could Owen possibly do for the Osbornes?

"I mean just this. You are not a resident of New York City. You are a legal resident of this township and county. You have an ambition to be elected sheriff out here."

Mr. Osborne was startled. "That's right."

"Well, you can't be," said Owen, and looked at him calmly. "I could tell you why, but I won't. I'm no talebearer."

"Oh, Mr. Osborne!" It was Firbank Poole, who came dog-trotting up with young Cluett Osborne at his heels.

The wealthy, conservative Mr. Poole was so excited he was white about the lips. "Your own son, Cluett, Mr. Osborne! He's a Communist, a Red, a Fascist, a Defeatist, a Destructionist, an Anarchist!"

"What?" roared Mr. Osborne, and Cluett, a big, handsome, scowling boy, looked at his father boldly, and at his chum with contempt.

"Leave it to Firby to muff it. I am a Revolutionary, plain and simple!"

Owen thought Mr. Osborne was going to do a job of apoplexy. He called to the younger men, "Clooey, you and Firby

(Continued on page 44)

TYPISTS VOTE

UNDERWOOD FIRST

...in "BLIND" Touch Test!

"The Machine of Champions"

Operators recruited at random, working on masked typewriters of all makes, choose the Underwood for "Touch"

Underwood
1
2
3
4
5
11

UNDERWOOD engineers clicked when the idea was proposed. "Let us take eleven different machines," said one of them, "embracing all makes. Let us mask them so that even their own makers wouldn't know them. Then let us call in strange typists from different employment agencies throughout the city, ask each girl to operate each machine and then vote for her choice without knowing its name."

• • •

Thus the Underwood "Blind" Touch Test developed as an engineer's experiment. Thus day by day strange operators trooped in and took their places at a test board from the face of which the keyboards of eleven masked typewriters of all makes protruded. And one by one as the typists operated the machines, they registered their opinions concerning the performance of each on a blank provided for that purpose.

• • •

Girls who frankly stated at the outset that they had operated and preferred a competitive make of machine cast enthusiastic votes in favor of No. 11. Girls who had stated in writing on their employment application blanks that they had never worked on any but a competitive make of machine helped swell the total of votes that piled up for No. 11.

And to these girls we now make known for the first time the fact that No. 11 was a stock model Underwood Standard Typewriter, brought to the peak of touch perfection as are all Underwoods, by Touch Tuning* before it left the world's largest typewriter plant at Hartford, Conn.

The Underwood is first in speed, accuracy, durability, simplicity and lightness of touch. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

***Touch Tuning** means the adjustment of each key on the Underwood to the finger that strikes it.

•

THE NEW UNDERWOOD STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Underwood Elliott Fisher Speeds the World's Business

Typewriter Division
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER COMPANY
Typewriters...Accounting Machines...Adding Machines
Carbon Paper, Ribbons and other Supplies
One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales and Service Everywhere

BACHELOR DAYS
LAZY BONES, GET UP, GET UP, GET UP-HA-HA-HA!!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, JERRY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO UNCLE ADAM'S PARROT?
JUST TRYING TO KILL IT, THAT'S ALL! IF YOU HAD A HEADACHE LIKE MINE, YOU'D---
SHIVER MY TIMBERS! THE OLD FOSSIL'S GOT A HEAD! FETCH BROMO-SELTZER!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, TOM? SAY, THAT BIRD'S GOT A GIANT INTELLECT!
-OH, NO! HE JUST TRAVELED AROUND THE WORLD WITH UNCLE ADAM
WELL, BOYS, COMING UP THE STREET I HEARD OLD SINBAD'S CALL FOR HELP!
GOSH, UNCLE ADAM, JUST WHAT JERRY NEEDED. LAST NIGHT'S PARTY WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS HEAD!
• A LITTLE LATER • • •
-HERE, BRAINY BIRD, YOUR REWARD! BROMO-SELTZER STOPPED MY HEADACHE, SETTLED MY STOMACH, SOOTHED MY NERVES!
IT'S PULLED ME THROUGH MANY A FOGGY MORNING!
DOCTORS HAVE PROVED BROMO-SELTZER STOPS NEXT-MORNING HEADACHES FASTER!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

After all, it's no fun, suffering from morning-after! Next time, get rid of it *quickly*, with Bromo-Seltzer! Doctors find it stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested. Does more for you, too. Settles the stomach, calms nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

Write for free trial bottle to Emerson Drug Company, Dept. 8, Baltimore, Md.

BROMO-SELTZER

(Continued from page 42)

rush off somewhere and argue it out. Mr. Osborne is taking a ride with me. Get in, sir."

Owen ordered him into the car as he would Shed or Shanty Weintrube. They drove away. Owen said, "Don't worry, Mr. Osborne. Thousands of young fellows today think they have radical ideas, and why not? In college I had such wild ideas that if I'd carried them out I'd have been Attila, the Hun, and destroyed everybody but the nitwits who believed as I did."

"I'll take it out of him! I'll disinherit him!"

"For what? For having a mind of his own? Cluett is all right. I like him—but now you see why you can't be sheriff out here. Everybody has been talking about Cluett—and these voters are conservative old-timers."

"I'll be damned. This is all a surprise to me."

"I can fix it for you. A few years back, you built a yacht to compete with other yachts for the honor of defending the cup in the international races, and your boat lost out."

"Don't rub it in."

"Your yacht is still a good one, and you have an extra steel mast for her, a hundred and thirty-five feet long, or something like it."

"Hah! When I think what that mast cost!"

"Listen—give it to the county seat for a flagpole in the town square. It'll make a beauty. I'll stick it in the ground for you, with a heavy cement base that will hold it as long as the pole lasts. Then, throw a big clambake and have a flag-raising, and let Cluett be the boy to pull the halyards, as everybody cheers and the band plays!"

Mr. Osborne looked at him. "Stop the car!" Owen stopped. Mr. Osborne shook hands with him. "Cluett will refuse, of course, but it would make a favorable impression. Anyhow, your idea for the flagpole is a splendid one. I'll give it to the town, whether I get elected or not."

"Well, I'll take you back now, and get in touch with you later."

"Stay for dinner with us."

Owen shook his head sadly. "Not after my session with Dariel this afternoon."

"Damn it, Monroe, I've got a good mind to speak to her!"

"Don't. And don't be rough with Cluett."

"Oh, I'm going to speak to that young man, all right!"

BUT Mr. Osborne did not speak to Cluett. When they got back to the house, Cluett had gone. Owen left at once for the city. At dinner, Mr. Osborne said truculently, "Young Monroe seems to be a decent, upstanding young feller." He looked at his daughter and his wife. "You made me make a fool of myself, Myra. I thought he was an imposter, and all along, you and Dariel knew the business he was in."

"What is his business?" asked Firbank. "I didn't know he worked."

They ignored the wealthy youth. "I knew from the start," said Dariel, calmly.

"Didn't you?" Mr. Osborne asked his wife.

She put down her fork. "I did not. I found out only recently, and I may as well confess he gave me some advice about a club where I played. I shall not go there any more."

Firbank said, "Oh, is he a gambler?" and they all looked at him and said, "No!"

Suddenly Dariel began to cry, and got up from the table, and rushed away. "What a home-coming!" said Mr. Osborne. "Now where do you suppose that damned Cluett has gone?"

The next day Owen Monroe telephoned to Mr. Osborne to say that his brother had located Cluett, and that he was all right. He asked about the flagpole, and Mr. Osborne told him to plan on the job. Then Owen asked to be remembered to Mrs. Osborne and Dariel. Mr. Osborne said wearily, "Oh, they're sailing for Europe tonight. Too bad I haven't homes enough for them to live in. Look, Monroe, how about coming out here and spending the night? It's going to be lonesome as hell."

Owen, surprised and pleased, thanked him and said he could believe it would be lonesome. He was more lonesome, himself, than he had ever known he could be.

THREE weeks later, the steel pole that once was a mast for a prospective cup defender, and now was a flagpole in a town square, was ready for the big ceremony, and so were the publicity and the preparations. There were two bands; there was a parade; there was a ball game, and a clambake; and then the crowd gathered for the flag-raising, and already men were greeting Mr. Osborne as "sheriff."

Owen had Shed and Shanty and others of his crew on the job, cleaned up and in glistening white ducks. The town supervisor began a speech—and Cluett Osborne produced himself from the crowd, and shook hands sheepishly with his father. Cluett had a badly swollen nose, with a strip of tape across it. Owen explained, "Clooey and I have been arguing politics, by Marquis of Queensberry rules. Clooey won some of his points and I won some of mine. He's going into the trucking business with me."

"You ought to be in the ring, you bum," said Cluett cheerfully. "Oh, I haven't changed all my ideas, Father, only some of them."

"And now, the son of our distinguished citizen and benefactor will raise on high that g-r-e-at and glorious emblem—!" shouted the orator, and Cluett seized the halyards and hauled aloft a bundle which at a snap of the ropes flew out into a big flag, and there was cheering and drum-pounding, and the band swung into the national anthem.

As Cluett and his father and all the others stood at attention, Owen said to himself, "Finis. The slate is clean. Damn it all," and went to his car.

"Hello, Owen," said a girl in a faint voice. She was a lovely girl, in organdy, and she had on a big, floppy hat, the kind that is supposed to prevent sunburn, and fend off ardent young men.

"Dariel! I thought you were—"

"I was. Father called up London on the telephone, and gave Mother the dickens about—about something. She's over there in the crowd somewhere, with Firbank, looking for Father."

"Are you and Firbank—?"

"No. Get in, and drive us someplace."

They drove to a fine place, where a road crossed a brook under some trees, and there was no chance of interruption because everybody was at the flag-raising. When he stopped the car, she took off the big hat. He looked at her. "Well," she said, "don't you know what that means—or are you so dumb—"

He kissed her. She kissed him back. He murmured, "Oh, Dariel, darling, I thought—"

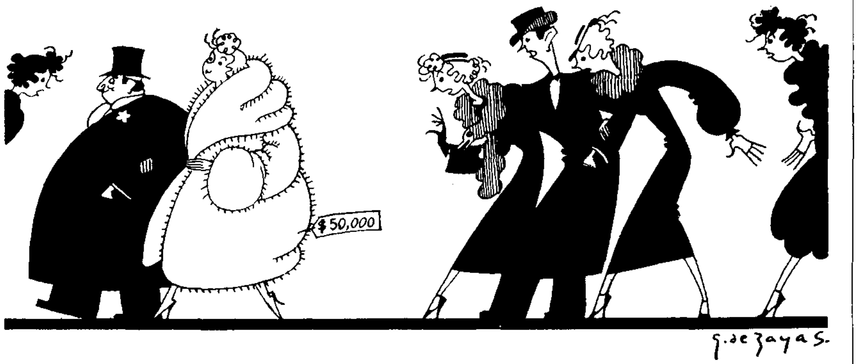
"You didn't think. You never think. You're too busy parking your brains outside. If only you'd bring them in with you sometime, you'd know I was only jealous and envious of you because everybody made such a fuss over you, and I was angry because I loved you, and you called me dumb!"

"I never called you dumb. Oh, Dariel!" and he kissed her.

"You did too!" and she kissed him.

"Let's not argue, sweetheart. If you marry a dumb guy like me, then you are dumb."

"Then we're both dumb," she said happily.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One of the most exclusive articles of wearing apparel used by the women of the United States is the genuine chinchilla wrap or coat. In the past twenty years, less than twenty-five have been purchased, a few of which have cost as much as $50,000.—*By Chester A. Dorcas, Fredericton, Canada.*

The Fingerprint Bureau of the New York Police Department obligingly maintains a "Reincarnation File" in which a considerable number of persons who believe in the rebirth of the soul have recorded their fingerprints so they will be able to prove their identity upon returning to this earth—and New York City.—*By Ralph R. Ellingwood, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Probably the most trivial memorial in the world is a horseshoe that is embedded in the middle of a busy street in Lancaster, England. The horse of the Duke of Lancaster lost a shoe on this spot more than 500 years ago and, ever since, the "historical landmark" has been kept in constant repair, with a new shoe replacing its worn predecessor every few years.

Chickens can and do lay stale eggs. This occurs when a hen is badly frightened just before she is ready to lay and, consequently, retains the egg for as long as three or four days afterward.—*By Aneta Beadle, Lafayette, Indiana.*

The gangs of New York were often as amusing as they were dangerous. In 1911 one of them grew so bold that it hung a sign on a lamppost in East 97th Street which read: "Notice: Cops keep out! No policeman will hereafter be allowed in this block. By order of The Car Barn Gang." And that was the end of its courageous career.—*By Henry Collins Brown, New York City.*

The greatest feat in salvage history was the raising of the Bayern, the 28,000-ton German dreadnaught, from the ocean bed of Scapa Flow on September 1, 1934. When the air locks went into action, after nine months of arduous preparation, they lifted the giant battleship from a depth of 120 feet in only 30 seconds.

The drilling of an oil or gas well in a straight line is very difficult. After reaching certain depths many well bores deviate considerably from the perpendicular, and sometimes even run into one another. A specific case occurred in California a short time ago when two wells, which were nearly half a mile apart at the surface, met at a depth of 6,100 feet.—*By T. G. Glass, Tucumcari, New Mexico.*

The camel, yak and llama are among the world's most useful animals, as they furnish all the fundamental necessities of mankind such as clothing and tents, which are made from their hair; transportation; meat, milk, fuel; and rugs and blankets, which are made from their skins. Even their tails prove to be useful as fly swatters.

In the Middle Ages millions of persons believed that the stars were beams of light shining through the floor of Heaven.—*By K. Pribble, Huntington, West Virginia.*

At sea at night a red light can be recognized as a red light as far as it can be seen, which is usually from three to four times farther than a green light appears green. On the other hand, a green light can be seen, although its color cannot be distinguished, many times farther than a red light.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

97-ST
NOTICE
COPS
KEEP OUT

You don't have to be rich to

RETIRE at 55

on $200 a month

"I GET AN INCOME FOR LIFE IN 15 YEARS"

How a man of 40 can retire in 15 years

Here is what $200 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55 an income of $200 a month for life. This income cannot stop until at least $20,000 has been paid, and you can get as much as $25,000, $30,000 or more, depending only upon how long you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, additions can be made to your plan by which—

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees upon death from any other causes before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees in the event of permanent total disability before age 55 a monthly income for you.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, or 65.

For details, mail coupon below for free booklet.

"I'LL DRAW an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life,* as soon as I'm 55," said a certain man talking of his plans for the future.

"How can you manage it?" asked another man.

"It's easy," said the first man. "I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. My income of $200 a month begins when I'm 55, and it's guaranteed for life.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then—so long thereafter as I remain disabled—I don't have to pay any premiums that fall due, and I'll get a Disability Income besides."

"Fine. Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost *me?*"

What does it cost?

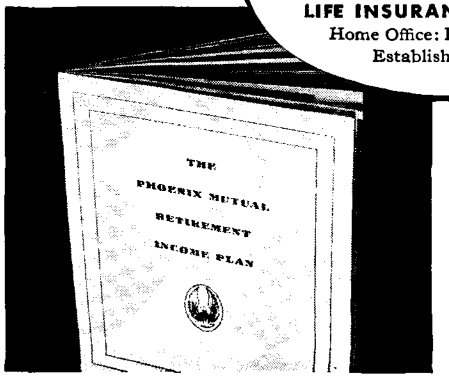
"How much you need to save each month depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and the size of the income you will want.

"Why don't you write for the book called 'The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan'? They'll mail you a copy free. It tells all about how the plan works and what you get."

Here's *your* chance to find out how simple it is to retire at 55, 60, or 65, with a monthly income of $100, $200, $300 or more guaranteed to you for life.

Write the necessary information in the coupon below and send it now. You will be mailed a 24-page book that tells all about this plan. It tells how you can provide money to leave your home clear of debt, money to send your son to college, money for special needs. It tells how this plan is backed by the Phoenix Mutual, an 85-year-old company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. Send for this free book today. No cost. No obligation. The coupon below is for your convenience.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn.
Established in 1851



PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
180 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book describing THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

Name________________________

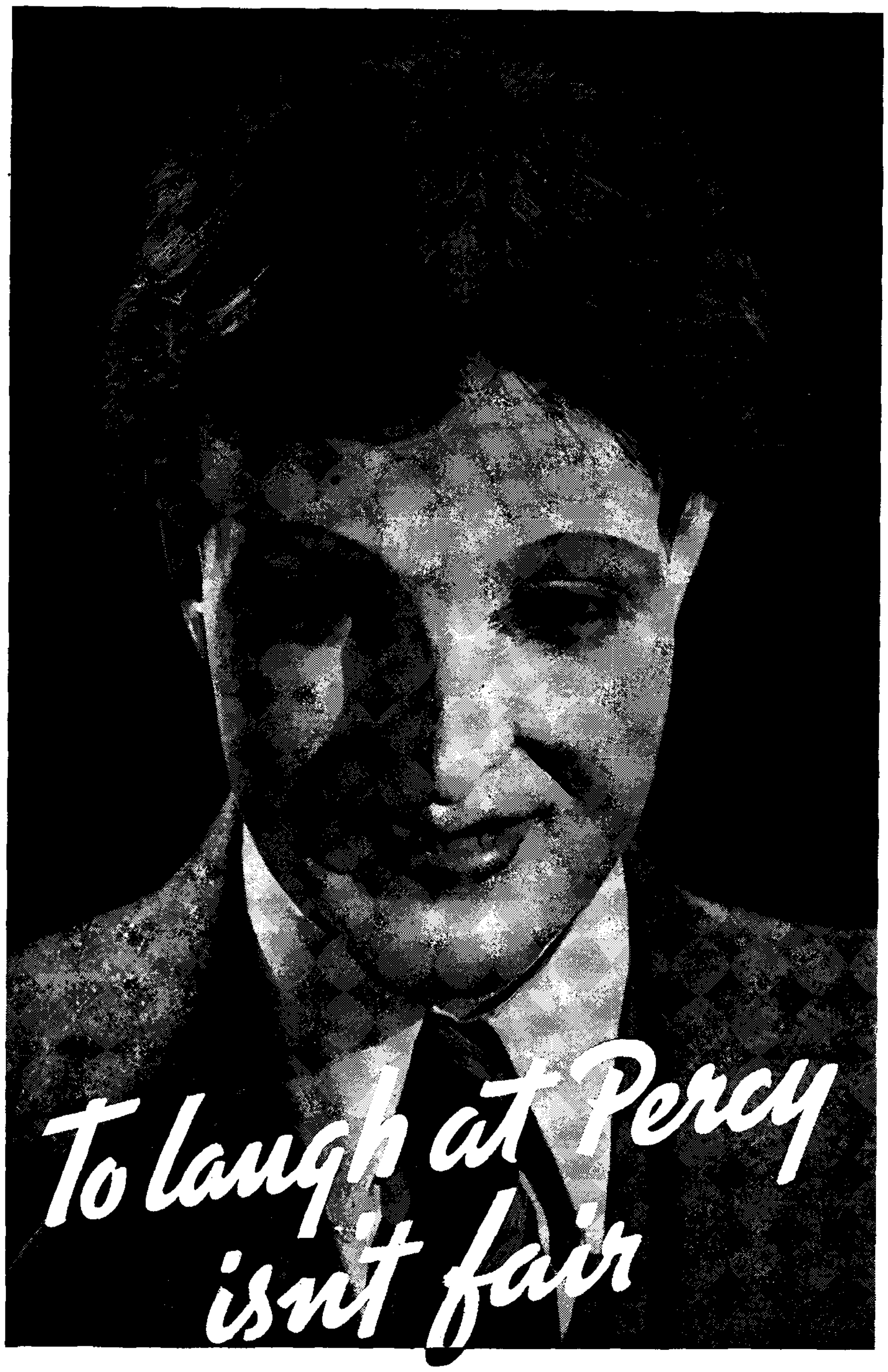
Date of Birth____________________

Business Address__________________

Home Address____________________

____

© 1936, P. M. L. I. Co.


To laugh at Percy isn't fair

WATER CAUSED HIS TOUPÉE HAIR

Is your hair stiff and unruly?

Unless you want to look like the gentleman above, stop soaking your head with water every time you reach for the brush and comb. Water washes away the natural hair oils. Leaves the hair stiff and brittle. Makes it stand on end as soon as the water evaporates.

Kreml is the right treatment for stubborn hair. It contains beneficial oils that make the hair soft and pliable, give it new life and lustre. In addition it is a splendid hair tonic.

Dandruff vanishes after the first few applications. It is the best defense against excessive falling hair. It removes every bit of summer's dirt and grime, restores the natural oils which have been baked out by the sun.

Ask for Kreml in the barber shops and use Kreml regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this wonderful olive oil shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous, and pliantly young.

KREML

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Heading Back to Prohibition

Continued from page 13

price. Just to clear the books. And the sale was made. Of course it was bootleg stuff of the most rowdy, untaxed character. Mr. McLeith has vanished. There never was any Whazsit-Touyeh Company. And our dear innocent is, as we have said, in a nasty mess because inspectors for the Distilled Spirits Institute caught him. Too bad. Too bad.

One of the more entrancing sources of contraband alcohol is managed on the share-cropper plan. Naturally this scheme operates best in the rural districts. The village general store is the heart of it just as such mercantile establishments are the life of the cotton-picking tenant farmer to whom they supply furnish between crops. It works like this:

Good old Balsam Bill, whose pappy and grandpappy before him had starved on a farm he is trying with spectacular lack of success to cultivate up Three Murders Branch, is turning out a few gallons of alcohol a day and selling it to the general storekeeper. And Bill is not the only one. Elder Pureyam is doing it. So is Sassafras Sam from down Mulekick Ridge. And Miz Sue Willie Titter, the widder woman from out Lonesome. And a dozen others. All of them turn out a few gallons a day and on Saturdays (or Sundays after foot-washing) they all take it into town where the store buys it or takes it for furnish—flour, salt, coffee, sugar, calico or a pair of Sunday overalls. And everybody in the mountains knows it and isn't fixin' to discuss it with no strangers.

One day a big motorcar containing three smart-talking city fellows calls at the store. They show the proprietor that they've signed up ten or fifteen other such hives of commerce in half a dozen counties and want him to partake of the rich benefits they are disbursing. They are Messrs. Joe Mindleginder, Benny Proudfoot and Lefty Gianoli. They will pay him two or three dollars a gallon for all the alcohol he can get together from his neighbors. More, they will see that he gets all the molasses and sugar his friends and customers can handle at bulk prices. An alert storekeeper who has been careful not to pick up too many hookworms can do an Elks' Convention business if he gets out and encourages the boilers.

A Thriving Undercover Industry

All this may seem trivial to you, but please don't jump at conclusions. It is pretty big business. Why shouldn't Hickory Henry Meebles of Shoatshout put up a hundred-gallon cooker, praise the Lord? Mr. Meebles' farm isn't worth the rocks that stud it or the pine brush that bewhiskers it. And it never was. So the government has taken Mr. Meebles and his farm to its heart, made him one of its wards and his farm one of its problems. It pays him so much a month for not raising anything on it. The only joke that would have made Mr. Meebles laugh louder would have been a prize for managing to raise *anything* on it.

Anyway this leaves him quite free to cook alcohol on his otherwise non-productive acres. And the result is what Messrs. Mindleginder, Proudfoot and Gianoli (the feller with only one eye) call velvet potatoes. So why, as we say, not?

It is one of our current great regrets that we are unable to tell you just how many thousand gallons this share-cropper system of alcohol production produces a day. Yet neither can anyone else tell you. All we know is that the alcohol clears from the general store to one, two, three or four city depots owned by Messrs. Mindleginder, Proudfoot (the feller with the scar) and Gianoli. And their trucks collect it, leaving the storekeeper and his brethren in interesting ignorance of its destination.

If trouble ensues—Mr. Berkshire's hard-swinging lawyers for example—Messrs. Mindleginder (the feller with the gold teeth), Proudfoot and Gianoli are nowhere to be found. Someone has warned those gentlemen to be a bit less evident for a spell. And it is no small matter to find a mountain jury who will consent to packing Mr. Meebles off to jail for a year or two. And similarly the storekeeper, although caught flat with a barnful of hot alcohol.

Now all this does not improve the mental health of the legitimate manufacturers of hard liquor who in 1933, soon after repeal, set up the protective alliance known as the Distilled Spirits Institute and had the excellent judgment to retain as its director the demonstrably incorruptible Dr. James M. Doran. And no private agency, including the score of prohibition and temperance societies and groups, has done quite so much as the Institute to assist the government to enforce the liquor laws under repeal.

Some Extra-Curricular Action

In the distilling plants in this country there are about $600,000,000 invested. They are manufacturing nearly 275,000,000 gallons of beverage spirits a year. The Institute is merely protecting itself in doing all it can to discourage the unlicensed alcohol cookers. The Institute's own sleuths are responsible for revealing much skulduggery behind the liquor store's counter. These same investigators have given Mr. Berkshire's lads lots of their clues. They have uncovered local liquor dispensary conditions which have led to state administration scandals which, in turn, have given you lots of perfectly dandy newspaper reading. But there—we've told you something we should have kept to ourselves. Too late now, though.

Not that this is the only or even principal function of the Institute. There are light-minded people all around you who still think that repeal was the end of prohibition. But they are the people who still refer to that preliminary skirmish of 1914-1918 as the war to end wars. They believe that Italy's Ethiopian woes ended with the flight of the Negus. In other words, they are fantastically undependable prophets. And nobody knows that better than the Institute's membership.

The United States Brewers' Association recently made a national survey of the alleged resurgence of prohibition and discovered that here, at last, was an allegation that was true from one end to the other. In thirty-two states, in 1934, only ninety-four counties and 246 towns were dry—legally dry by the vote of the majority of the citizenry. Since then these figures have been increased to 183 counties and 614 towns. And more every election.

You may take our word for it that goings-on of this nature fetch no laughter to the lips of the legitimate and government-sanctioned manufacturers of alcoholic beverages. Only the moonshiners get any fun out of it. And it is a dismal corollary thereto that immediately after another county or town goes dry there is a compensating increase in that neighborhood of the illicit stills. So you see how it is. The same old story. It is conceivable that the day will come (and gosh how we dread it) when our country will rise in another holy convulsion and

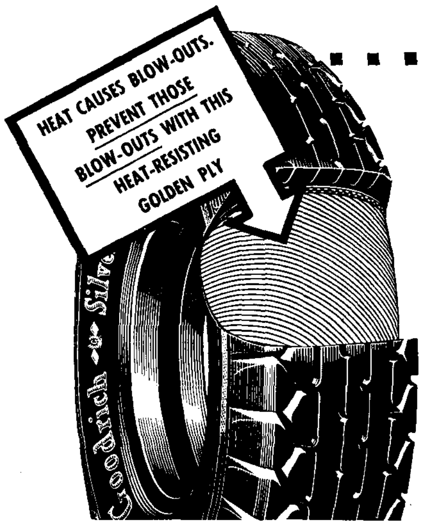
(Continued on page 48)

NO ALIBIS!

THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS

RIDE ON GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS

. . . the only tires that have the Life-Saver Golden Ply


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silv

Officer: "I guess you're responsible for this accident."

Driver: "I'm sorry, Officer, I couldn't help it. My left front tire blew out. The next thing I knew we crashed into this bus."

* * *

It's useless to try to alibi yourself out of a blow-out accident. The thing to do is to put *safe* tires on your car *before* the damage has been done. That's why thousands of motorists who refuse to gamble with their family's safety have switched to Goodrich Silvertown Tires. They want *real protection* against today's high-speed blow-outs—not regrets.

Why are Goodrich Silvertowns *extra* safe? Here's the answer: They're the *only* tires in the world built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific heat generated *inside* the tire by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps blisters from forming *inside* the tire. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Months of extra mileage

Extra safety is not all you get when you ride on Goodrich Silvertowns. They'll give you *months* of extra, trouble-free mileage and greater riding comfort in the bargain. Let "the other fellow" gamble on tires if he wants to take the risk. You play safe. Equip your car with Golden Ply Silvertowns. And buy them right now because they cost much less than other super-quality tires!

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want accidents prevented. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

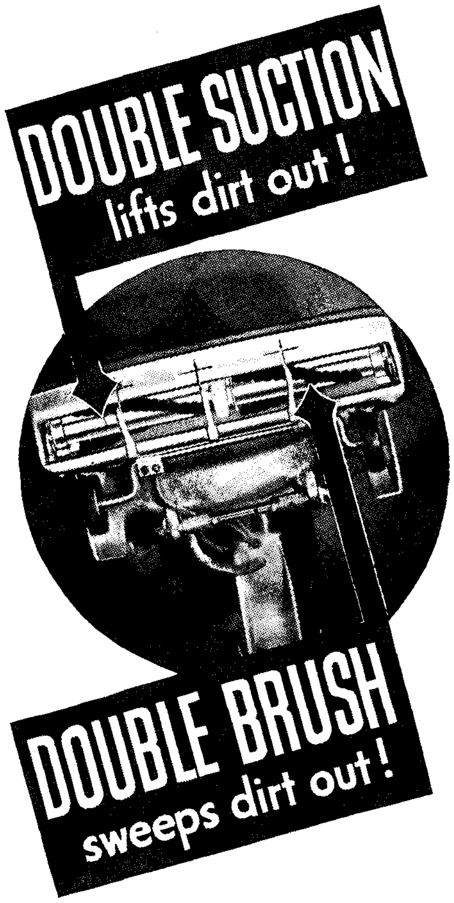
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

PREMIER

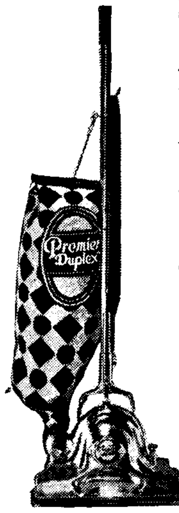
gives you

DOUBLE VALUE

for your money



PREMIER has extra, stronger suction than other leading cleaners. Premier's exclusive Vibra Sweep Brush has 54 thick tufts of bristles set in two rows. Lint, string and threads do not get tangled in these bristles. You do not have to clean them!



Doubly kind to your rugs

Premier's two rows of bristles give your rugs the firm brushing that is good for them. Indeed one of the main reasons for buying a Premier Vacuum Cleaner is to avoid rug destruction caused by beating the rug.

Premier Vacuum Cleaners are offered in several models of floor and hand cleaners. Each gives you Premier's *double value*, offers you more for your money. If you don't know the location of a Premier dealer, send us your name and address on a postal. We'll let you know.

Priced from $14.95 up

(Slightly higher west of Rockies)

PREMIER DIVISION, Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made by one of world's leading vacuum cleaner manufacturers

(Continued from page 46)

again try a noble experiment and enjoy a brand-new set of Capones, debauched police departments, Wickersham commissions, stool-pigeon neighbors, patriotic hypocrisy, machine-gun government and licensed crime.

But there, there. How we do go on! Yet it will all happen if the moonshiners can help it. And the Distilled Spirits Institute knows that, too.

It is one of the graver offices of the Institute to render the liquor manufacturing industry as inoffensive as possible even to those to whom the very mention thereof is maddening. Naturally it cannot exercise restraint over the consumer whose right to saturate himself with self-elected frequency is guaranteed, we understand, by the Constitution. But it can and does prohibit gratuitous allures. At times it adopts safety devices which may sound to you to be as innocent of humor as some of the rules propounded in Hollywood in the interests of what are known as clean movies and to placate self-appointed critics. But you must never forget that the membership of the Institute have $600,000,000 invested.

Therefore the Institute has ruled that all liquor advertisements proposed by its members shall be submitted to Doctor Doran before publication. All new ideas for bottle labels must be subjected to the same penetrating censorship. For example, since last April no females, be they dream girls, lovely mothers or gentle grandmothers, have appeared in advertising or label art. The theory is (and it is not unsupportable) that gals and liquor do not mix to the credit and profit of all concerned.

Liquor Treads Softly

Furthermore, since last January the liquor makers have not advertised their product by radio. The Institute had received too many letters from housewives protesting that eight o'clock in the morning was much, much too early to set forth the purity, flavor, price and salubrious effects of red-eye—particularly as the children had not yet been chased off to school. The Institute dropped radio advertising altogether. Then, driven a point farther to the right, it was decided that advertising should contain no pictures of and references to youth, scenes of wassail and "other matters which seemed to be objectionable" this latter giving Dr. Doran more power than some of the stuff he is protecting.

Next the Institute ruled that its membership might not contribute funds to organizations or individuals who proposed to advance the interests of distillers in any state. In other words, no contributions were to be made to wet campaign funds in dry territory and requests for money from somewhat racketeerish persons who desired to carry out "educational campaigns" were to be ignored. And then the Institute decided to hire its own corps of investigators to assist the government in its efforts to rid the land of such objectionables as illicit operators, counterfeiters of labels and stamps, liquor dumpers like the Whazsit-Touyeh Company and similar excrescences. And Dr. Doran has taken it upon himself to hold frequent counsel with state liquor commissions over which, of course, neither he nor the Institute have any control but which unquestionably are in occasional need of a good talking to.

We almost forgot to tell you that the Institute pledged itself to advertise none of its products in religious publications. And such an oversight by us would have been too bad because we were somewhat shocked—just as you must be—to learn that several of our more aggessive religious journals were demanding such paid notices and not being very nice about it, either. Moreover, they were far, far from pleased when told that a brand-new rule had been adopted against their pages. We could scarcely believe it, but it turned out to be one of those unpleasant truths that are forever disturbing us.

While the liquor manufacturers have been centralizing control of their own industry, thereby expediting correction of error and facilitating the mending of manners, the government has had to be satisfied with a convenient constitutional laxity. Each state where alcoholic beverage of any character may be sold is its own master in ways and means of distribution and in control of the distributors. And it is scarcely worth while to remind you that there are states where governmental efficiency and righteousness are somewhat below perfection.

Without going into great detail we may inform you that they have had quite a nasty time in Iowa about their State Liquor Control Commission. Iowa exercises a state monopoly over liquor sales. There is no local option. Liquor may be bought by the package only. Only the Commission may sell. One chairman resigned after being convicted of permitting illegal possession of liquor. Another was indicted, the charge being that he sold state commission seals to a speakeasy and bootlegging impresario. And then four state officials were accused of trying to sell liquor bearing state seals to bootleggers. It has been quite a mess in Iowa and we haven't yet heard all of it.

Like Iowa, Ohio employs the state monopoly system. All sorts of unpleasant accusations have been disturbing Ohio's desire to drink in peace. You are told that certain whisky brands were getting preference over others, for reasons that only rumor names. State liquor stores have not been regarded as guaranties against unwitting purchase of hard liquor born out of wedlock. And it is of even more immediate importance to the legal distillers that since the first of 1936, 129 communities in Ohio have signified their distaste for conditions by voting dry or partly dry.

Michigan, too, exercises a state monopoly—or thinks she does. But there is no reason why you should confine your purchases of liquor to state stores. You can buy it as of yore from bootleggers.

But in California, due perhaps to the climate, virtually everything that happened under prohibition is being reproduced on a grander scale. California adopted the license system of liquor dispensing and while the State Board of Equalization, the administrative body, started out as smoothly as a new watch, twenty professional patriots who happened to be holding political office lost no time in demonstrating how silly it was to be legal.

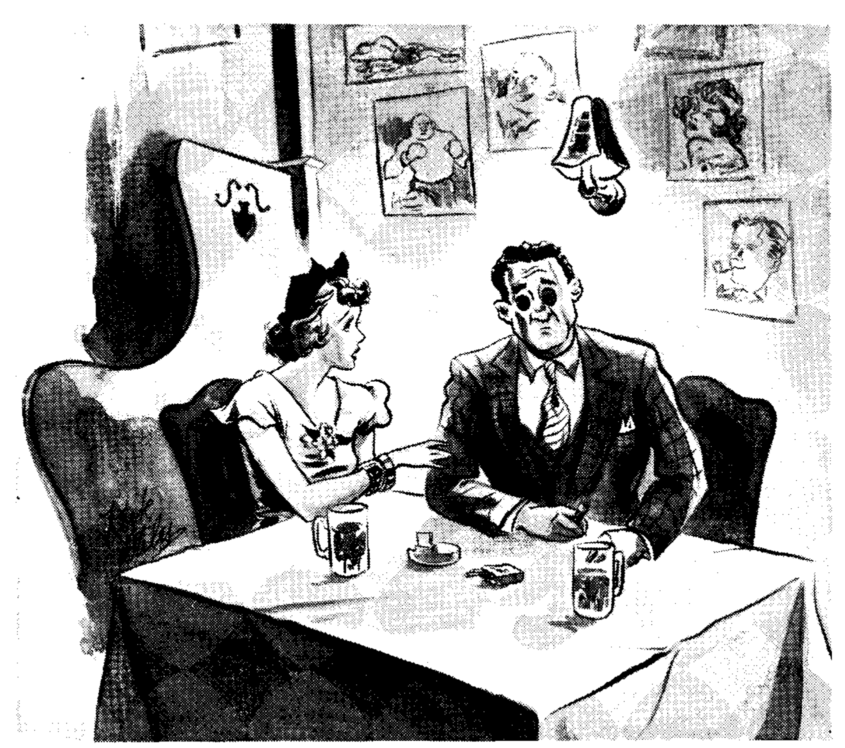
Speed was their chief concern, finesse took too much time. They managed rapidly to get themselves accused of bribery, thuggery, blackmail, selling wine permits (which are cheaper) to hard-drink dispensers, grafting from bootleggers in exchange for protection, extortion, coercion of night-club owners, revoking licenses when café proprietors failed promptly to pay periodic tribute, racketeering in civil service jobs and—But what's the use?

In the Bad Old Days

We have given you no more than a very general idea of what is going on. Had we stayed in any one place to gather all the details we might have been much too old to remember how it all began. But we have to keep in circulation.

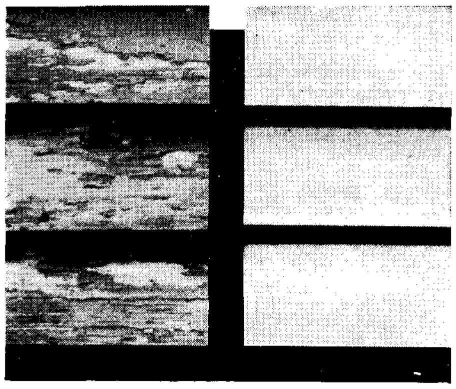
On our way back we fell to talking to a genial old villain who, years and years ago, was in the wholesale liquor business. He retired when prohibition was enacted. He has remained retired. Two of his sons are surgeons. His daughter is a biochemist in the laboratories of a great humanitarian foundation. You can see to what evil the children of this enemy of humanity have fallen. Anyway, he said:

"Yes, I hear that local politicians are doing their best to help the prohibitionists to get their government jobs back. But it was much worse in the old days before 1920—oh, much. Why in the old days before prohibition nine tenths of the saloons wouldn't let women in. Think of that! What a rotten system that was! Discrimination, no less. And nobody but your ward leader bothered you for an occasional contribution. Some people called it graft but we weren't reformed then—we called it a contribution. Anyway, it only happened twice a year—Fourth of July and Christmas—and it was never more than a hundred dollars. Yes, things were much worse then—much. The women didn't get in on the graft at all. Unfair, I call it. But today there are women commissioners along with the men and they all take their turn putting the contribution finger on you. And that's fine—for prohibition. And now suppose we walk across the street to that drugstore and have a nice quiet glass of beer."



"Never mind, George. I'll bet you're the second toughest guy in the world"

KIRK STILES



"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1½ years
Cost $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's another extra to pay for, the additional cost of a new priming coat.

DUTCH BOY
after 4 years
Located in same section as the "cheap" paint job. Cost $120, or $30 per year to date. This cost will be still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

A Home is built for Happiness...

... LET DUTCH BOY KEEP IT LOOKING CHEERFUL!

HAPPINESS, like charity, begins at home. But how can you feel completely happy, if every time you look at your home it reminds you of the mistake you made when you had it painted—the mistake of using "cheap" paint?

The first photograph at the right shows you what to expect from "cheap" paint . . . how it soon cracks and scales away, ruining the appearance of a house and exposing it to the ravages of the weather.

And that's only half the story. Before new paint can be put on, the old must be taken off—burned and scraped off, down to the bare wood. And then an extra coat—a new priming coat—must be applied. These unexpected costs eat up all the money you hoped to save by using "cheap" paint.

Now note the difference with Dutch Boy! There's not a sign of cracking and scaling. For Dutch Boy White-Lead resists the weather . . . wears down slowly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.

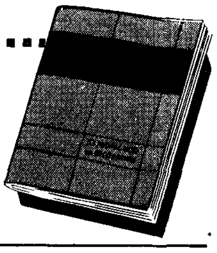
The experienced painter likes to use Dutch Boy White-Lead because the satisfaction it gives helps his reputation. He mixes it to suit the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

Easy to Pay the Dutch Boy Way

If lack of ready cash prevents you from painting, take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Surprisingly small monthly installments. Check the coupon below for full information. But mail it to us even if you are not interested in the Easy Payment Plan for it brings you our illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In", which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Address Department 208, nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 208, *(see list of branches above)*
Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.
☐ Include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

*Name*____________________________

*Street*____________________________

*City*________________ *State*____________

Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

A short Johnnie Walker
before dinner . . .

A long Johnnie Walker
after dinner . . .

. . . and you're headed for
a pleasant evening!

86.8 proof

Clothed in tradition . . . backed by common sense . . . is the custom of enjoying a "Scotch and soda" before dinner. And of all the good Scotch whiskies, there's none better for this pleasant purpose than Johnnie Walker. Smooth, tangy, bracing . . . it whets the appetite and warms the spirit.

And, of course, after dinner you'll find the knowing ones sticking with Johnnie Walker. For no whisky "sits better" after food and drink. All Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND under British Customs supervision. Red Label is 8 years old; Black Label, 12 years.

No matter what the clock says
stick with . . . . .

JOHNNIE WALKER

"SCOTLAND'S MOST FAMOUS WHISKY"

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

The Perfect Convert

Continued from page 15

them, even if you succeeded in keeping your balance, and he did not believe that professions of faith extracted by torture from writhing persons were reliable. Consequently he went so slowly about the business of introducing Christianity that the Islanders wondered what business if any at all had brought him among them. But it seemed certain almost from the first that he had neither come to trade nor to marry. And so while Mr. Bixby studied the Wise Islanders and bode his time, the Wise Islanders studied Mr. Bixby and bode theirs. He tried to learn their ancient language. The results were negligible. But they all got along very nicely and even fluently with bêche-de-mer.

A chief business of the Islands was feasting.

Another and very chief business of the Islands was to keep them well and cheerfully supplied with happy children. And in this relation Mr. Bixby soon saw fit to write in his notebook: "The Wise Islanders are monogamous, but human." And he sometimes wondered what persons who were not human would be like, and if it would be quite nice to have them about. And of human nature he wrote in his notebook that it seemed to be the one thing in world history which continuously provokes reform and defies it.

HE TAUGHT Mumu some of the sweet toy prayers and graces: the "Now I lay me down to sleep," the "Here a little child I stand," the tune of the Brahms lullaby, and tried to explain their spirit and their meanings. But this was not so easy, because bêche-de-mer has so little inherent beauty or sentiment. It is a language for shrewd traders and other pirates. Mumu, however, had a keen ear for tune and rhythm.

She was not alone in this and soon groups of children were reciting with appropriate gestures:

> *"Here a little child I stand,*
> *Heaving up my either hand;*
> *Cold as paddocks though they be,*
> *Here I lift them up to Thee—"*

But only with the vaguest idea of what the words meant.

Mr. Bixby persuaded the chiefs to have built a very large hymn-singing or himene house in which all the people could gather and sing to their hearts' content. Only Mr. Bixby knew that this ambitious edifice smelling sweetly of pandanus mats was really a church.

The Himene House became the official setting for Island weddings. As these were conducted in the ancient language, Mr. Bixby could not be sufficiently sure of their validity. He would therefore induce the contracting parties to step aside with him, on the pretext of observing the occasion with some little gift to the bride, and would then briefly, but with determination and a warm moral glow, pronounce them man and wife.

Fortunately, Mr. Bixby was a New Englander and combined an inventive mind with shrewd clever hands. The fishhook with a barb was locally unknown until he had made one out of mother of pearl. He introduced also the harpoon with the toggle head, labor-saving knots useful in the making of nets and other devices through which he hoped that he was paying a little for his bed and board. But in spiritual matters he made small progress. The bêche-de-mer which he was able to talk with the Islanders does not lend itself to spiritual matters and no one would be at the pains of teaching him the ancient language.

He got the feeling that this matter was deliberately pointed. It was. And one day Mumu, who was beginning to sprout and to wear more clothes, especially when the weather was cool, managed to explain to him that no stranger had ever been permitted to learn the high speech in which the chiefs hold council and the priests petition the gods. "And anyway," she said (her way of saying it is here simplified), "sometimes you do things that make our people laugh inside and they like to talk it over to make more laughter, and if you understood what they were saying it wouldn't be polite or nice."

Mr. Bixby tried not to show that he was pained by this frankness.

"What do I do that is so funny?" he asked.

"Well, for one thing when you are going to wash yourself all over you drive people away. But persons have watched you bathing in the pool at the mouth of the river when you thought you had it all to yourself and these have reported that you look just like our young men, only white."

"In my country it is the custom to wear clothes except when one is alone," said Mr. Bixby.

"Perhaps it is colder there than here."

Mr. Bixby had to admit that it was.

"When your clothes have all come to pieces you will have to dress as we do."

"When the mission schooner comes there will be some new clothes for me."

But when the Felicity came at the end of the fifth year the weather was tumultuous, and although she hung about off the pass for two days she was not able to effect a landing and, being short of water and supplies and believing herself to be in peril, she was forced to withdraw. The wind was off shore and to the ears of the Reverend Mr. Tuckham, deeply distressed at being obliged to abandon a brother missionary, were borne broken strains of the moving old hymn "For Those in Peril on the Sea," so he took comfort.

"Bixby," he thought, "has got them all praying for us. He's done wonders!"

But Mr. Tuckham was never able to make the glowing report which he intended. The mission schooner was lost with all hands.

Mr. Bixby had some such premonition. And when he had seen the last of the little ship, reefed to the quick and tearing off into the smother, he could not quite hide his distress. And the chiefs, sensing this and feeling a deep sympathy, sent him a god. It was a man-size god made of dark heavy wood and taller than Mr. Bixby, who was well over five feet in his heels.

MR. BIXBY was deeply appreciative. He understood the psychology behind the gift. They had seen him suffer and bear disappointment as men bear it. He was therefore grown up, and the toy gods could no longer suffice his religious needs. Tupau, the name of the god which had been sent him, was of course not the last word in gods (such a gift would have been premature), but if you took him seriously, studied him and looked often enough at the sightless eyes which yet seemed to see, and the sweetly smiling mouth, you could learn a lot. Mr. Bixby was pleased that Tupau wore a certain, if skimpy, amount of nicely carved clothes, and was glad to have him in his house.

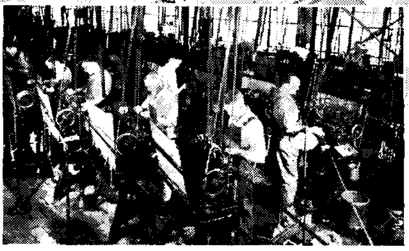
An attempt to make a proper suit of clothes out of stiff, crackling bark cloth was not a success, and Mr. Bixby perforce adopted the dress of the Wise Islanders. He either had to make this do

(Continued on page 52)

Hammermill helps make Big Ben tick!

The great Western Clock Company at La Salle, Illinois, are makers of Big Ben . . . alarm clock to the world. In 72 countries, Big Ben starts millions to work on time, just as he does throughout America.

Foot Press Department. Smaller parts required in the making of Big Ben and other Westclox are handled by these foot presses. Employees are shown performing light riveting and piercing operations.



Screw Machine Department. A section of the screw machine department at La Salle, where precision machines automatically make thousands of carefully turned parts for Big Ben every hour.

BIG BEN was born in 1909. And with him was born this principle: to make a better clock . . . to give full value for the money . . . and never to misrepresent the value or quality of any Westclox product.

From an early production of 50 clocks a day, employing a scant handful of people, the Westclox business has grown in 50 years to production of thousands of clocks a day . . . and a city flourishes and prospers.

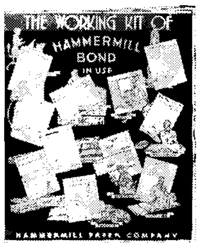
Clock making is a job of precision. And this adherence to precision influences every department of the great Westclox plant. Here you find hundreds of printed forms . . . getting things done, accurately, promptly, smoothly.

We share the Westclox ideals of making a better product . . . giving full value . . . and never misrepresenting. And these mornings, when Big Ben gets Hammermill men to work on time, some of the Hammermill Bond they make finds its way to La Salle, for use in Westclox printed forms . . . a few of them shown in the picture above.

For shipping orders, purchase requisitions and orders, printed package inserts, invoices . . . and for dozens of other forms . . . Hammermill Bond is the choice of Westclox. Crisp, crackly, Hammermill Bond has a surface that takes perfect printing, typing, pencil or pen-and-ink writing. It comes in white and 13 colors, envelopes to match.

FREE . . . HELPFUL WORKING KIT

The 1936 Hammermill Working Kit of Letterheads and Printed Forms is the result of years of close contact with hundreds of American business firms. It is chock-full of helpful ideas for every man who buys paper and printing. We'll send it *free* . . . if you'll mail coupon below.



HAMMERMILL BOND

Look for the
Hammermill Bond
watermark . . . it is
our word of honor
to the public

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa. C 9-12

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE your 1936 Working Kit of letterheads, printed forms and envelopes. (To students or outside U. S., 50¢.)

Name__________

Position__________

(Please attach coupon to your business letterhead)

"... AND THE METAL UNDER THE PORCELAIN IS ARMCO INGOT IRON"
PORCELAIN ENAMEL ON ARMCO INGOT IRON

Much of the service and lifetime beauty you can expect from a porcelain enamel finish depends upon the metal beneath. For this lustrous glass-like coating is literally "melted" onto the metal which must be especially made for the purpose if it is to take and hold the finish securely. Ordinary base metal will not do. ● For years ARMCO Ingot Iron has been known throughout the porcelain enameling industry as the perfect base metal for porcelain enameling. Many of the manufacturers who use this ideal enameling iron affix a small label saying, "Porcelain enamel on ARMCO Ingot Iron", to let you know they have used the highest grade enameling iron they can buy. ● So when you buy a new kitchen range, refrigerator, washing machine, or some of the new die-formed plumbing fixtures, look for the famous triangle trade-mark and the words ARMCO Ingot Iron. It's a buying secret worth knowing. It protects your purchase.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY ● MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

Producers of special analysis iron and steel sheets for the exacting requirements of the nation's great industries.

ARMCO

A NAME KNOWN TO MILLIONS

(Continued from page 51)

or do without. It was simply a length of cloth from the waist to the knee, fastened closely about the former with an ingenious double inward twisting. His torso was white and smooth. He had straight, well-turned legs. He was, in short, quite a nice strong little figure of a man. And when he stopped blushing and turned brown he looked very much like a Wise Islander except that most of these were taller and broader across the shoulders.

In the meanwhile he had advanced Mumu, and some of the children who had grown up with her, a little beyond the toy stage of the Christian religion. He told them the sweet, lovely stories about the Christ, and repeated his sayings, stopping short of anything that had a touch of the controversial. They had come to know his character pretty well and so they believed and were perhaps a trifle moved by all that he told them. They thought that he was talking about himself. But, on the other hand, they were a trifle bored. He was telling them nothing new, for even the toy gods of the Wise Islanders teach that if you are good you will be happy and that if you are better you will be happier. These things were common knowledge. Why bother to say them over and over?

Was it wicked, thought Mumu, now almost grown and very lovely, to be in love every now and then? How could it be, when the moon was on the lagoon and the stars were so near that you could almost gather them with your hands and the whole island world smelled of sandalwood burning, and gardenias?

"IT LOOKS," Mr. Bixby wrote in his notebook, after he had been in the Islands seven years, "as if I am here for life, which has been pleasant enough so far, if not very useful, and for death, which will be what it will be. The visions I used to have of a heavenly city with gold-paved streets are no longer vivid."

So if he was destined to live out his life in that place it seemed right to marry and make a home. But this was easier thought than done. He asked Mumu to marry him and it seemed that she had other ideas for herself. And unfortunately she was the girl he wished to marry with and he did not believe that he could ever love another. Upon returning to his house his eyes were caught and held by the little toy god which she had given him when she wasn't much more than a baby, and for the first and last time in his memory Mr. Bixby burst into tears. It was a short burst. He sat on his heels in the shadow of the grown-up god Tupau and steeled his heart to bear with affliction.

"Little Lovely," he told his heart, "could not be happy with us. There is another—Terii—comely youth—strong in the surf—a loud sweet voice in the choir—with a smile for old persons and children. Little Lovely has chosen him. It shall be our happiness to work for theirs. That is the way to peace and an understanding of why one is chosen and another is not."

Mr. Bixby would have been shocked to know that there was no immediate thought of marriage between Mumu and Terii. He would have been still more shocked to learn that Terii was not the first youth with whom she had strolled off hand in hand into the dark.

Of course Mumu told her intimates of Mr. Bixby's solemn proposal, and these giggled and tittered with her and told others. The entire population was soon tittering and giggling. That a man should endure seven whole years without a thought of marriage or a pass at a woman and then suddenly pop the question seemed comical to them. For although they believed in married fidelity they believed it to be most surely arrived at by the road of trial and error.

"Imagine," said Mumu to Terii, "I would have to live in his house. He would have an eye on me. I could no longer do as I pleased. I am too young not to do as I please. I am too young, for instance, to stop meeting you in the dark."

"My mind is made up," said Terii. "I wish yours were. You are the one girl for me."

She rubbed her golden cheek against his.

"And yet," said Terii, "Misser Bixy is the best man we have ever known."

"In what way?"

"That is not to be said in words. It is a feeling. It is a feeling felt by all. He is like," Terii lowered his sweet purring voice and whispered in her ear, "he is like Makelo."

MUMU made a quick gesture with her right hand. If she had not crossed herself, what had she done? The gesture was too swift for sure comparison and identification.

"Ten generations ago of births and deaths," said Terii, "when the devil ship came and killed from afar, the people fled into the mountains. Only Makelo remained behind. He was too lame and brave to go. If he had not been brave and lame, he would have been too proud.

"The devil people came ashore and set up in the sands a tall timber with a short timber lashed across nearer the top than the middle. Then they laid hands upon Makelo and asked for food and women and pearls. And when Makelo laughed at them, and would not tell them how to find such things, they laid him down on the sand and held him and hurt him with their knives to make him talk. Their way of hurting him was to make a long cut crossed nearer one end than the middle with a short cut. They kept on cutting and he kept on laughing until he was too dying to laugh or feel. Then they tried to follow the people into the mountain, but too many stones fell on their heads. Then they filled little barrels with water from the river and went away. . . ."

"And then," said Mumu, "the people came back and carried poor Makelo to the secret high place where the gods are. And Makelo was able to speak a little and made laws to be obeyed always."

"We must never get what we want by hurting others," said Terii.

"We must not want—not too much—what is ours and what is not ours," said Mumu.

"These were new thoughts, not thought before. And Makelo knew that to make them the common thought there must be a sign. And because all the people were with him in the secret high place and would not be hurt, he asked the old gods to send a great wave of authority from the sea. This wave came from afar and upon its crest, riding high, was the devil ship filled with the devil people. They died like men, for there was no screeching. But only Makelo grieved for them. And he said, 'I did not mean to hurt anyone.'"

"That was the last thing he said."

"Misser Bixy wouldn't hurt anyone," said Terii. "But we are hurting him."

"'We must not want—not too much—what is ours,'" whispered Mumu as she cuddled to his gold and iron body, "but I do. Oh, I do!"

And a little later she told him that her mind and heart were altogether made up. And they agreed to marry.

But between those lips and that cup there was to be, not, it is true, a slip, but a convulsion of nature.

TIDAL waves are of three kinds. There are those which give no warning, those which do and those which do not give enough. This tidal wave was of the third variety.

Upon the Wise Island with which we

are most concerned some of the people had time to make the mountain, some climbed into strong trees, a few perished and one was saved by a sudden miracle of renunciation. But until it was generally known that some had perished the visitation was received with the utmost tolerance and good nature.

The big wave swept over the barrier reef without staggering and crossed the lagoon at the speed of a horse galloping. Canoes and then houses were caught up, swept inland, and smashed against the trunks of trees. From higher up in some of those same trees could be heard loud gay voices and now and then a howl of laughter: "Look! Look! There goes Tuture's house! Wa! Ha! Ha!" And then as much as to say, that's one on you: "That isn't Tuture's house, that's your house! Wa! Ha! Ha!" Then and still louder, as the house rolled madly over and the speaker recognized it for his own: "It *isn't!* It's mine, mine! Oh! Wa! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The speaker got laughing so that if it had not been for a quick friendly hand he must have pitched from his perch into the raging destruction.

There went Grandma's house (tee hee!) and yonder the great Himene House (ho! ho!) which Mr. Bixby imagined to be a church.

What happened to the livestock, the domesticated jungle fowl, the happy pigs? An hour before the appearance of the great wave these had done a lot of concentrated cackling and screaming, burst every trivial restraint and fled to the mountain. And this was the insufficient warning which the wave gave of its arrival.

Once the livestock knew itself to be in safety, all the pigs began to root for wild yams, and all the roosters crowed. A pair of likely young cockerels had a dispute and fought it out to the death. And a pretty little pullet mourned over the loss by drowning of her first egg.

ALARMED, Mr. Bixby ran out of his house and had only time to reckon that the unbroken crest of the wave was higher than the land upon which he stood, when it went roaring and howling past him and he knew that it was not.

He saw the canoes go, the houses, the Himene House. He could not be of any help to anything or to anyone. His hill was isolated by waters too furious for the strongest swimmer. He ran back into his house. His heart ached. But at the moment his heart was so big that he may be said to have ached all over. Without knowing what he did he snatched up, to his breast, the toy god which Mumu had given him, and, without knowing where he knelt, he knelt before the grave image of Tupau. And then to his own God and to the Son of that God he prayed with all his might and main.

A second wave followed the first, but it was less great. The third and last by comparison did not amount to a row of pins. By high noon the tide turned, you may say, and the flood began its return rush to the sea.

From his safe hill Mr. Bixby watched the retreat and subsidence of the waters. Here and there land began to show and the bases of trees. By five o'clock the land was nearly all cleared and only the river raged. Fragments of canoes and houses, uprooted broken trees, rushed down and past and then he saw a human thing. A golden strong arm half encircling the cornerpiece of a house: a face a little upturned, the face of a beaten man in whom there was no more fight. Terii!

Then Mr. Bixby sinned his first sin.

"There goes Terii," his heart exulted, "now she will turn to me! She will turn to me!"

But almost in the same moment, like the hell-fires of his forebears, repentance burned him. And with a shout of, "I'm coming, Terii, I'm coming!" he was down the hill and into the flood with an alacrity and a dash which passed belief.

Mr. Bixby was a strong little man and a good swimmer, but how he wrestled the helpless Terii from the torrent is something which no pen can write, no tongue can tell. Some think that his own God and all the other gods must have helped him, if only a little.

THE chief people considered that Mr. Bixby had now definitely grown up. He was a man and done with toys. He had risked his life to save life. So they conducted him to the secret high place where the gods are and introduced him to Makelo from whom they had derived their own gospel of tolerance and unselfishness.

The serene image was decorated with a beautiful pattern of crosses deeply incised to represent the tortures through which Makelo had passed to peace. As the greatest honor in their power to give, four of the chief people held Mr. Bixby down on his back while a fifth carved just such another cross upon his breast. When the cruciform wound had stopped bleeding, they rubbed a blue dye into it. Having thus honored Mr. Bixby to the full extent of their ability to do honor the chief people let him up.

Meanwhile, in a secret place deep among gardenia bushes, the rescued Terii and the heartbroken Mumu laid their golden cheeks together and wept.

"But, Mumu," whispered Terii, "remember and repeat the laws."

"I know," said Mumu, "we must never get what we want by hurting others."

"Now the other, Mumu."

"We must not want," repeated Mumu obediently, "not too much—what is ours and what is not ours."

"He saved my life," said Terii gravely. "Is that no comfort?"

"Not too much," said Mumu, and now she wept quite wildly and clung to him. And so they renounced that which was theirs, but which they were not permitted under the law to desire too much, and when Mr. Bixby's tattoo was healed Mumu told him that she had been mistaken about her feelings for Terii and they married. To make the marriage sure and holy Mr. Bixby spoke a second ceremony over himself and her, when they had retired from the feast to his house, now theirs.

There he suggested, not without firmness, that prayer was in order before retirement. He himself prayed in silence, but Mumu prayed aloud. He believed that she was praying prayers which he had taught her and which she claimed to have translated into the ancient tongue. But this was not the case. Her prayers were really laments and they finished like this:

"Imagine," lamented the golden Mumu, the Little Lovely, "only imagine! I shall have to live in this little man's house. He will have an eye on me. I can no longer do as I please. I am too young not to do as I please."

And then and more loudly, to assure her husband that she had been praying properly, she spoke a brave Amen, and they turned in.

MUMU, the first to wake in the dawn, frowned a little, wondered a little, smiled a little. She looked sidewise at her husband, who slept like a happy child, and she thought that perhaps she might learn to love him. Whether she ever did is unknown, but no man ever had a better or more faithful wife. It stirred him deeply to remember that she was his first convert.

The Himene House was rebuilt and to the end of his fruitful and happy days the Reverend Mr. Bixby firmly believed that it was a church.

Perhaps it was.

The very Latest Ideas to make your home charming-comfortable-modern-

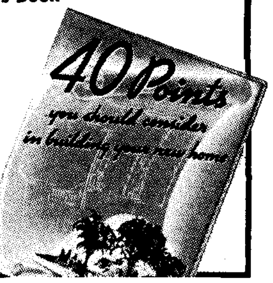
101 PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS for HOME IMPROVEMENTS

Want Ideas to Fix Up your Home? Send for this Book

...It gives you the latest ideas and saves you time, trouble, money. It contains 24 pages of fascinating pictures (some in full color) and over a hundred helpful suggestions.

Thinking of Building? Send for this Book

You build once; build wisely. Get *all* the information you can. This *free* book covers the subject from financing to construction, with full information on J-M materials.



Who'd believe this charming room was once a none-too-clean corner of the cellar? The miracle was effected with J-M Insulating Board Bevel Plank, J-M Decorative Ceiling Tile, J-M Asphalt Tile Flooring—*and most economically.*

And twenty years from now they'll be just as proud of the exterior of their home. J-M Asbestos Cedargrain Siding Shingles, textured like weathered wood, are permanent as stone; can't burn, rot, or wear out.

AN old house made "new"—by the latest ideas, a new point of view—and Johns-Manville Building Materials.

The shabby exterior walls have been covered with handsome asbestos siding shingles that wear like stone and can't burn. The dingy bathroom has been re-surfaced with "tile-like" asbestos wainscoting. Insulation helps keep rooms always comfortable; fuel bills *low*. And the new asbestos-shingle roof is fireproof, everlasting.

Interested? Send for the latest edition of the Johns-Manville "101 Suggestions Book."

PLANNING A NEW HOME? And wondering about financing, services of an architect, what type of home, kind of construction and materials? . . . Send for the "40 Points Book." And be sure to read the section on "Triple-Insulation"—the new J-M building principle that protects against fire, weather, wear.

Both books are *free;* both tell you how to finance under the extremely low terms of the National Housing Act.

J-M Home Insulation in "batts" for new houses or "blown" into walls of old homes. Keeps rooms cooler in summer, and warmer in winter.

Surfaced with Johns-Manville Asbestos Wainscoting, the economical material for easy-to-clean bathrooms and kitchens.

Johns-Manville
Building Materials

Send for either book—FREE!

Johns-Manville, Dept. C-9-12, 22 East 40th St., N. Y. C. I am planning to remodel my home. Send me the "101 Book," FREE ☐. I am considering building. Send me a free copy of the "40 Points Book" ☐. I am especially interested in Home Insulation ☐; Insulating Board for extra rooms ☐; an Asbestos Shingle roof ☐; Cedargrain Asbestos Siding Shingles ☐.

Name____________________

Address____________________

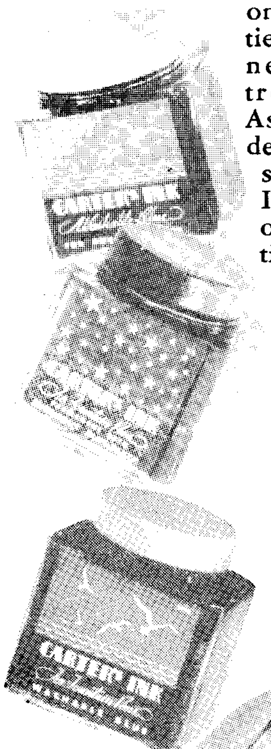
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Best ink Value of 1936!

For only a few cents more, this new Carter "Cube-Stand" will be included with your next purchase of Carter's Ink. The "Cube-Stand" is stunning—you can see that at a glance. And thoroughly practical, too! Fits *any* size pen you may own—fountain pen or dip pen. Easily cleaned. And when one Cube is emptied, just put in a new one. No trouble at all. Ask your Carter dealer about this special offer. It's effective for only a limited time.

The Cube has a wide mouth for easy dipping and filling . . . and a leakproof screw cap.

For a limited time only, this "Cube-Stand" and a Cube of Carter's Ink for 39¢. Permanent, Washable and rich Sunset colors.



A new "Cube-Stand" and an extra-big Cube of Carter's finest fountain-pen ink . . .
Both for 39¢
CARTER'S INK

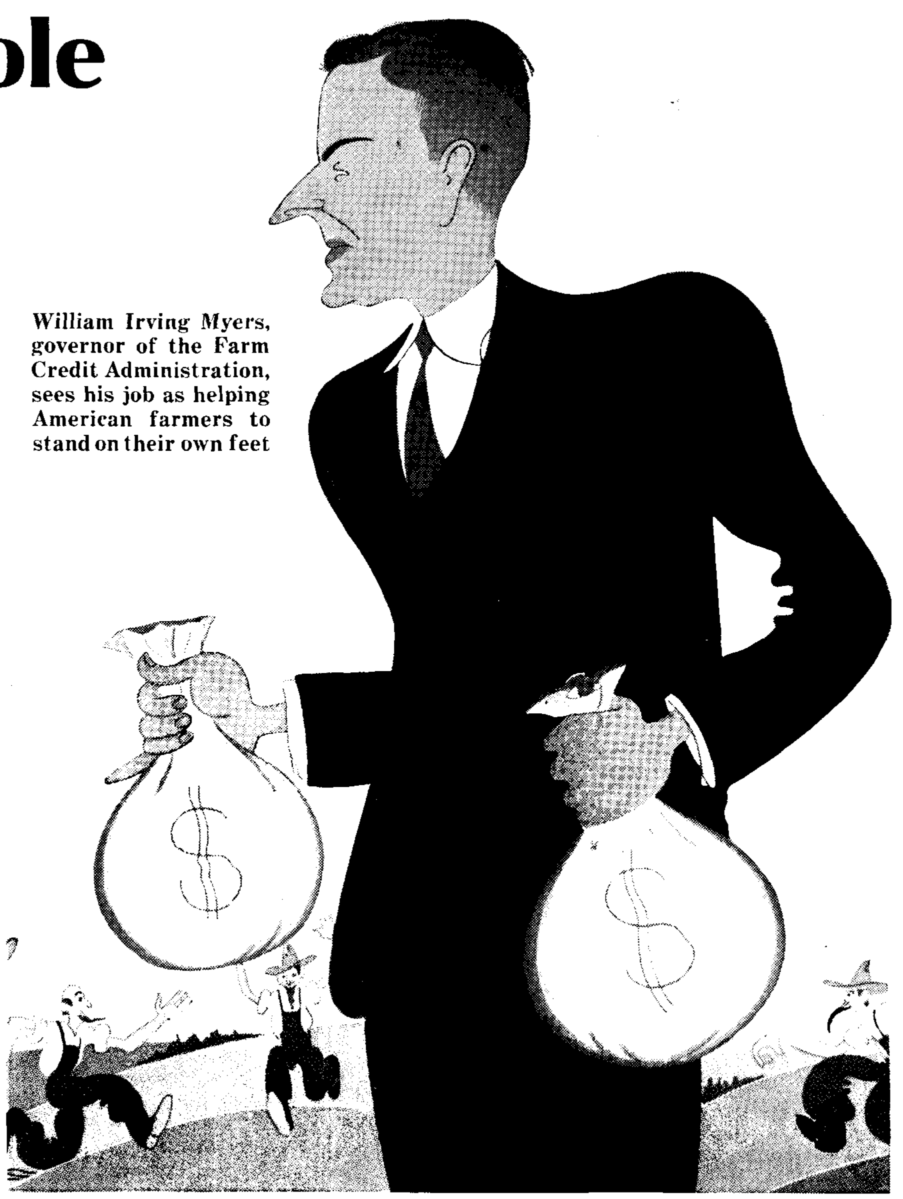
CARTER'S INK

FINEST FOR FOUNTAIN PENS
ALSO ADHESIVES • CARBON PAPER
TYPEWRITER RIBBONS • FOUNTAIN PENS

Bill the Mole

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER



William Irving Myers, governor of the Farm Credit Administration, sees his job as helping American farmers to stand on their own feet

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

WILLIAM IRVING MYERS, governor of the Farm Credit Administration, has come to be known as "Bill the Mole" by reason of a dislike for the limelight that sets him apart from the rest of his New Deal associates. Watching him as he goes about his business, dark, silent and unobtrusive, it might be thought that he has no place in the charmed circle with Jesse Jones, Harry Hopkins, Rex Tugwell and other great spenders, yet in less than three years the Mole has put *something like three and a half billions* into the eager, clutching hands of American farmers.

Not as largesse, however. Hard and fast mortgages secure this money, but all have been made so shrewdly and helpfully that the doleful denizens of the agricultural regions are actually changing over from self-pity to self-confidence.

Democrats and Republicans alike, no matter how peevish and disgruntled, agree that the FCA has done a pretty good job—and as for its governor, after an experience with other New Deal heads, iron-jawed men of affairs crawl brokenly to the office of Bill Myers and bathe their bruised souls in his quiet competence.

Born in 1891 in New York's lovely Chemung Valley, on a farm cleared by his great-grandfather back in Revolutionary times, Bill Myers went straight from the fields to Cornell and, after graduation in 1914, stayed on as an instructor in farm finance and farm management. A brand-new profession at the time, and just what the name implies, having to do with the purchase of land and equipment, marketing, mortgages, interest rates and all the other details that spell the difference between profit and loss.

Out of a fear that unadulterated teaching might make him go theoretical, the young professor bought an 84-acre farm near Ithaca on what is known as a contract basis, meaning that he paid so much a month until such time as he could get a deed and obtain a mortgage. Deciding on poultry as his crop, he labored so efficiently that today he turns out 70,000 baby chicks a year, and manages to have something left over after paying interest, upkeep and an $8,000 feed bill.

Given a sabbatical year in 1926, and also winning a scholarship, he traveled England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Holland and the Scandinavian countries, poking his keen nose into everything agricultural. Out of it all he gained a conviction that American farming, while still fifty years away from present European conditions, faced the necessity of prudent borrowing, careful budgeting and a deeper regard for savings even when as small as a fraction of one per cent. It was this fixed belief that Bill Myers brought with him when called to Washington at the time of the creation of the FCA in May, 1933.

Before he had warmed his chair, the new governor advanced the theory that agriculture's salvation depended upon putting farmers in the position where they could get *out* of debt, a radical departure from the old plan that plunged them deeper *into* debt. What he urged was wholesale refinancing based on normal values, no loan to exceed 75 per cent of the farm's real value, and spread out over a long period at a low rate of interest with small yearly payments on the principal. When it was found that many farmers, due to reckless borrowing and equally reckless lending, could not take advantage of its offer, the FCA brought creditors and debtors together for voluntary adjustment and the debt burden was scaled down by more than two hundred millions.

The next problem was that of providing cheap short-term loans for the farmer's immediate needs. To meet this situation, the idea of production credit associations was evolved. Ten, twenty or thirty farmers in a locality, by incorporating, were enabled to borrow money at five per cent from the intermediate credit banks for the purchase of seed, feed, fertilizer and work stock, for the repair of farm buildings and to carry them over the lean time between planting and harvest. Moreover, these loans were obtainable on an installment basis, the farmer drawing the money as he needed it.

New Life for the Co-Operatives

All over the country, it was found, were "farmers' co-operatives," sound enough in principle, but languishing from lack of cheap and available credit. From the wreck of the old Farm Loan Board, Bill Myers salvaged about $160,000,000, and this money was used to provide the capital for twelve district banks for co-operatives, and one great central bank.

As a consequence, credit is now available to farmers' co-operative organizations for the purchase, construction, or lease of grain elevators, fruit-packing plants, cotton gins, creameries, etc., etc., or for buying supplies and farm equipment in quantities.

In the last analysis, however, Bill Myers' real goal is the establishment of a system whereby farmers, acting collectively, will obtain their own credit without government aid or government subsidy. Production credit associations, for instance, obtain their loan funds from the Intermediate Credit Banks, which, in turn, sell their debentures to the investing public. The Central Bank for Co-operatives issues its own debentures, or discounts loans with the Intermediate Credit Banks. Federal Land Banks, that handle the bulk of the long-term mortgages, sell bonds directly to private investors.

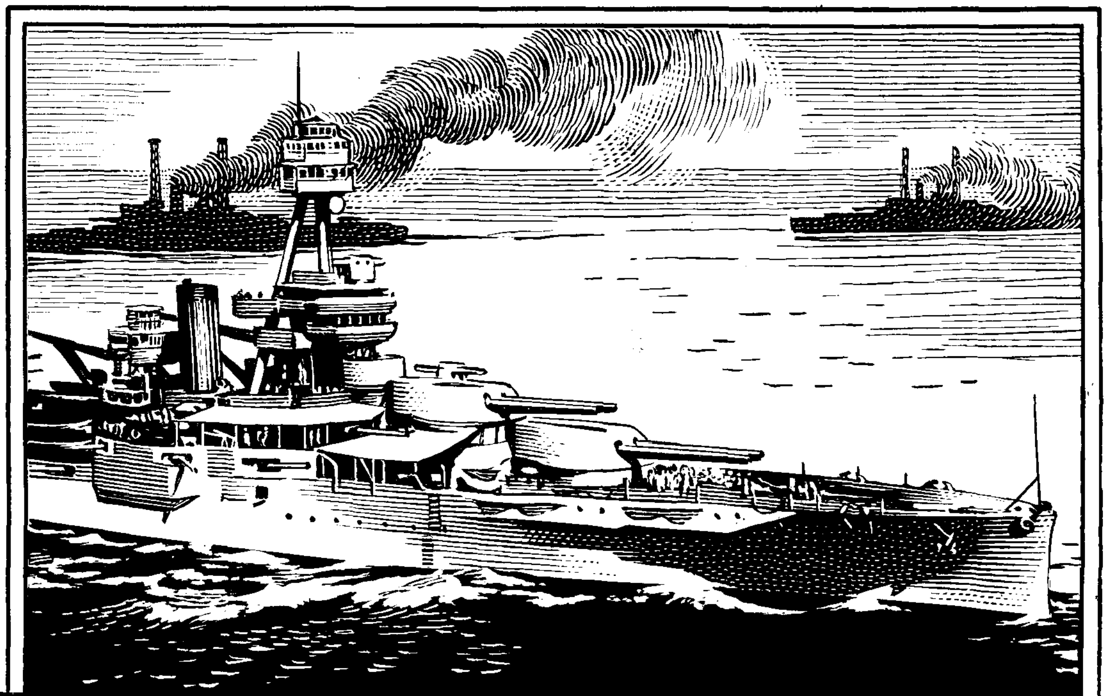
The Federal Land Banks at the present time have a total capital of about $234,000,000 and of this $111,000,000 is owned by farmer-borrowers. The aggregate capital of the production credit associations serving the United States is about $84,000,000, and of this about eight millions have been bought and paid for by farmer-borrowers. Co-operatives own more than two million dollars in capital stock of the bank for co-operatives.

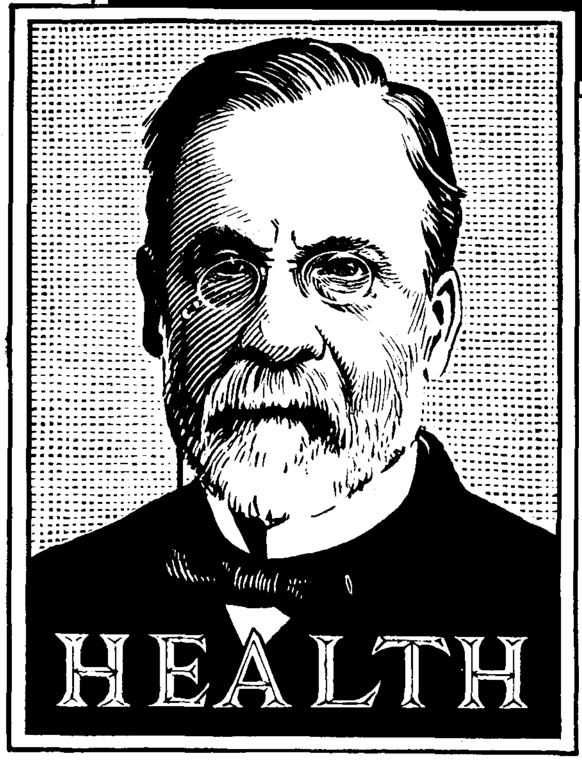
A reasonably good showing for three short years, but hard-headed Governor Myers is not one to keep his eyes steadily on the bright side of a picture. What worries him is the possibility of a boom in farm values, bringing back the condition where the acreage price is so high that there is no possible chance of a return on the investment, much less paying out. Another apprehension proceeds from the unscrupulous activities of the high-pressure salesmen.

Against these worries, however, Governor Myers can balance the positive gain that the "something for nothing" school of thought no longer fires farmers to mad enthusiasm, the vast majority evidencing a fine American determination to stand on their own feet. And the task of government, according to Bill the Mole—the sole task—is to see that those feet have firm footing.

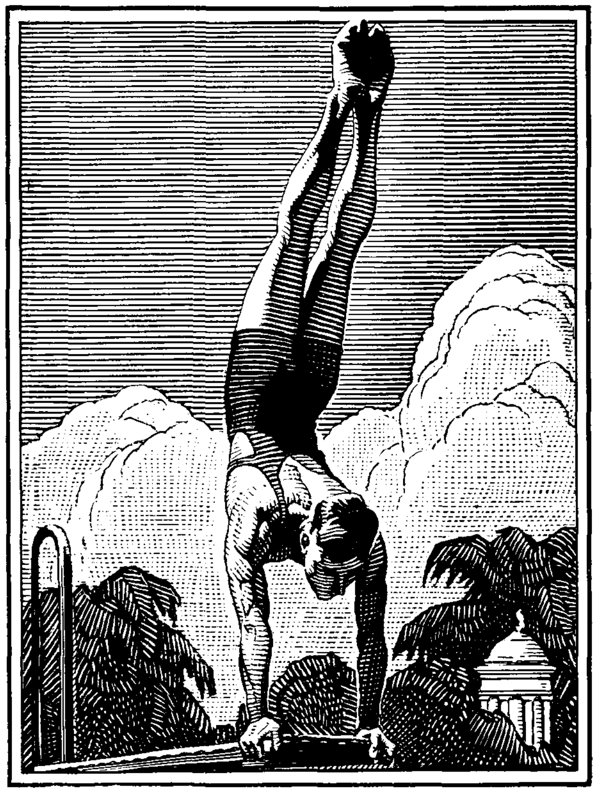
We're fighting your enemies!

Friends! Millions of them! Budweiser has made them and kept them by fighting its enemies . . . your enemies, too if you like good beer. Night and day, our laboratory does an army-and-navy job of being on guard, protecting Budweiser against a hundred and one things that could spoil the brew . . . broken barley that won't sprout . . . "wild yeast" in the air . . . dryness in hops . . . mineral changes in water . . . uneven temperature. Success! Your Budweiser is always the same old Budweiser—always pure, always uniform and gratifying.

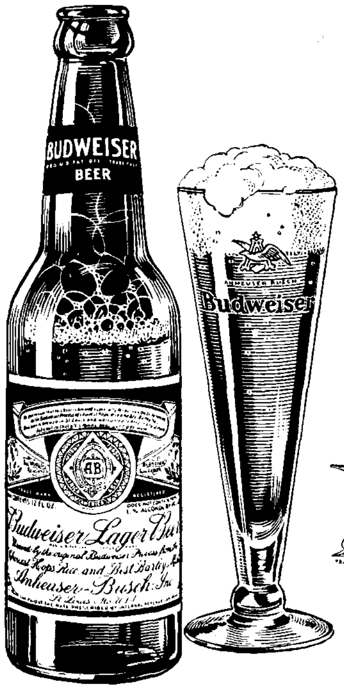




Revolutionized Medicine and Surgery! Pasteur learned from studying brewing methods how doctors could keep people healthier. The Home of Budweiser pioneered another important discovery by the great French scientist — pasteurization.



A Sensible Drink! Budweiser is an aid to digestion . . . a body-builder . . . not fattening . . . soothing to the nerves. No other drink, soft or hard, can take the place of Budweiser for those who want to feel fit and clear-headed . . . morning, noon and night . . . every day of the year.



Order a carton for your home—NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED—Be prepared to entertain your guests.

AMERICA PREFERS

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

Westinghouse
Mazda Lamps

protect young Eyes WITH GOOD LIGHTING

There are only two important things to know about the lamps you purchase . . .

First, be sure the lamps are of adequate wattage for comfort seeing. Better light will protect your eyes from strain and fatigue. If your eyes are defective now, see your Eyesight Specialist at once.

Second, be sure you get Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. You'll always be money ahead, for these lamps are rigidly tested to give you *more* light for your money. And today Westinghouse Mazda Lamp prices are the lowest in history.

For an interesting new book entitled "Light in the Home," write Westinghouse Lamp Company, Dept. C-9, 150 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WESTINGHOUSE 1886 W 1936 GOLDEN JUBILEE

LOOK for the Westinghouse emblem before you buy lamps.

Certified Czech

Continued from page 25

"For some time to come dictatorships and democracies will continue to exist side by side in Europe, will come into collision, will mutually influence one another, will observe and investigate one another, and, in the end, will be compelled either to tolerate and respect one another, or to settle their differences and pass to a normal state of affairs.

"The ultimate system, in my opinion, will be a new and more perfect type of democracy, which will have, in each state, its own particular character and development.

"I am a democrat not merely on philosophical and moral grounds but also for two practical reasons, one general and one particular.

"It is a historical fact of general applicability that *a dictatorship by its very essence is a temporary regime*, more transitional in character than a democracy, and that its temporary character is determined by two factors: the personality of the dictator for the time being and the impossibility for any society to live beyond a certain period under a regime where liberty is lacking.

"My second reason is one peculiar to Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovak nation has a historical tradition of democracy. Our national character cannot bear; and will not bear, dictatorship. It is opposed to all mechanical discipline, all discipline lacking moral justification, and would revolt against it. But it recognizes moral authority; and, especially since the war, great progress has been made throughout the nation in cultivating this sense of moral authority. That is also the secret of the success of our state and our democracy since the war, under the leadership of Masaryk.

Uneasy Neighbors

"You ask whether dictatorships endanger peace. I would answer that the experience of history shows that a multiplicity of regimes has always endangered harmony, collaboration and good relations between nations and states, since the ruling classes in each feel themselves menaced by the example presented by a different regime in some neighboring state. It is, therefore, necessary that everybody in Europe should realize that *there will never be an end of struggles if a definite check is not placed on propaganda* and on the efforts of the authorities of one state to influence other states. I am convinced that states and regimes may, and indeed must, respect one another."

Like other small European nations, the Czechoslovaks just now are nursing a big grievance. As becomes true believers in democracy, they have looked with alarm for years on the rise of dictatorial power in Europe, especially in Germany and Italy. And now that Mussolini has successfully defied the big democracies, England and France, by conquering Ethiopia, now that Hitler has done likewise by remilitarizing the German Rhineland, their alarm is growing by leaps and bounds.

This seemed the proper place for interjecting a question about the League of Nations, at many of whose meetings Eduard Benes has been a prominent and eloquent performer.

"How do you visualize the immediate future of the League after its setback in the Italian-Abyssinian question?" I asked him.

"The League of Nations is in a state of crisis," he answered. "Struggles centering around it will go on and it will continue to develop. I know the League too well to be surprised or embarrassed at the present crisis through which it is passing. Those who are acquainted with its history know that what is being said of it today was said of it as early as 1923, after the conflict between Greece and Italy concerning Corfu.

"*The League of Nations will survive the present crisis.* And mankind will continue to struggle for the realization of its ideals. We should not have been human if, in 1919, we had created a perfect institution. And we should be poor people indeed if we ceased to struggle for the improvement of this institution and for a closer approach to the ideal which all of us cherish in our hearts and minds.

"I was never either a materialist or a cynic, and therefore I believe even today in that ideal. That does not prevent me, however, from being a realist in politics, and from refusing to be seduced by unrealities and illusions. Moreover, one of the most beautiful aspects of an ideal is the *fight for it* and for its *gradual* realization."

The Big Brown Shirt

Czechoslovakia is an island of democracy in a sea of dictatorship. With the exception of Rumania, all her neighbors are not only governed more or less dictatorially but they represent, to President Benes, potential sources of trouble. Only when he turns his attention toward the Rumanian frontier does he fail to see war clouds and smell gunpowder.

Across their German frontier, the Czechs nervously contemplate a scowling Germany, bristling with armament, and (many are convinced) bursting with impatience to pour her armies across that frontier and wipe Czechoslovakia off the map. And France? Well, to many Czechs, France does not look quite as strong as she did, now that Dictator Hitler has re-armed the Germans; now that, by fortifying the remilitarized Rhineland, he may prevent the French army from coming to the aid of Czechoslovakia.

There is another serious complication in the Czech-German question: within Czechoslovakia, strung out mostly close to the boundary between that country and Germany, are more than three million people of German blood, the so-called "*Sudeten-Deutsche*," who, ever since Czechoslovakia became an independent nation, have been at loggerheads with the Czechs. Every night they turn on their radios and listen to Nazi arguments wafted across the frontier from Nazi Germany. Among these Der Fuehrer's siren song about all Germans being members of one great race, destined some day to be welded together, is particularly frequent and insistent. All of which adds to the worries of Eduard Benes.

"Is the situation with regard to the Sudeten-Deutsche serious?" I asked him. "And is the influence of National Socialist Germany strong among the Sudeten-Deutsche element in Czechoslovakia?" He replied:

"It is really not possible to speak of the existence of National Socialism in Czechoslovakia, any more than one can speak of Fascism there. The necessary conditions do not, and will not, exist among us. We are not afraid of the problem of our Germans, and we shall settle everything in agreement with them. For this we need quiet and time. Excitement on either side merely acts as a drag on collaboration and postpones it. Of the successful outcome, however, I have not the slightest doubt."

In addition to Adolf Hitler and the

Up In the Air

Agile Hawaiian natives whisk themselves up into the air via a palm tree quicker than you could say "He hoolaha ma ka nupepa." Translated, "advertisement." Which this is, as if you didn't know. Written for one purpose, to offer four simple points to end forevermore any going up into the air about the right kind of pineapple juice to select: 1. Be sure it's the *original* Hawaiian pineapple juice. 2. That it has the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association. 3. That the essential fresh-fruit qualities are retained by the exclusive Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process. 4. To obtain these three important points, always ask for Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice, which has them all, plus natural, unsweetened pineapple flavor such as you've never before experienced!

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco, California.

I SEE TROUBLE
IF YOU DON'T USE
SANI-FLUSH
BEFORE ANTI-FREEZE

YOU'RE going through a whole winter without draining your radiator. You're going to put anti-freeze in and you *can't* drain it! So start off right. Clean out the cooling system of your car right now. Remove rust and sediment. Eliminate the sludge that clogs up circulation. You can do it yourself in a few minutes with Sani-Flush.

Pour ten cents' worth of Sani-Flush in your radiator. (Directions on the can.) Run the motor. Drain. Flush and refill with anti-freeze. Then you're set for the winter. Sani-Flush is safe. Cannot injure aluminum cylinder head, radiator or fittings. Most women use it in the bathroom to clean toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

activities of his Nazis, Eduard Benes has other major sources of worry.

For instance, there are the Hungarians, who hate everything that is Czechoslovak; and the Austrians, struggling not to be gobbled up by Hitler, and constantly on the eve—apparently—of staging a restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy, which, if it occurred, would make all patriotic Czechs throw a fit; and Mussolini, dreaming dreams of Italian expansion which, if realized, might mean the end of Czechoslovak independence. All of which makes the job of the President of Czechoslovakia no bed of roses!

But if any man can fill that job, that man is Eduard Benes. And he has behind him a people who are as close to their native soil and as patriotically attached to it as any people in the world.

The Homely Touch

Wherever you go in Czechoslovakia, even in its biggest cities and industrial centers, you are never far from the soil. I remember, for instance, paying a visit to one of the exceedingly modern buildings of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in an exceedingly modern suburb of Prague.

Yet, while an earnest government expert was explaining Czechoslovak reactions to the latest European crisis, I could see plainly, through the window, across a narrow thoroughfare, a workman, his wife and their little son squatting on the ground beside a vacant lot, on clumps of grass growing sparsely among beds of stones and streaks of raw earth.

The wife had just brought their midday meal, in a battered tin receptacle. Each of the trio took turns at ladling out mouthfuls of steaming stew with the same cheap spoon, washing them down with swigs of coffee, which they drank, turn and turn about, from another old tin. Then man and woman and boy wiped their lips on their sleeves, in the manner of their rural ancestors, and—oblivious to the imposing Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Czechoslovak republic, just across the way—stretched themselves on the ground at full length, for a snooze.

And, as for patriotism—!

Go, when you are in Prague, to hear a Czech orchestra play a certain Czech tone poem by the most famous of Czech composers—"Vltava," by Smetana.

That tone poem traces the course of the Vltava, Czechoslovakia's national river, as it flows for hundreds of miles over the Czechoslovak countryside. First, in ripples of elfin melody, we hear of its humble birth, among the Bohemian mountains; then we are told of its steady growth, as it flows amid fields and villages; then we have its proud progress beneath the stately bridges of Prague, past the towering Hradcany; then, finally, we see it in magnificent fulfillment, as a mighty stream—revealed to us by the composer with sonorous and thundering harmonies, in a flashing glory of sound.

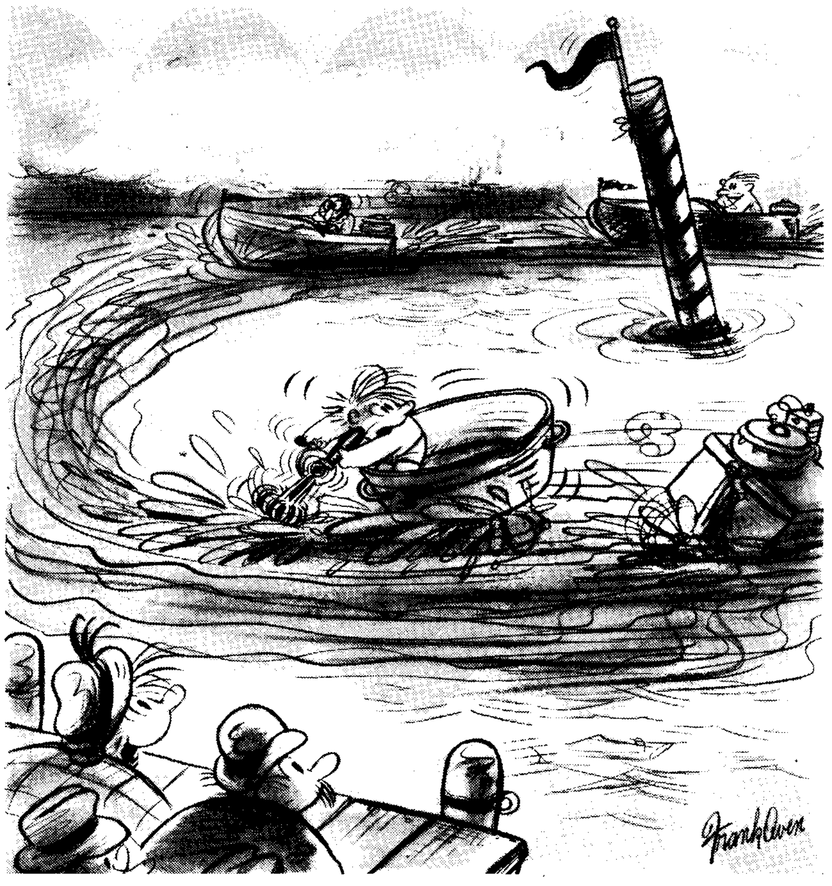
As they listen, a thrill of pure appreciation, a quiver of complete understanding, runs through all the Czechs in the audience.

As Smetana visualizes the Vltava, so they visualize the story of their homeland—its groping beginnings, its sturdy development, its emergence into the splendor of democracy and freedom. They think of that homeland as their life, their soul, their past, present and future—all of them, laborers and peasants, officials and officers, businessmen, professional men, prominent and lowly, rich and poor—and grand old Masaryk, resting, in honored old age, after a lifetime of patriotic achievement—and he into whom Masaryk's spirit has passed, Eduard Benes, toiling far into the night up there on the Hradcany, with the Vltava rolling majestically below. Tenacious Czechs, all of them; sons of the soil, every one of them; ready to defend their home country and its democratic ideals against dictators and all other menaces to the last breath in their bodies. That is Czechoslovakia.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"So that's where my dishpan and egg beater went!"

A PACKAGE OF Exercise!
Keep intestinal muscles fit with
SARÁKA
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U. S. A.
FOR HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
MANUFACTURED BY
SCHERING CORPORATION
BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

HAVEN'T you often wished you could stop worrying about yourself? And become so healthy that you would *never think about intestinal health?*

Many, many men and women who never expected to feel that way again—people who suffered for years from habitual constipation—are now enjoying that kind of carefree internal health. Saráka* has strengthened their intestinal muscles.

Because Saráka has "exercising action." After you swallow these tiny granules, they begin absorbing water. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d into a material resembling soft gelatine. This mixes with food you have eaten and increases BULK.

Safe—Healthful!

You know the importance of bulk. Just as a golfer needs the right clubs to do his best, so your intestinal muscles need the right kind of bulk. It helps them to do their best—gives them something to exercise on. Therefore, instead of weakening those important muscles, Saráka actually helps to build them up.

In addition to providing extra bulk, Saráka contains a specially prepared cortex frangula which has a valuable tonic action on the intestines. Gently but firmly it urges the intestinal muscles to keep waste products *in motion.* So you have BULK PLUS MOTILITY*—a combination not found in ordinary laxatives. Results are so natural yet thorough that most people have no sensation of having taken a laxative! They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was never thought of.

Try this new way to avoid chronic constipation. You will find Saráka easy and pleasant to take. Buy a package at your druggist's. Or mail the coupon today.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 238, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd., P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

Let me try this new way to combat constipation. Enclosed is ten cents for the special trial-size tin of Saráka.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1936, Schering Corp.

YOUR ERROR!

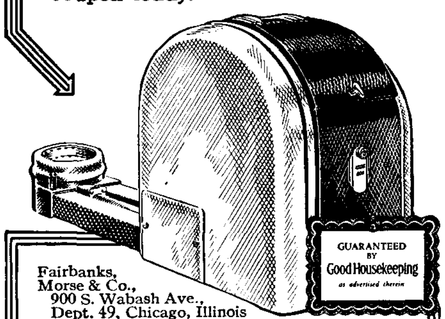
. . . If you have thought automatic heat means using expensive fuels

● You can have Automatic, clean, even heat without using expensive fuels! Fairbanks-Morse Automatic Coal Burners give it to you and *cut your heating costs as much as 50%!*

Fits your present heating system. No new boiler or furnace—no expensive auxiliary equipment. No tanks or pumps—no special flue or chimney lining required.

Control from a thermostat just like oil or gas. No acrid fumes, no greasy residue on home furnishings. F-M Automatic Coal Burners have caused thousands to exclaim, "At last, the ideal heat!"

Use coupon to get free booklet describing new, exclusive advantages of F-M Automatic Coal Burners. Mail coupon today.



Fairbanks,
Morse & Co.,
900 S. Wabash Ave.,
Dept. 49, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your FREE book on Automatic Coal Burners. I am now burning about---------- tons per season.

Name--
Address------------ --------------------
City---------------- F M *State*--------------

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
Automatic COAL BURNERS

NOW READY—
The New

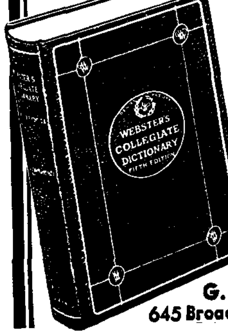
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY
FIFTH EDITION

An entirely new book abridged from the new Merriam-Webster, Webster's New International Dictionary, *Second Edition.*

The Best Handy-Sized Dictionary

110,000 Entries; 1,800 Illustrations; 1,300 Pages, Definitions, Pronunciation, Synonyms, Antonyms; Pronouncing Dictionaries of Geography, Biography; Rules for Punctuation; Foreign Words and Phrases; etc. Thin-Paper Style, Indexed: Cloth, $3.50; Fabrikoid, $5.00; Leather, $7.00; Limp Pigskin (dark blue or natural), $8.50. Purchase of your bookseller, or order direct from publishers. Write for fascinating New Quiz and Picture Game—FREE.



G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
645 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 21

off at once. Lucky I did, too," Anne said thoughtfully, still staring into the fire. "It had happened only a few hours before I reached the Villa. Diana's husband had discovered her, and written her, and Diana had swum straight out into the Mediterranean, poor little thing—poor little beautiful thing!"

"Her husband!"

"Yes, she had a Polish husband. But she loved Terry so that she took those weeks—those few perfect weeks.

"She must have known all along how it was going to end. And on those mornings—he wrote me about them—when the dawn came up over the water and Maria brought their coffee and rolls to the piazza, and in the evenings when they wandered about together, she must have been planning it. They had their perfect time, but it didn't last long."

"Terry!" Susannah said in a whisper, changing her whole idea of him as she listened, and for a long minute there was silence in the parlor. The two women stared into the flickering flames that muttered and sucked behind the bars of the grate.

"But then, where did—where did your husband come into it, Anne?"

"He was a Pemberton boy. He'd been away for ten years or so. He came back; he was here one summer," Anne said. "It was very strange. One day he was simply young Bert Lambert, whose father was postmaster; the next day I was telling Terry that I was going to marry him."

"Terry hadn't seen it coming?"

"Seen it coming? I hadn't seen it myself. I was simply married to Bert—I was a married woman—I was making allowances for Bert in my life," Anne said, with an air of honest bewilderment that made Susannah laugh. "My father had died," she went on; "his mother had just died. But that doesn't really explain anything. Bert was going to practice here; we would go on living with Terry; it was all accomplished before anyone knew that we were even engaged. From the beginning I acted as if I were being obliged to take step after step. I wasn't, of course. No one in the world could have made me do what I didn't want to do. It wasn't even a case of wrecking Bert's life; it wouldn't have wrecked his life. He would probably have accepted his dismissal with complete philosophy, and been much happier with someone else!"

SHE stopped, and Susannah laughed incredulously.

"I don't believe it."

"Something impelled me—forced me," Anne resumed. "Terry wasn't enthusiastic about it; Terry was simply stupefied with surprise at the whole arrangement. Bert is seven years younger than I; he isn't Terry's sort."

"I wonder if something of that—that impelled feeling is what Alec is having now?" Susannah asked, listening absorbedly.

"I was thinking that. Perhaps that's what started me on this," Anne answered, glancing up, glancing away again. "Anyway, I went straight ahead. Looking back, Sue," she diverged, on a note of puzzlement, "it is simply impossible for me to remember what actuated me. From the day of our marriage my life was complicated with difficulties I had never dreamed could exist in the world. Bert was quarrelsome, sensitive, jealous; he wouldn't get up until noon; meals never satisfied him; Terry and I lived in a sort of fever; he ashamed to look me in the eye and I ashamed to look at him!"

"Is it a divorce, Anne?"

"No. Oh, no! Albert finally went off to visit a friend, a doctor in Springfield. This man is married, and has a noisy, handsome wife who is tremendously admired by both her husband and Bert. He lives with them, and has a position on the staff of a factory hospital. He is perfectly content. I know he has affairs—I don't know how far they go—and occasionally he gets into debt, and Terry and I straighten him out. And my Lambert-Duquesne children," Anne finished, with another vigorous onslaught on the fire, "are so much finer, so much more normal and handsome and smart than some of their Duquesne cousins in Boston that there's no sense to it at all!"

"Funny," Susannah murmured, profoundly impressed. "Aren't lives funny? Here we three are in a little New England town, and who'd ever dream that China and London and Palermo were a part of our backgrounds?"

TERRY was in Morristown for the day, and Anne had come over, after her own children's supper, to have dinner with Susannah. They sat by the dining-room fire, for the room was the warmest in the house on a heavy chill late autumn evening, and Anne had protested that she must go home early; no use lighting the parlor fire for her.

But the evening was no longer young, and still Anne sat musing in her chair, her knitting neglected in her lap, and still Susannah twisted about, rested her elbows on one of the arms of the high-backed old ingle-seat, and cupped her chin in her palms, and stared into the fire. And still the two talked on and on.

"But how can we ever outlaw the other person? People are free—" Anne's voice trailed off into uncertainties; she hesitated for a moment. "Either there is marriage or there isn't," she began again. "*Is* there such a thing as marriage? I mean is there an ideal we work for? But why can it be so easily destroyed?" Anne pursued. "Our relations with our mothers and fathers and children and friends are definite enough, and they're almost all pleasurable. We delight in them. I love to have the children with me; I used to love my father—love to be with him. It never occurred to me that anyone else would ever cut me out with my father, or draw the children away from me. My friendship with you, or with any other man or woman, is pure gain, no worry in it; we love to see each other; it's all serene enough. But why is almost every marriage a strain on the man or the woman—why is it that half of them, more than half of them, go on the rocks?"

"One wonders what would happen if there simply weren't divorce—on any terms, for any cause."

"Well, it was like that for centuries, and I suppose they—did other things. Had mistresses—"

"Queer! Queer if anyone could show you, Anne, when you were quite young, what life was going to be like."

"I know it. The happiness of those old first days in London, Sue, when Terry and I were doing everything, loving everything, meeting everyone! We never thought of ourselves as back in New England with our fingers burned."

"Perhaps all youth has a glamorous, happy time, a time when life seems too sweet to be real. I remember Peking, and the races, when we all seemed so young and gay. Here's Terry!"

The two women roused themselves and smiled as Terry came in, cold and red-fingered, to loosen his muffler at the fire, and stand smiling back at them.

What
Thousands of
DOCTORS DO
for
CONSTIPATION

Yes—when you need a laxative DO AS DOCTORS DO—and take no chances. Dr. C. E. B. of Indiana says: "I have prescribed Pluto frequently and think it the best aperient solution yet found." Dr. A. C. T., Arkansas, writes: "There is nothing better than Pluto."

Works in 1 Hour

With Pluto there are no hours of overnight waiting, which allow poisons to be absorbed and spread through the system, causing that tired feeling—dull headaches—often resulting in pimples, boils, colds. Simply mix ⅛ of a glass of Pluto Water with ⅞ of a glass of hot water. You'll find this mixture pleasant, gentle, quick and thorough. It will give you a complete bowel flush in an hour or less, and you'll feel worlds better.

Try This Doctors' Way

Pluto Water is bottled at the famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. It is a non-habit-forming saline mineral water. Two hundred million bottles have already been used, largely on doctors' advice. Get Pluto from your druggist—either in the 25c size or the large 50c size which contains three times the quantity. In 1 hour or less, your constipation will be relieved and you'll feel like a million.

PLUTO WATER
When Nature Won't—Pluto Will

Write for Free
MONEY-MAKING KIT!

IF YOU want a pleasant way to earn extra money, send me your name and address on a penny post card. You will receive by first class mail full information about my profitable plan. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make plenty of extra dollars. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Don't hesitate because there's no coupon. Just paste this advertisement with your name and address on a penny post card *and mail to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Promotes HAIR Growth

Stop *wishing* you could have fine hair like others. Start today using Glover's Mange Medicine and Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It's famous for relieving Dandruff; excessive Falling Hair, combatting Baldness and promoting new hair growth. Ask your barber. Sold at all druggists.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

"Get talked out, gals?"

"Perish the thought," said Anne. "Take off something. Sit down!"

"No, you're coming home. Susannah's eyes look as if they'd been punched in."

"They do not," said Susannah. Their glances met.

"Terry, you were nice to stop in for me," said Anne.

Terry smiled, and she smiled back at him.

"I wonder if you two realize what this place would be without you?" Susannah asked.

"We think you enhance it for us, too," Anne answered neatly.

"No, but it is great luck—finding one's own sort in a little buried place like this."

"It's great luck finding your own sort anywhere," Terry said, throwing his cigarette into the fire, forcefully drawing Anne to her feet, turning her about, and starting her toward the door.

"Come on, my gal, you can moralize tomorrow! I'm all in," he said. "Good night, Sue! Come to lunch tomorrow; I got Anne some curry and she'll be mad to try it out on us."

"We've no bananas," said Anne.

"We've bananas and peanuts, too. I got 'em."

"Oh, really, Terry, you have your points!" Susannah heard Anne say, as brother and sister stepped out into the black darkness. She was smiling as she went upstairs.

SHE and Evelina had their Thanksgiving dinner at the Duquesnes'. There were sixteen at table; cousins had come from everywhere; the big house was filled with cot beds and mismatched chairs. It was like turning the pages of American history back a long way, she told Terry, as he plunged his sharp knife into the first of the three turkeys, and she waited at attention with the gravy ladle.

"Hold steady!" she said.

"That's the gal, Sue!" he approved.

"Uncle Terry," asked a redheaded girl of ten, on his other side, "Mrs. Hazeltyne isn't any relation to us, is she?"

Terry straightened a limp damp sliver of white meat carefully on a plate.

"She is not," he said.

"But if she married you, Uncle Terry, she would be, wouldn't she? Mar'gret said she wouldn't be," a slightly older boy said argumentatively.

"Oh, then she would be. Only I'd have to kill her husband," Terry said, continuing his serving. "No dressing on this one, Sue," he added; "that's Pete's."

"Oh—?" the boy said, slightly baffled. The little girl laughed in great satisfaction, as one who has scored, and Terry said in a comfortably conversational tone to Susannah:

"At that, I might consider it!"

"Oh, you're only too kind!" Susannah said.

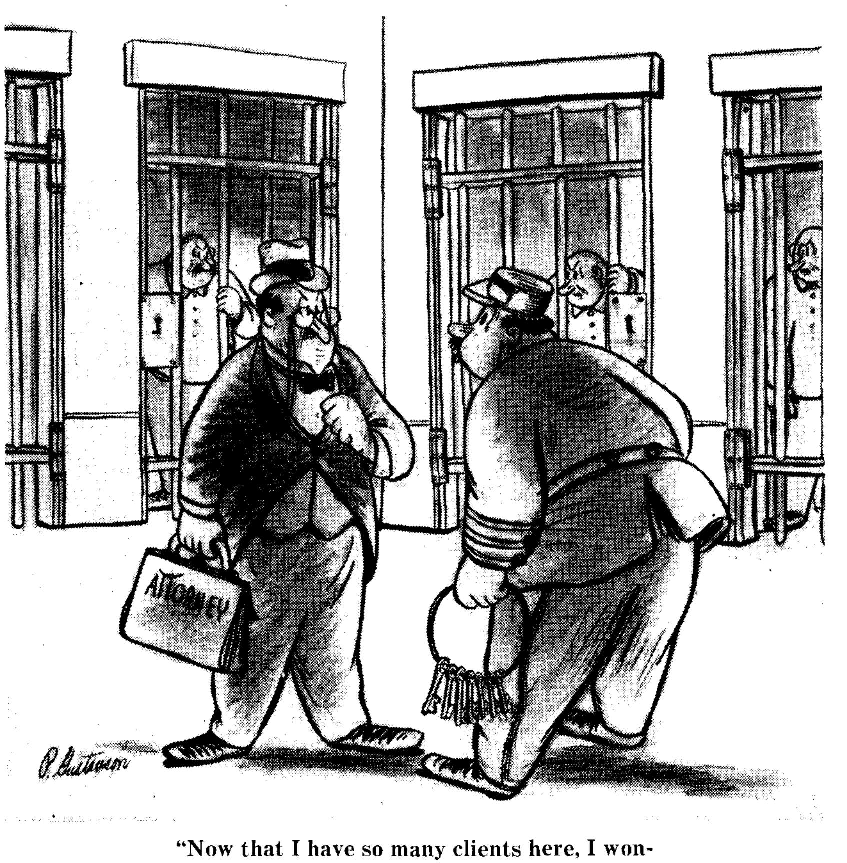
At Christmastime, in a fine powdering of blinding snow, she took the baby down to spend Christmas Day with its grandmother. Little Phil was there, rather subdued with a heavy cold. Alec's mother chose to ignore the subject of his defection entirely, and Susannah found it rather a strain to keep the conversation natural under the circumstances. But she duly accompanied the older woman to church in the morning, exchanged presents ceremonially before dinner, admired the tree that a florist had trimmed and set up for the children, and sat after the too-heavy dinner listening to carols on the radio, and talking intermittently on casual subjects.

It was heaven the next day to escape from the hot, overfurnished rooms, the dull hours and formal meals, to the clean, sweet whiteness of the country, to the homely, pleasant smells and warmth and order of her own home. Susannah and Evelina reached the farm late. She and the child had their supper of milk and toast together, and Susannah got in between her smooth, chilly sheets, and reached with icy feet for the blessed heat of hot-water bags almost as soon as the child was in bed.

"Blizzard," she said happily, reaching for her book. "How good to be all snug and warm in a blizzard! We'll go over to Anne's tomorrow and help cook Sunday lunch, and the next day and the next and the next nothing awful will happen—and there'll be no engagements—just snow, and old rooms with fires and books in them, and friendliness and peace!"

And then, suddenly: "I wonder—I wonder if at the end of all this there might be peace? I mean being sure of myself—sure that Alec—that any man

(*Continued on page 60*)



"Now that I have so many clients here, I wonder if I could get a special set of keys made?"

P. GUSTAVSON

THE WALES

A college style that has graduated to the young businessman class. In looks, quality, and hand-fashioning, it far outranks anything you've ever seen.

Get the Portis Wales at your men's store. Other Portis styles, $3.50 to $7

$3.50

THE "SWANSBACK" MOISTURE-PROOF FINISH IS AN EXCLUSIVE PORTIS FEATURE

HAND FASHIONED HATS by PORTIS

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

Actually KILLS FLEAS Instead of Merely Stupefying Them

PULVEX Flea Powder both kills all the fleas on your dog or cat and prevents reinfestation for days! Pulvex-ing only twice a month insures against fleas that not only torment your pet but may cause him to become infested with tape worms. Harmless to pets. It is non-irritating. Backed by 93 years' experience. Sold on money-back guarantee. At drug, department and pet stores. In the shaker top can, at 50c.

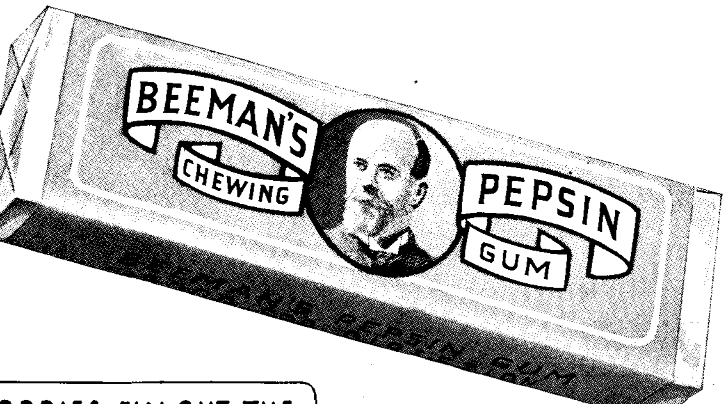
Kills Them Off.. Keeps Them Off

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

3 IN
3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES POLISHES

NEW LIFE FOR HINGES, LOCKS, GUNS, HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES, LIGHT MOTORS, TOYS, OFFICE EQUIPMENT, ETC.

LUBRICATES—CLEANS—PREVENTS RUST



WORRIES FLY OUT THE WINDOW WHEN YOU CHEW BEEMAN'S . . . IT QUIETS YOUR NERVES . . . AIDS DIGESTION

SUCH FLAVOR

TRY for AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 8 inches high, on paper 9 inches high by 4 inches wide. Draw only the girl, not the lettering or borders.

2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. No drawings will be returned.

4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.

5. All drawings must be received by September 28, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

Dept. 9436,, Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms

Only 10c a Day

Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY

All late models completely refinished like brand new. **FULLY GUARANTEED.** Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once.

Free course in typing included.

10-day Trial

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 925, Chicago

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Be more successful. **Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually.** We guide you step by step — furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-L, Chicago

SAY YOU SURE FOUND THAT ENGINE TROUBLE QUICK!
I REMEMBERED A TIP ON AUTOS WHICH I READ IN MODERN MECHANIX HOBBIES AND INVENTIONS!

THIS magazine is full of knowledge worth having! Absorbing to any man!—with vital stories on newest science and mechanical discoveries; outdoors stories; radio; television; aviation and home workshops! Leading writers contribute to MODERN MECHANIX HOBBIES AND INVENTIONS; illustrated with authentic photos. Get a copy; see why more than 250,000 men read it monthly for worthwhile news and entertainment. All newsstands.

NOW ON SALE MODERN MECHANIX HOBBIES AND INVENTIONS ONLY 15¢

ACHING FEET

QUICKLY RELIEVED AND RESTED

Whenever your feet ache, sting, swell, or are sore, chafed or feverish—use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm for immediate relief. Healing, penetrating; soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and aching joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; dispels foot odor and quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. Try it! 35¢—at all drug, shoe and dept. stores. For *free booklet* on Foot Care, write today to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 474 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

(Continued from page 59)

must find me attractive, must think of me the way men think of Anne, cultured and gentle and clever and good? I wonder if it's taken me thirty years to find the right road after all?"

There was no answer. The mysterious silence of a winter night brooded in the spacious old-fashioned chamber, and was accentuated and underlined by the faint chirp of some chair or bit of wainscoting contracting in the cold, the click of an icy branch outside the window. Shadows lay rich upon shadows in the high ceiling corners; snow embroidered the crossbars of the windowpanes. Susannah looked about it all, and smiled, and went to sleep smiling, as if she had found one answer at least to the perplexities of life.

THE snows were heavy and lasted long, but the old farmhouse had been built to weather snows, and there was always snugness and warmth under the high sweep of its whitened roof. Susannah and Evelina made a business of getting dressed in overshoes and heavy coats and caps every morning, and floundered in to the village a quarter of a mile away, and went on to the Duquesnes'. Or they stayed in their own yard, and Nan and Jerd and Anne and sometimes Terry joined them, and they dug and scrambled in the soft white inexhaustible stuff, their faces hot and red, their mittened fingers wet, their hair curling up damply against the enveloping caps and tied shoulder shawls.

Liza carried off armfuls of wet garments; Laverne smiled grimly as she announced meals; the entire Duquesne group might stay if it would; Laverne never failed with her quick biscuit, her chicken pies, her baked pumpkin and preserved blackberry roll.

The Duquesnes had gone to Boston for the holidays; Susannah welcomed them back a few days later, and they all had dinner together at her house on New Year's Eve. Snow was falling again in the silent night. At midnight Susannah, Terry and Anne went to the porch door, and opened it wide to chill sweet air, to look into the fluttered white and blackness of the night, and listen to the clamor from the old steeples.

"I feel as if I had learned more in this year than in all the years that went before it," Susannah said. "I don't mean that it's been a happy business. I'm not sorry to see the old year go."

She turned her head to look over her shoulder at Anne, supposedly standing close beside her. But Anne was not there; it was Terry whose face was close to her own. He was smiling naturally enough, but there was no mistaking the expression of self-consciousness and confusion on his face; for a moment he did not speak, and Susannah could not. Then they both laughed a little, and Susannah turned back to look out into the steadily falling soft light curtain of flakes that the hallway's light captured in a white shaft.

"Not such a bad year," Terry said presently, in an unsteady voice.

Susannah did not answer.

"There's something beautiful about America," she began instead, after a moment. "There's nothing in the world more beautiful than these little New England towns in a New Year's snow."

"It's the first New Year Anne and I have had in Pemberton in—oh, fifteen years perhaps," Terry said unguardedly.

Her head came about again suddenly, her surprised eyes challenged his.

"Oh, you didn't come back on my account? Oh, you did!"

"No, no, no, we didn't. Honestly."

"I just about half believe you," Susannah said, still suspicious. "We'll get pneumonia in this doorway, Terry, but I hate to shut it out. The pink lights on the snow and the bells."

"I think, if you once get used to it, gear yourself to it," Terry said, "there's nothing quite so filling as this sort of thing. We got home at about two o'clock today, and I went out and chopped wood for two hours straight. Jerd was out there with me, and a couple of the men; the barn smelled good; old Gracie came out and began to putter around for eggs; it began to snow again outside the big, open barn door. I don't know, I felt tremendously content, all of a sudden; I didn't want to change places with anyone, or be anywhere else, if you know what I mean."

"I do know what you mean. I think I'm—what was your word?—I think I'm geared to it, too, or getting geared to it. It's the essentials of living," Susannah expressed it, "reduced to their simplest and their—their nicest proportions. It's Jersey cream and thick soft blankets and maple trees and brooks—"

"You can look out into snow and talk of maple trees and brooks," Terry murmured, as she paused. But she knew from his tone that he hardly knew what he was saying. His face was close to her shoulder; he was not touching her, but it was as if his whole tall lean body was stooped and curved to enfold her.

"Sue," he added, "I want to ask you something. Does it get any easier?"

He had never hinted to her before that he knew that she had a personal problem. Susannah looked him gravely in the eyes.

"Not much. I—I—Evelina and I—you see we loved him," she answered, her voice suddenly faltering. And she went past him and back to the drowsy heat of the parlor. Anne was wrapping herself up to depart.

"Sue, let's each make a wish for the New Year."

"Well—" Susannah agreed, her tone still a little thick, but her eyes very bright. "But not out loud!" she added in alarm.

"Oh, goodness, no!"

"All right, here goes for all our wishes. We ought to join hands, I think."

With her warmly red-brown hair and flawless skin she was very lovely in the cream chiffon velvet that left her smooth shoulders bare. She extended vital, quick hands, and brother and sister joined their hands to hers, and there was a moment's silence, when their laughing eyes moved from face to face, and their lips were tightly closed as if to hold their secrets safe.

THE little ritual left them, somehow, feeling closer friends than before, and Anne quite simply and for the first time kissed Susannah, and Susannah turned from that kiss for a second to Terry's arms and the brief touch of his lips on her hair.

"My wish was that I'll never make a break like that again, Sue," he said, when Anne had preceded him through the outer doorway.

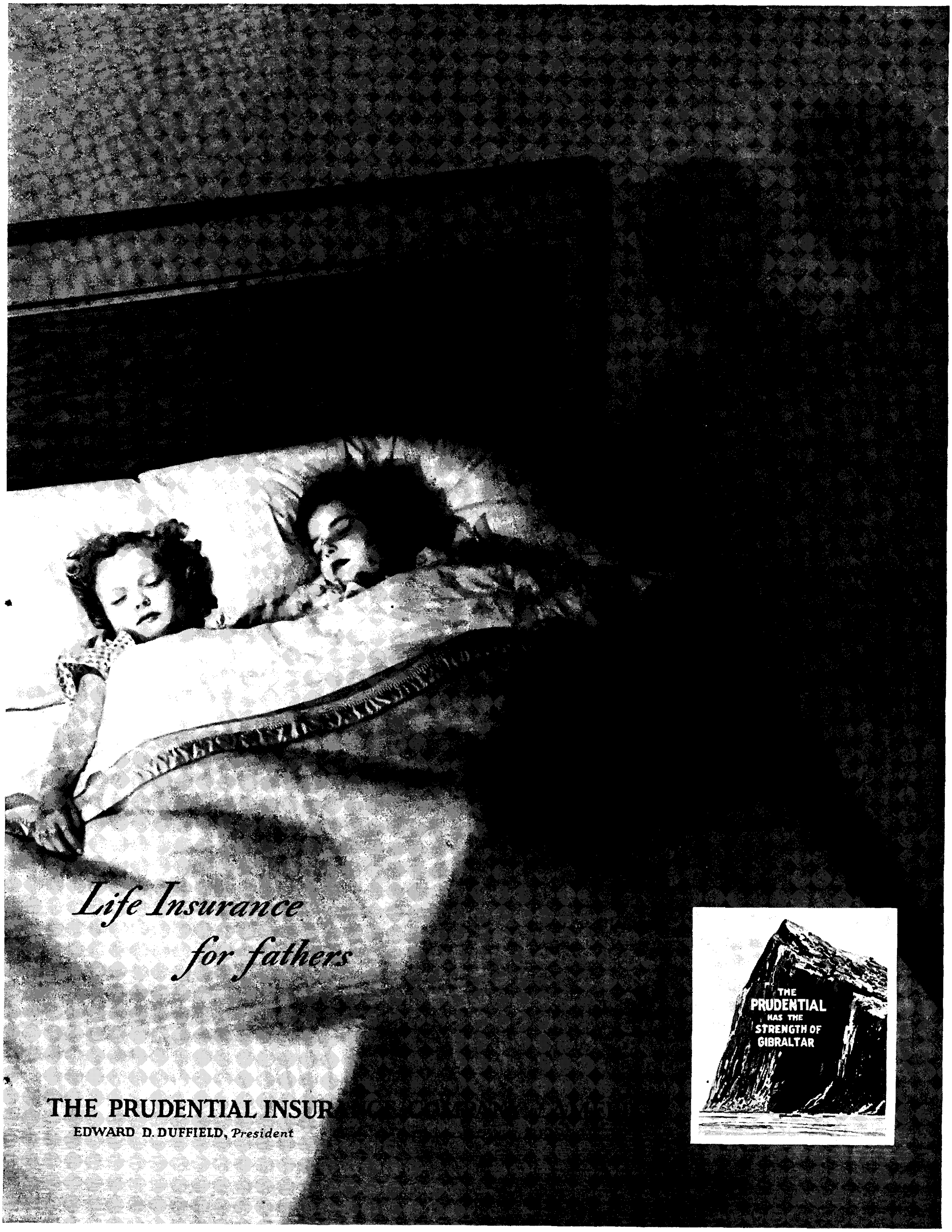
"That," she said smiling, "is a good wish."

"I'm sorry," he said. The door closed and they were gone. Susannah extinguished lamps, carried a candle upstairs. Her room was warm; shadows flickered in darkness; beyond the black mirrors of the windows snowflakes were slipping and crawling. Evelina lay asleep in the glorious abandonment of babyhood, dark gold curls moist on her forehead, small legs and arms sprawled starfish fashion under the snugly secured coverings. In the candlelight her upturned face wore the flush of a new-ripened peach; the small blossom of her mouth was half open. Susannah stood staring at her for a long time.

Then she lighted her reading lamp and set about the business of going to bed, a brief affair tonight, for it was late, and the bathroom was icy cold.

Before she got into bed she took the

(Continued on page 62)


THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

Life Insurance
for fathers

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*

Bostonians*
SHOES FOR men

THIS FALL
Reverse Calf goes to Town
IN BOSTONIANS

Reverse Calf is a man's leather through and through... Subtle in texture... Mannish colors blending perfectly with the Browns and Grays of Fall suits and topcoats. Smart shops are now showing Bostonians in the new season's distinctive styles and lasts... Bostonians $7 to $10. Bostonian Footsavers $10.

*BUILT WITH THE FLEXMORE PROCESS

(Continued from page 60)

lawyer's letter from her desk and when she was comfortable on her pillows read it again, and still again. Mr. Hazeltyne wished to express his appreciation of Mrs. Hazeltyne's generous action in the matter of consenting to the divorce, and to ask her if the following arrangements would be entirely satisfactory to her:

First, at present the entire custody of the daughter Evelina Hazeltyne. When the child had reached a suitable age, her father hoped that Mrs. Hazeltyne would not object to an occasional visit to him.

Second, at stated intervals, preferably quarterly—

Susannah let the paper fall, and lay staring into space. The pain at her heart was like a physical thing. Alec was "Mr. Hazeltyne" again; Alec was thanking her through a Reno lawyer for her generous action in freeing him, in separating their lives forever!

She tried to forget it all, to read. The lines of her book were meaningless. There was nothing for it now but sleep; she could always sleep, and in sleep there was peace. The book was placed on her bedside table, and Susannah put out her light, and turned on her face. Heavenly drowsiness at once enveloped her; she was comfortably tired, and it was almost one o'clock on New Year's morning. Tomorrow would be just one more happy day of warmth and light and many small affairs indoors, and fresh, sweet bracing snowiness without. She and Evelina were to lunch with Anne and Terry—

Terry. Her thoughts stopped with his name, and it was with a little comforted sense of his kindness and nearness and liking for her that she went to sleep.

THEY saw each other every day, he and she and Anne, and shared a hundred interests. Terry read to the two women what he had been writing; he organized long walks; they went to village meetings and sat in brightly lighted hot schoolrooms to discuss the new bridge or the school board with the butcher and the blacksmith and the school superintendent; they went to village concerts and plays.

Susannah found families to help, through the good offices of Mrs. Lonny Mitchell, who always began by wringing her heart with the stories of the suffering, and usually ended by condemning them bitterly as worthless impostors.

"Are you taking charge of those Gilberts?" Mrs. Mitchell would demand. "All right, my dear, it's a wonderful thing to have someone here who really will do something with our Charity Committee. But if that lanky, complaining man doesn't get something to do, and that dreadful, ailing woman doesn't forget her kidney trouble and clean that place up, I don't think they deserve anything!"

Mrs. Mitchell, the doctor's wife, was president of the woman's club. She had four fine sons, two of whom were doctors, and all of whom had babies and wives and homes and character. Susannah respected Mrs. Mitchell very much, and for nothing more than the old doctor's tender devotion to his wife, his admiration for her, his toddling back in his great coat and red muffler to the lunch table to kiss her goodby. She wondered sometimes what element existed in certain marriages that they could endure so beautifully.

"They're stupid," said Anne, when Susannah spoke of it. "That's the answer."

"Anne, you don't think so!"

"I do. I think people have to be rather simple to think each other wonderful, and hear the same jokes, and express the same opinions for fifty years. I've always noticed that the persons who had golden weddings looked rather dull," said Anne.

Susannah laughed.

"You don't think so, Terry?"

"I don't know," he said. "No, I don't think so. But I do think that a whole half-century of marriage would indicate two persons with—well, with wonderful dispositions. No particular fire, no restlessness, no temperaments. Temperamental people couldn't do it."

"It's a wonderful thing to see," Susannah said soberly. "It's sweet to see how Mrs. Mitchell's face lights up when the old doctor calls for her after directors' meeting."

Terry Duquesne had been working his way along the bookcases of the room, pulling books out here and there, glancing into them, carrying them to other parts of the shelves. Susannah and Anne had been playing cribbage; they had pushed the table aside upon deciding to ask Nelly Filmer if they might have tea. It was not a daily custom, but this day was bleak and windy, and the three had walked to Brown's Mill and back after lunch, and were hungry and warm and tired.

"What are you doing, Terry?" Susannah said. She came to the bookcase and studied the volumes in helpless bewilderment. "How do you ever know what you have and what you haven't?" she demanded. For although this big, low room was library as well as parlor, and lined with high plain shelves, there was not a room in the Duquesnes' house that did not have its rows and rows of books; there were books in the slope-roofed attic, and books in the cellar; the bedrooms boasted lines of them; the entrance hall was crowded by two big cases, and even in the dining-room there were books.

"Oh, this is easy," said Terry.

"Where do you *get* them all, Terry?"

"Oh, catalogs, and old bookstores; it's a kind of fad."

"You are a man of fads."

"Fads are good," Terry said mildly, his long thin hand, upon which a fine down of red showed against the light, still shifting and moving books.

"Fads are good. I think," Susannah said, "that I am going to become a countrywoman, with fads. I think—since you can't live seven ways at once, that I like country living."

Terry spoke lightly, levelly. Yet it was as if electricity were flashing between them.

"That's good."

"What seven ways at once? Come have some tea, Sue," Anne said, from the fireside.

"WELL," she said, still loitering with Terry at the bookcase, "there's the Shanghai life, races and dinners and freaks and celebrities coming along, and everyone entertaining for them. And talk about chits and mafoos and the Bund—that's one world. And then, of course, there's the New York world as I knew it when I was a poor relation visiting Aunt Nona, years ago. Making appointments for her at the beauty parlors and taking her to movies she wanted to see and arranging dinner parties. Admiring Lola's clothes and Anita's clothes and being tactful when Mother said the wrong thing—"

"Lots of women are doing that sort of thing in New York," Anne said, handing her a smoking cup. "Every rich woman has to have a few of them—nieces or secretaries or impecunious friends."

"There must be thousands of types of living in just one big city," Susannah presently went on, sitting back in her big chair, her cup in her hands. "Little successes and little failures, and love affairs everywhere—everyone thinking that his life is the typical one, the important one! Men and women jammed into three rooms—two rooms, noise, dirt, fights, poverty, ignorance—"

She stopped, smiling and shaking her head, and Anne said in the pause:

"Most of them would pity us this afternoon, Sue, shut up here in a village a foot under snow, and with one movie a week!"

"That's a consolation," Susannah conceded, sipping her tea, looking into the fire dreamily. "And then there's the top life in New York. I suppose the top life in all the world," she added. "I mean the opera-box life, the limousines and the reserved tables, the dressmakers designing one costume after another, the jewelers rearranging stones into new patterns, music everywhere, food everywhere, lights and service everywhere. And everybody being amusing, saying the smart thing, or quoting it, writing plays or being in plays or buying plays, setting the pace for the whole world's amusement, making one sport popular this year and another next year—never stopping—never anywhere long—just back from Miami and off for Hollywood, just back from Hollywood and taking a house in Antibes—"

"It makes me ache to think of it," Anne said, as she paused.

"Of course you realize this is with my clothes on!"

GRAHAM KAYE

"I DON'T know," Susannah mused, "I don't know that it's a very happy sort of life. It's exciting. And it's exciting to feel that so many outsiders would like to try it. But I can't think of anyone we knew, Alec and I, who was very happy."

The coal fire was a mass of glowing red glass now; in the low-ceiled book-lined room, with its leaded bay window thrust out into the snow-laden shrubs of the garden, the pleasant scent of tea and toast was beginning to spread. Terry sat silent in his deep, low leather chair, his long legs stretched before him, his tea cup balanced carefully in his thin, nervous big hands. The women talked idly, with pauses between their words.

"Not for me," Terry presently said, reverting to the previous topic. "I like an occasional look at New York or at London; now and then there's a symphony or a dancer or a picture show that one can't afford to miss. But the competition, the excitement, the mistakes of that sort of thing aren't paid up by what you get out of it."

"Terry, have you been brooding over that all this time?" Anne asked, amused.

"Trying to see Sue in it, I suppose. I've never tried it myself."

Susannah gave no sign of feeling. She continued to smile dreamily over her tea cup. But deep within her she felt a sudden thrill. This man's most casual word was beginning to have power to excite her. His nearness, as her neighbor, lent interest to her life.

It was not only that she had come to have the same effect on him. She knew that was the case. It was something heart-warming and heart-comforting to think about; that Terry, with his books and his essays and his garden and his strange knowledge of men and affairs found her dear, was troubled and happy and confused and content when she was by.

THEY went to Boston, he and she and Anne, in the wet wild close of March, and Susannah stayed with their cousins in an old house wedged in between great new apartment houses, and dined on old plates with thin, old silver knives and forks, and looked at old samples and chairs and finely darned, beautiful linen, and liked it all. Evelina and Liza liked it all, too. Evelina came down with her nurse to tea for a few minutes every afternoon, and leaned against her mother's shoulder, and ran with little shy rushes and stamps of small slippers on the old carpets, and glanced like living sunshine on the square, angled stairs and in the somber spring shadows of the park.

There were one or two shows worth seeing; there were galleries. Susannah remembering the long-ago days when she had come to Boston to see Ross St. Hubert's portrait of herself in one of them. They seemed to belong to another life. She reveled in books—new books and old—sending home package after package to Pemberton, and looking forward, even during the excitements of winter Boston, to the hour when she should be unpacking them in the home parlor, remembering their forgotten titles, anticipating the moment of opening this one and [illegible]

She bought kitchenware for Laverne: pots checked cheerfully in red and white, Spanish baking dishes, tablecloths from Perugia in thick cross-stitch. She found an old fruitwood sewing table with flaps and took Anne to see it.

"But you never sew, Sue."

"I know. But I'm in love with it."

"Then get it," Terry said firmly, when consulted. "That's what makes us all different—liking things."

"My parlor," lamented Susannah, "will be piled to the ceiling with loot, when I get home!"

But she loved the thought of it; her books coming home to her library, under the mellow slant of her own roof.

May broke over the world again, in a wash of green and warmth and sweetness; fruit blossoms fluttered down upon Evelina's flushed little face as she waded in grass and dandelions; there were laurel and dogwood in the frail green of the woods again; maples were crimson at their branches' tips. Susannah opened her windows wide, at night, to the sound of swelling soft winds, the rushing of released creek waters, out in the dark.

SHE pushed a wide straw hat from her forehead and wiped her wet face with her sleeve. Straightening an aching back, in the sunny flood of May morning light, she smiled at Terry.

"Where's Evelina?"

"Liza just bagged her and took her in for her nap."

"And Anne?"

"Some woman came to the fence to talk to her and she went up the lane."

They were alone in the trembling sweetness of the garden. Terry threw an armful of damp, fresh cuttings on a smoldering handful of fire. He came close to her, and she looked up at him, smiling and lovely, the rich, damp hair pushed back from her brow, her lashes wide apart, like a surprised child's lashes, the firm lift of her young breasts showing under her thin cotton shirt.

"Sue—" the man began, and stopped. He saw the color come up into her already flushed face; her eyes lowered a little, as if apprehensive. "Anne told me you're free," he stumbled on, his lean, freckled, intelligent face, under the untidy red hair, as self-conscious as her own.

"Yes," she answered in a whisper, not moving her steady look. "It's a divorce, now. And they're—they're married."

Terry, returning the look, was silent for a full minute, while the fragrance and stillness of the garden enveloped them like an enchantment. Presently he said suddenly, in a boy's embarrassed voice:

"We've come to know each other well, haven't we?"

"Yes—" she said in a whisper, pain in her eyes.

"Is there ever going to be a time when I can say it, Sue?"

"Not now," she murmured, under her breath, like a person speaking out of a dream.

"But sometime?"

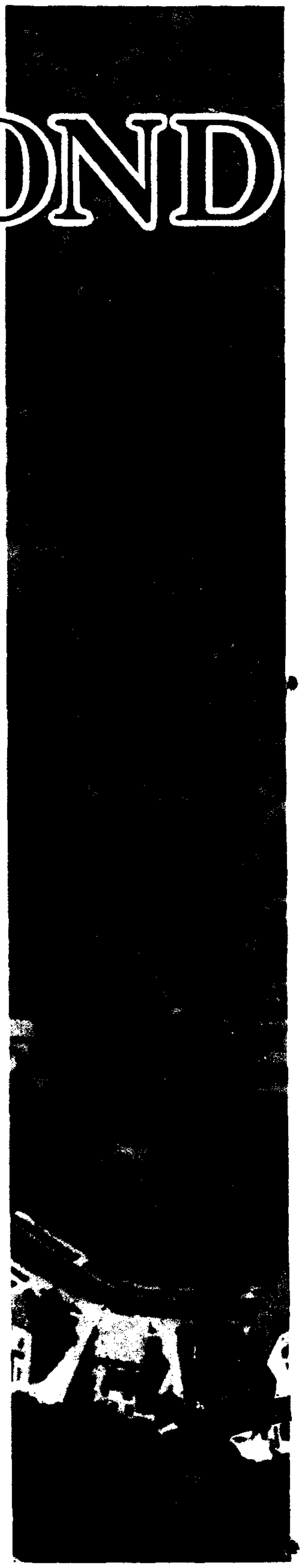
Suddenly he saw her lips press together, and an odd constriction change her face; her eyes darkened; her breath came quick and shallow on a sharp little sigh. He had never seen her cry before; as she turned from him and half walked, half ran toward the house he saw that she was crying.

(To be continued next week)

What a cinch Selling

if you could block

THE DIAMOND



Credit Bureaus in 31 cities show a simple way to take over this *buying-paying* group

THAT choice segment of people in every city who *buy* regularly and *pay* regularly—that group of preferred customers in every dealer's neighborhood — what wouldn't a manufacturer give if he could block it off with a few bold strokes of a pencil and concentrate his selling there!

Yet, to corral and to sell America's buying-paying bracket is almost as simple as that.

In The American Magazine Diamond Market audience, advertisers find concentrated those customers whose credit is tops, whose buying records have been checked and enthusiastically endorsed by retail Credit Bureaus in 31 cities.

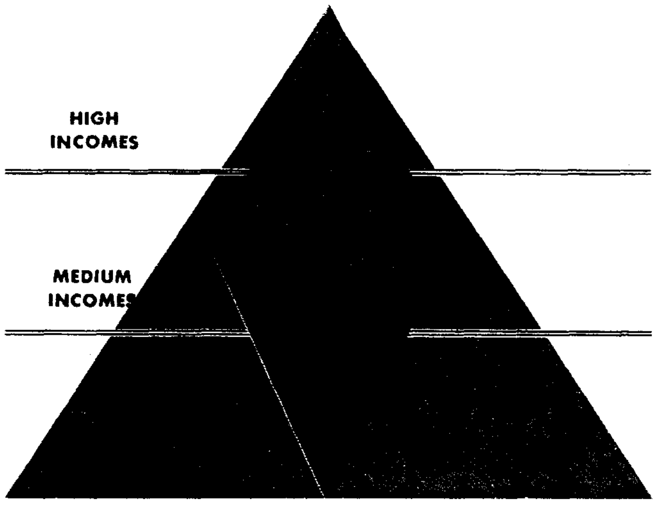
"The best buying and paying part of the consumers in Syracuse" . . . "Highly desirable customers for Omaha merchants" . . . "During my thirty years' experience in this business I have never handled a better list" . . . are some of the reports by Credit Bureau heads.

Reach this highly profitable audience of more than 2,100,000 buying-paying families. Block off the Diamond Market with The American Magazine.

THE DIAMOND MARKET

Profitable for advertisers, profitable for retailers

The American Magazine audience is like a diamond in shape and value. Extending from top to bottom of the national income triangle, it is widest in the middle where sales are greatest; tapers at the top where there are fewer people; tapers at the bottom where there is a decreasing market for most nationally advertised products. And it is a highly profitable market throughout—a concentrated market of those who buy on the impulse, pay on the line.



THE American

Largest 25c General Magazine in the World
Average Circulation More Than 2,100,000

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY...COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S

would be—

off

MARKET

Copyright, 1936, The American Magazine, New York, N. Y.

Magazine

HOME COMPANION, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, THE COUNTRY HOME

"They laughed when I sat down to draw..."

SCRATCH
SCRATCH
O. SOGLOW

says L. da Vinci Jones,
*"but I got rid of Scratchitus."**

"I'D been studying for years, but something held me back, not mere dumbness, as the Old Man claimed. Something was screwy with my technique, even my best friends told me.

"My drawings wouldn't jell. I suffered terribly from Scratchitus, and being so temperamental, gritty pencils upset me. So for days at a time I couldn't bear putting pencils to paper—one scratch got me in a tizzy.

"It was my lucky day when I read an advertisement about Venus Pencils—it sounded too good to be true. But I decided to free myself from Scratchitus by adopting Venus Pencils.

"Well, the laugh was on the class and the instructors. Venus Pencils made me what I am now—after graduation I got into the comics, and my strips appear in 632 newspapers and I got married.

"I certainly owe everything to Venus Pencils. I think we'll call our twins, if any, Venus and Adonis."

*Everybody, not artists alone, who uses pencils is a victim of Scratchitus, unless they use smooth writing, grit-free Venus Pencils, in 17 degrees of softness and hardness.

for the best in colored pencils ask for VENUS COLORING—thin, strong, smooth.

AMERICAN PENCIL CO NEW YORK — VENUS — DRAWING

VENUS PENCILS 10¢
17 SHADES OF BLACK

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

What the movies are doing to the Orient and what the Orient is doing to the movies—the chattering celluloids being a bit of a headache to everyone concerned

High life, Nipponese style. A scene from a motion picture made by a Japanese company with native actors, direction and equipment

"CUT!" said Mr. Chen briefly, and pressed a button on the chair behind him. The whirr of the camera motor ceased and Mr. Wang Sian Char, who was being excruciatingly funny an instant before, sighed with resignation. Mr. Chen, who looked and talked like Mervyn Leroy of Hollywood, exploded from his chair and read Mr. Wang's lines to him, with some emotion. Mr. Wang smiled and nodded and Mr. Chen returned to his chair.

"Yu bei!" snapped Mr. Chen. Then: "Mo-tor!"

The camera whirred again and Mr. Wang and his fellow players went through the scene all over again. When it was over—"Okay!" said Mr. Chen nonchalantly, and turned to us.

"It is a sort of farce we are making," he explained. "It is called 'Shanghai Old and New' and it is a story of people in all walks of life, contrasting the difference between ancient times and today. Really, it is very sad in parts . . ."

The scene had been adjusted for a long shot and Mr. Chen, his script book in hand, went through the action of each character. He was a good actor himself. When everything was ready, bells rang and lights flashed in the approved Hollywood manner; everybody yelled the equivalent of "Quiet, please!" and Mr. Chen said, "Yu bei!"—which means "Ready!" and then, "Mo-tor"—which explains itself.

Thus, with a curious mingling of American and Chinese language, technique, costumes, scenery and make-up, China grinds out her movie dramas—and tragedies. Most of the films produced today are tragedies and a happy ending is almost unknown. Life is a tragedy—let the films portray life as it is. The American tradition, that everything always ends with two hearts beating as one and nothing ahead but contentment, seems a bit stupid to the Chinese. They know better.

China produces and distributes her films under conditions that would appall any American producer. When it is realized that she must buy all her equipment at American prices, and sell her product at a level of buying power averaging around thirty cents a day, you wonder how the producing companies get by at all. At some theaters in the interior of the country the admission price is twelve coppers—a trifle over one American cent. To take in one dollar, the theater owner has to admit about ninety fans. So what he can pay as film rental is microscopic; in turn, the producer has to make every inch of film count, get his players as cheaply as possible, and waste not a penny on sets or location trips.

"Because of the cost, we have to stick to simple stories. Producing a musical show such as you do in America would be impossible," Chang Shih Chuen, ace director and producer of China, told us. A tall, rosy-faced chap in a long blue Mandarin gown, he served tea in tall glasses in a room of an old mansion in Chinese territory outside the Shanghai international settlement. Outside, workmen hammered up a set and put the finishing touches on a new sound stage, the most modern in the Orient.

"We have to be fairly subtle, too," said Mr. Chang. "Your movies may be seventy per cent entertainment and thirty per cent education—and"—with a smile—"some of them I have seen seemed to be about ninety-nine per cent entertainment. But our government insists that the film is an educational medium, and each picture we produce must do something to help and elevate our people. At the same time, we have to entertain them, and it is not always easy."

Chinese producers are very thrifty with film, and 9,000-foot features have been made with 20,000 feet of it. About 50,000 feet is the average, however. From twenty-five to sixty days are consumed in shooting.

Some of China's film players are recruited from the stage; some were dance hall or sing-song girls. Many of them, speaking local dialects, had to learn the standard Mandarin language which the government is trying to make nationwide. The Chinese are naturally actors and the color of their skin approximates the tone Hollywood has to achieve by make-up.

Stars are typed even more rigidly than in America, and thus it has fallen to the lot of Yien Yueh-shien, a demure maiden of twenty-four, to be the bad, bad vampire of the Asian continent. She has been vamping her way through drama, tragedy and comedy for eight years and is considered "very hot" by the fans. Because being excessively emotional is considered a bit sinful by the government, Miss Yien always comes to a bad end in her pictures and is used by mothers as a horrible example of what their children may expect if they do not behave . . . Her given name, incidentally, means "Quiet Moon."

Miss Yien Yueh-shien, Chinese motion picture actress, an Oriental version of our own Mae West

To most Chinese fans, Quiet Moon is known as the Mae West of China. To some of the more enthusiastic, Miss West is known as the Yien Yueh-shien of America. It's just a matter of viewpoint and national pride. Miss Yien told us, however, that her favorite American star is Joan Crawford.

"I would like to go to America and play opposite Clark Gable," she said, watching her calories through a dinner party. "But for that I must learn to speak American and that is hard. Okay?"

There are only three hundred movie theaters in all China, and that includes Manchukuo, British Hong Kong and Portuguese Macao. Only 265,000 of China's 450,000,000 people could crowd into them. It is as if, in the United States and Canada, there were only one hundred movie shows running and altogether they would hold less than ninety thousand people.

Four out of every five pictures shown in China are American, despite censorship, high taxation and a determined effort on the part of European producers to get a bigger share of the market. American distributors are always battling with provincial governments and occasionally refuse to distribute pictures to the Chinese owners of movie theatres because of excessive taxes or censorship more stupid than usual. When this happens, Chinese theater owners go to bat with the tax collector or the censor in order to get films to satisfy the demands of their patrons.

The Nanking government, to which life is very real and very earnest, thinks all movies ought to be educational and uplifting. Every American film has to go to the capital and be shown to a censorship board; no Chinese film may be exported until it has been censored and approved, in order that the world may not get the wrong idea of life in China. China admits that Americans may not care how their home life and evening orgies are misrepresented to the world by American films, but she doesn't want the world to get a false impression of life in Cathay.

Any foreign concern that makes a picture in China is carefully watched by the police to see that it films nothing "derogatory to the prestige of the Chinese nation; contrary to good custom or morals; or relating to superstitions." The government is trying to stamp out superstition and doesn't want the Occident to get the idea it still exists.

From the point of view of the white resident in the Orient, China, Japan and the Philippines can make all the movies they like, and the sooner the better. If no American films ever were shown, that would be plenty.

Out east, the foreigner has his likes and dislikes, but his extra supercolossal pet peeve is not his home government, or the exchange rate or anything like that. Far above his pained disapproval of these things is his acute distaste for the judgment, ability and lack of understanding of a small, pious gentleman from Indiana, U. S. A.—Mr. Will Hays, no less.

To understand why the name of the

(Continued on page 68)

Drinks never taste thin *with* Gordon's Gin

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
94.4

. . . Because Gordon's has that Important Liqueur Quality★ and Higher Proof—94.4

★LIQUEUR QUALITY

Gordon's Gin is not, of course, a liqueur – it is not sweet – it is very dry. Gordon's attains richer flavor, velvety smoothness – that famous *liqueur* quality – through an exclusive formula – 167 years old.

HIGHER PROOF—94.4

This means greater strength, sustained flavor. Gordon's pays a higher tax for this greater strength, but it means rickeys, cocktails, Tom Collins and other gin drinks that *never taste thin!*

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

GOOD NEWS!
GORDON'S GIN IS NOW MUCH
LOWER IN PRICE!

Copyright 1936, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

unsuspecting—and innocent—Mr. Hays is seldom spoken from Manchouli to Singapore without more or less profane trimmings, it is necessary to understand the position of the fewer than twenty thousand white men, strung along the fringes of Asia, clinging precariously to little rocks and mudflats and islands, against which surge the tides of nearly a billion yellow people who don't care much for whites in the first place.

Outnumbered fifty thousand to one, these men, and their families in many cases, depend for a living and often for their lives upon what is variously called prestige, or face, or white dominance or race superiority. Not so many years ago, this was easy to maintain, because the white man had all the better guns and machines and ships. He dramatized himself to the Oriental as a hell of a fellow, born to rule, divinely appointed to be Number One. Let one hair of his head be disarranged and a warship appeared to spread death and disaster.

Most out-east Americans sometimes frothed a bit when the movies started to come over from Hollywood. Because the movies, with their insistence that American home life was often a trifle less than heavenly, and that riot, battle, murder and sudden death were the humdrum round of existence in the United States, made all the carefully built-up legend of the white man's superintelligence, warlike prowess and astral-planed life sound like a politician's promise.

At the same time, national-minded Chinese, Filipino and Japanese statesmen saw, in our films, a grand weapon for breaking down the white man's "face." If the Americans wanted to wreck white prestige—well, why stop them? So any film that portrayed Americans, or any white men, as criminals or poverty-stricken wretches or serfs under ruthless capitalists got the nod from every censorship board in the Orient—except those in international or British settlements.

Protect the Oriental Maids

On the other hand, Oriental censors, with the Oriental outlook on women, are very careful that ideas of equality between the sexes shall not be screened in too enticing a fashion. They don't like kissing, either, and either ban it entirely or cut it to a flash. And when Miss Lily Pons, in a recent opus, displayed a portion of her body that is commonplace in America, the Tokyo censors spent hours fogging up the film in the crucial place, lest dangerous thoughts be generated in the minds of Japanese fans and Japanese girls, inveterate mimics of every Hollywood star, start appearing with nothing on between the waist and the southernmost rib.

While Japanese statistics are notoriously unreliable, there seems basis for the Nipponese claims that they turn out more pictures in Japan than America does in Hollywood. They do it by the usual Oriental process of buying samples of American equipment and hiring some smart American brains, to start with. After that, it's a simple scheme of copying the equipment and imitating American technique. A few Americans still work in Japanese studios in intricate technical jobs, but they grow fewer each year.

Japan's Hollywood is at Ohfuna, about an hour's run southwest of Tokyo, near what looks very much like a Long Island suburban town. Here the Showtik Kinema operates four sound stages, all excessively modern, and keeps 145 men and 122 girl players before the lenses. It has machine shops in which most of its equipment, except camera lenses, is built, and a model village for its players to live in.

Osamu Rokusha, Showtik's general manager, says that Nippon's film industry suffers from a lack of mass buying power, that there are few neighborhood shows in the cities, and that his people aren't movie-minded. Nevertheless, Showtik grinds out nearly one hundred full-length films a year, in addition to shorts, cartoons and newsreels. And it is but one of a dozen producing companies.

"We are trying to build up better acting through our own school," Rokusha told us. "After every school graduation we have about a thousand applications for entrance. From these, we cull about fifty of the best boys and girls, pay them about seven dollars a month and train them in dramatics, sports, singing, dancing, elocution and the history of motion pictures. From the graduates we pick our stars, and our three top players are now receiving about nine hundred dollars a month each, which is a record salary for the industry in Japan."

Japanese film players seem to have little temperament. We dropped in at the PCL studios, on the outskirts of Tokyo, to see Miss Masako Tsutsumi, a reigning star, complete a film called The Virgin in the Garden.

Turn on the Tears!

Miss Tsutsumi, in a becoming mourning costume, was weeping before a shrine, accompanied by a dozen mourners. She wept violently. In between takes, however, she skylarked around, kidded with the solemn student visitors who were taking pictures of the scene with small high-speed cameras, and had a good time generally. When the director snapped: "Oshizuka ni!" which is Japanese for "Quiet, please!" she turned on the tears again instantly.

Leading man at PCL is Heihachiro Okawa, a stunt flyer and friend of Hollywood's Dick Grace, and the company includes Shigeo Yagura, one of the empire's ace directors. He supervises three full-length features a month, shoots them in twenty-six days and says that he gets a foot of usable film for every two feet of negative he shoots.

The oldest film outfit in Japan is Nikkatsu, which has been operating since 1912. It now turns out four pictures a month in Tokyo and four more at Kyoto, at an average cost of ten thousand dollars. Nikkatsu owns thirty theaters and distributes through six hundred others. Its top star, Mr. Denjiro Okochi, gets less than one thousand dollars a month; its favorite is Miss Setsuko Hara, who started as an extra at eighteen and now, at twenty-one, is a fan-rave; and it includes Miss Takako Iriye, who writes, produces and acts in her own plays.

It seems only a question of time until American films will have to fight for a place on the Japanese screen, and in China their battle will be still harder, due to official insistence on the educational angle in all celluloid and the fact that the comparative sophistication of foreign films makes them incomprehensible to most Chinese of the lower classes. There are more than 200,000,000 Chinese who cannot read or write and who have never heard of America.

But, as things are, it is poor Mr. Hays who gets cussed out, all over the Orient, because he allows prestige-destroying films to be exported. Of course, Mr. Hays can't stop the exporting of films, but the fifty thousand white men out east think he can—and shout continuously that he should.

Meanwhile, every American film portraying white people as ordinary human beings, usually in none too flattering a manner, is welcomed by every native official and politician out east. For them, with their dream of ousting the white race and developing the Orient for themselves, it's propaganda they couldn't buy at any price.

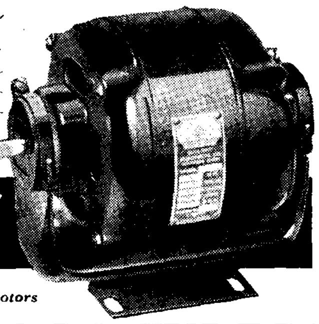
★IT'S TIME SHE BOUGHT A NEW MODEL WASHING MACHINE, TOO!

If a new hat makes you *look* like a new woman—a new washing machine will make you *feel* like one! For today's washing machines are so much easier, safer and more convenient to operate. They save you so much time, work and worry. They are as greatly improved over your old machine as it was over the old scrubbing board way of washing. Buy a new washing machine now—and when you do, choose one that has a Sunlight motor. Sunlight motors, preferred by washing machine and ironer manufacturers because of their silent and reliable operation, are your guide to the *best* washing machine values.

SUNLIGHT ELECTRIC MOTORS

SUNLIGHT ELECTRICAL COMPANY
WARREN, OHIO

Product of General Motors



MAKE THINGS at Home

It's real fun to make things at home—and it's easy, too, if you'll follow the crystal clear plans in Popular Mechanics. Articles show how to build furniture, boats, toys, novelties, models, etc. And every month this big 200-page magazine is crammed full of fascinating pictures and accounts of daring adventures, astounding inventions and new discoveries in aviation, engineering, electricity, chemistry, physics, radio. Written so you can understand it. Don't miss this month's issue—a thrilling record of the world's newest wonders—25c at all newsstands.

POPULAR MECHANICS

How to Cash-In with *Your* CAMERA

Magazines, newspapers, advertisers BUY millions of photos a year from people *who know how* to take the kind of pictures wanted! Let us teach you how to take real human interest pictures that SELL! Our personalized home-study course—the most complete training in Journalistic Photography ever offered—prepares you to make good money in this fascinating field—quickly, *at low cost, in spare time*. Write now for FREE Book.

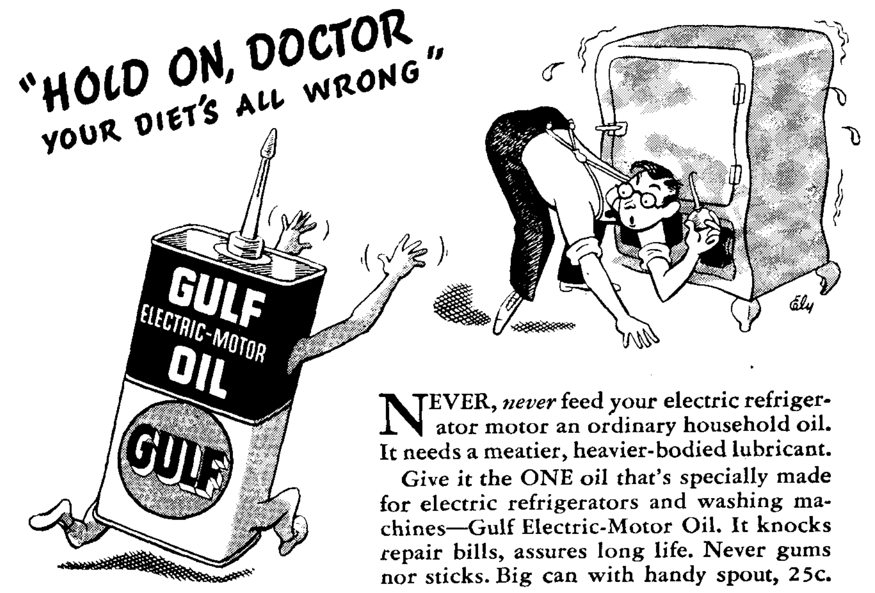
LEARN AT HOME

UNIVERSAL PHOTOGRAPHERS
Dept. 629, 10 W. 33 St., N. Y. C.

Don't RUB YOUR EYES

Invisible gritty dust particles make eyes reddened and sensitive. Don't rub dust in! Remove it safely with Murine. Cooling. Cleansing. Soothing.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES


"HOLD ON, DOCTOR YOUR DIET'S ALL WRONG"
GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL
GULF
Ely

NEVER, *never* feed your electric refrigerator motor an ordinary household oil. It needs a meatier, heavier-bodied lubricant.

Give it the ONE oil that's specially made for electric refrigerators and washing machines—Gulf Electric-Motor Oil. It knocks repair bills, assures long life. Never gums nor sticks. Big can with handy spout, 25c.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL
The one oil made specially for electric refrigerators
Gulf Petroleum Specialties, 541 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Local Boy Makes Good

Continued from page 16

interested. No longer eligible for Legion play, for he was turning seventeen, he was graduating from high school and his eye was on near-by Wake Forest College. Professional baseball didn't interest him.

But, after a year at Wake Forest, he suddenly changed his mind. It wasn't that college didn't interest him, nor that he wasn't successful there, but a friend of Bill Terry's, living in Gastonia, wrote the Giant manager about Lewis in such enticing terms that Bill invited the youngster to come to New York as the guest of the Giants and travel with the team through the month of July.

Buddy accepted the invitation and was a sort of star boarder with the New Yorkers through those middle four weeks of the 1934 season. He worked out mornings with the ball club and sat on the bench afternoons while it played.

The Road Up

At the end of the month, Terry sent him home with a speech that sounds at this distance just a little like what is known as "the brush off," meaning one of those that go, "We haven't anything for you now, but if you care to leave your name . . ."

Buddy went back to Gastonia all right, but the baseball fever had him. He was at home for the first fortnight of August, when Chattanooga asked him to come down for a tryout. Old Joe Engle, managing the Chattanooga team, a Washington "farm," watched the kid for two days and then produced a contract.

Engle liked him so well that he proceeded to make room for the kid, and the next season he played the full hitch at third base, fielding the corner neatly and hitting .303. Engle's reports to the home office were so glowing that the young man was brought up to the home lot through the last two weeks of the '35 season to get used to the smell of the Potomac atmosphere.

Washington, as it chanced, was having considerable third-base trouble. Oswald Bluege, for years the class of all third sackers, was growing old in the wars. Cecil Travis, a good ballplayer, but not a third baseman, was trying to spell him with good and bad success. A Cuban, Roberto Estallella, had been imported to help the situation, but he hadn't quite proved to be the answer to Washington's prayer.

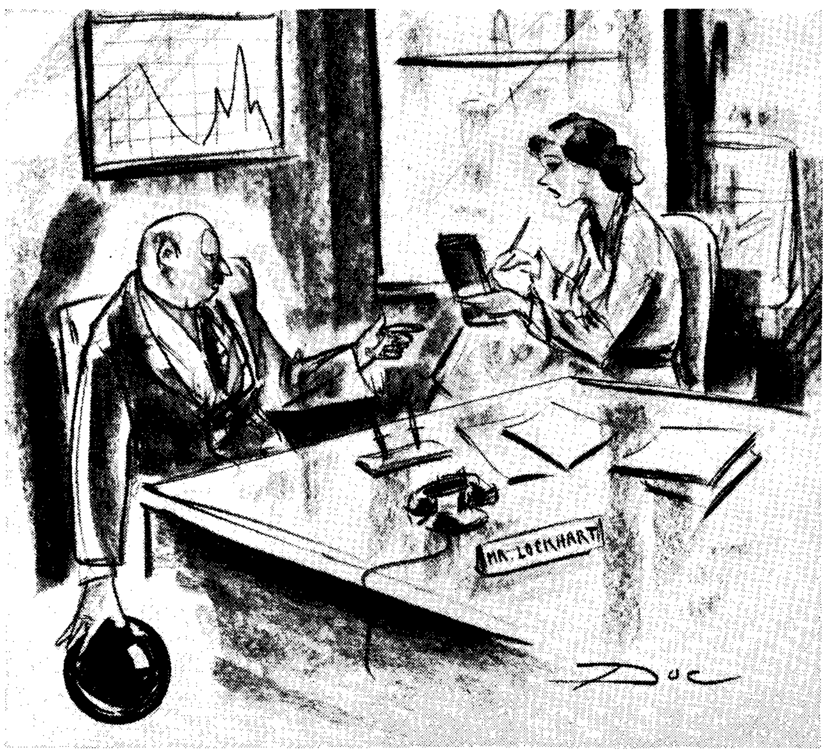
In spring training, Travis rated as regular third baseman, but Bucky Harris installed the kid at the station to see what he could do. The more Harris saw, the more he liked the fledgling. Finally, in a sense of experiment, he switched Travis to the outfield, left Lewis on third and stationed the veteran, Bluege, and the Cuban on the bench. With the baby-faced kid hitting .340 through the training season and providing the spark the team seemed to need, Bucky never got around to making any other change.

The kid saw to that. He played that sort of baseball.

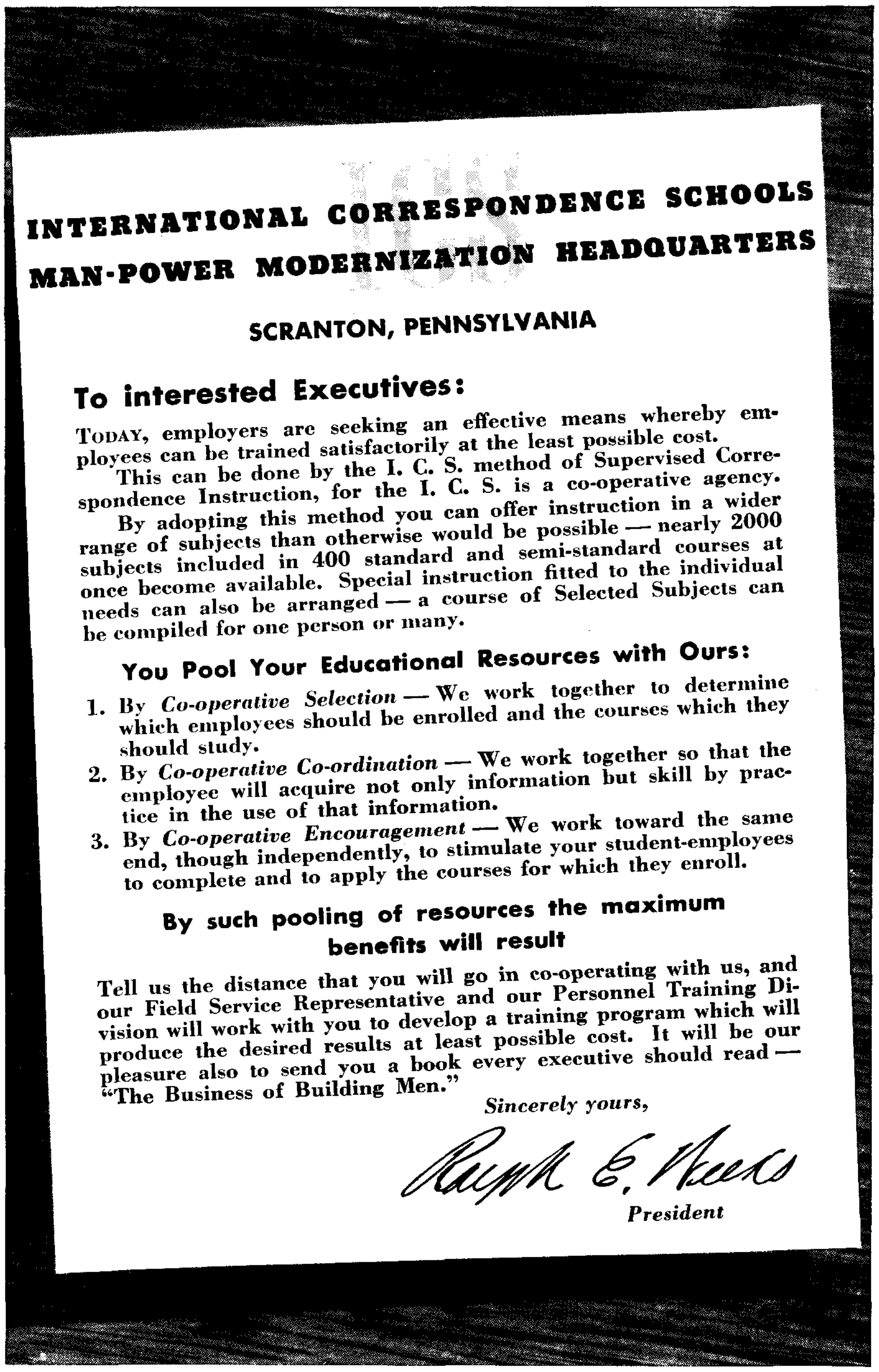
He's unmarried, unspoiled, unimpressed by his success. He looks past baseball to a cotton brokerage job. In fact, he already has the job and it's in Gastonia. He says it's the ideal combination, for the cotton business is active just when the baseball business isn't, and it takes him back to his home town when his baseball work is over.

So far as the Legion is concerned, its national junior baseball program has become a smashing success and is securely established nationally, despite the fact that the major leagues now contribute but $20,000 annually. More teams, bigger crowds and finals played in the presence of Judge Landis, the league presidents, the varsity sports writers, Babe Ruth—the entire affair handled by big-league umpires in big-league style—have made it a great annual sporting feature, annually engaging the earnest attention of a half million young athletes, their friends, families and admiring home towns.

But Big Dan was right that day when he talked with Judge Landis. He promised the judge ballplayers and has delivered them. In young Lewis, he seems to have delivered a star. At current quotations, he just may be a potential immortal.



"And due to an unforeseen reaction from last night's bowling match, I am unable to sign any papers. . . ." GERALD GREEN


INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
MAN-POWER MODERNIZATION HEADQUARTERS
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

To interested Executives:

TODAY, employers are seeking an effective means whereby employees can be trained satisfactorily at the least possible cost.

This can be done by the I. C. S. method of Supervised Correspondence Instruction, for the I. C. S. is a co-operative agency.

By adopting this method you can offer instruction in a wider range of subjects than otherwise would be possible — nearly 2000 subjects included in 400 standard and semi-standard courses at once become available. Special instruction fitted to the individual needs can also be arranged — a course of Selected Subjects can be compiled for one person or many.

You Pool Your Educational Resources with Ours:

1. By *Co-operative Selection* — We work together to determine which employees should be enrolled and the courses which they should study.
2. By *Co-operative Co-ordination* — We work together so that the employee will acquire not only information but skill by practice in the use of that information.
3. By *Co-operative Encouragement* — We work toward the same end, though independently, to stimulate your student-employees to complete and to apply the courses for which they enroll.

By such pooling of resources the maximum benefits will result

Tell us the distance that you will go in co-operating with us, and our Field Service Representative and our Personnel Training Division will work with you to develop a training program which will produce the desired results at least possible cost. It will be our pleasure also to send you a book every executive should read — "The Business of Building Men."

Sincerely yours,

Ralph E. Weeks

President

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 4130-B, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X: ★

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Architect
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Building Estimating
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Structural Draftsman
☐ Electrical Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work ☐ Radio
☐ Refrigeration
☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Sheet Metal Worker
☐ Machinist ☐ Toolmaker
☐ Patternmaker ☐ Boilermaker
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Bridge and Building Foreman
☐ Highway Engineer
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Automobile Mechanic
☐ Plumbing ☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Heating ☐ Ventilation
☐ Air Conditioning
☐ Steam Engineer
☐ Steam Electric Engineer
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ How to Invent and Patent
☐ R. R. Locomotives
☐ R. R. Section Foreman
☐ Air Brakes ☐ Signalmen
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Coal Mining
☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Woolen Manufacturing
☐ Poultry Farming
☐ Agriculture
☐ Navigation

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Office Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Accountancy
☐ Cost Accountant
☐ C. P. Accountant
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Secretarial Work ☐ Spanish
☐ Salesmanship ☐ French
☐ Service Station Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ First Year College
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Civil Service ☐ Mail Carrier
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ College Preparatory
☐ Illustrating
☐ Cartooning
☐ Lettering Show Cards
☐ Signs

Name............................*Age*..........*Address*............................

City............................*State*..................*Present Position*..................

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

The Monark
SILVER KING

Over 300 Big Prizes for Boys!

Mail the Coupon and Start Earning this Deluxe Bike

OH, BOY! A deluxe streamlined *aluminum* bicycle! Has bow-arch frame, completely equipped, 20% lighter than most bikes. You can easily earn it and any of 300 other big prizes. Make money, too! Just obtain customers in your neighborhood and deliver Collier's, The American Magazine, and Woman's Home Companion to them. To start, mail the coupon to Jim Thayer, Dept. C-134, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Thayer: Please start me earning MONEY and PRIZES.

Name..............................

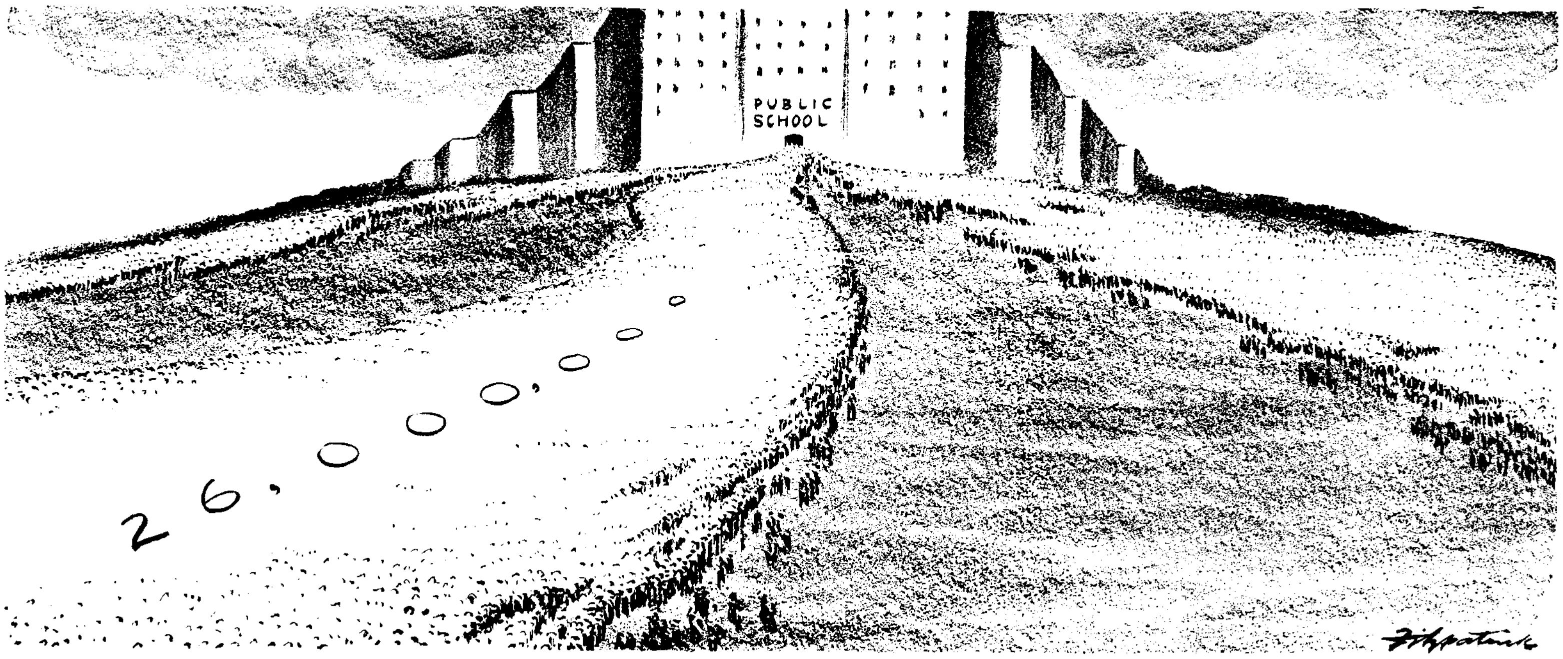
Address..............................

City..............................

State..................Your Age..........

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Give a Hand to the Future

WITHIN the next few days and weeks about thirty million children and young people will return to schools and colleges. By all odds, education is the largest enterprise in this land. Nothing, not even our health activities, is comparable with it.

By and large, immense progress has been made in our schools. Talk to any teacher and we quickly learn the deficiencies of a particular institution. Take a longer view and it is impossible not to be impressed with the immense accomplishments of the educational system.

The public schools express the best we have been able to accomplish as a people. More than twenty-six million children will be enrolled in the public schools within a few days. At least 82 per cent of the total population between the ages of five and seventeen will be registered.

The education offered varies widely in quality in the different states and in separate localities of the same state. Some of the public schools are among the best institutions of learning anywhere established. Some are very meager. One great change is obvious everywhere. Children today enjoy going to school. Education has become a pleasant undertaking for the vast majority. This was not true a generation back. To too many the old-fashioned school was enforced drudgery.

The ideas of the best teachers have permeated our entire school system. John Dewey, retired professor of Columbia University, has exercised an influence on the schools of the United States greater than that of any statesman. No one since Horace Mann or Thomas Jefferson has been so potent.

John Dewey gave ideals to teachers. He expressed vividly one great democratic idea. He urged that the best education which the most intelligent and resourceful parent could provide for his own children be made available for all children. John Dewey had no authority to compel the acceptance of his ideas. He was able to say persuasively what he thought. Thousands of men and women were inspired by his ideas, and education benefited.

More than two billion dollars will be expended during the next year to support the public schools. Yet in many places teachers' salaries are very low. The public is a niggardly employer for non-political jobs.

The average schoolteacher's annual salary was $1,417 at the last accounting. The variation is very wide. In Arkansas, for example, the average schoolteacher got only $593, or less than $50 a month. New York was highest with an average of $2,494, and the District of Columbia was next. Many teachers in New York, however, are paid stingily.

Most of the better schools are outside of politics. In the great cities political machines have sought to enrich their favorites through contracts for school buildings and school supplies. On the whole, however, instruction has been free from political interference.

Occasional attempts have been made to inject propaganda of one sort and another. These attempts have been so alien to the spirit of education that they have failed. Not even the early effort of spreading propaganda against alcohol was markedly successful. Other lesser attempts fell of their own weight.

We had to have a great system of public schools if we hoped to survive as a nation. Our kind of government could not endure among an illiterate people. The burden placed upon the schools, accordingly, was tremendous. Millions of immigrants from every nation have, through their children, been taught the pattern of American life.

Without the public schools we might be speaking forty languages instead of one. The ideas and traditions of scores of races and governments would have been in conflict with traditional America.

We asked our schools to teach one language and one concept of civilization. Because they did their work well we are all Americans. This is a great achievement.

In most American communities the public school is the finest building. In many places it is the center of the community life. Everywhere it is the focus of the interest of the majority of the people.

Through public education, citizens are not only equipped to deal with the public problems of a self-governing republic. Also, individuals are qualified to make use of the opportunities which are historically American. The schools open the doors to personal achievement.

In this country we still believe that all boys and girls are entitled to go as far as ability and character will take them. The public schools have supplied the instruction and the training which uncovered talents and capacities.

American parents expect their children to do better than they themselves have been able to do. We broke with the European idea that a child must tread in his parents' footsteps. Public schools made it possible for us to realize this aspiration.

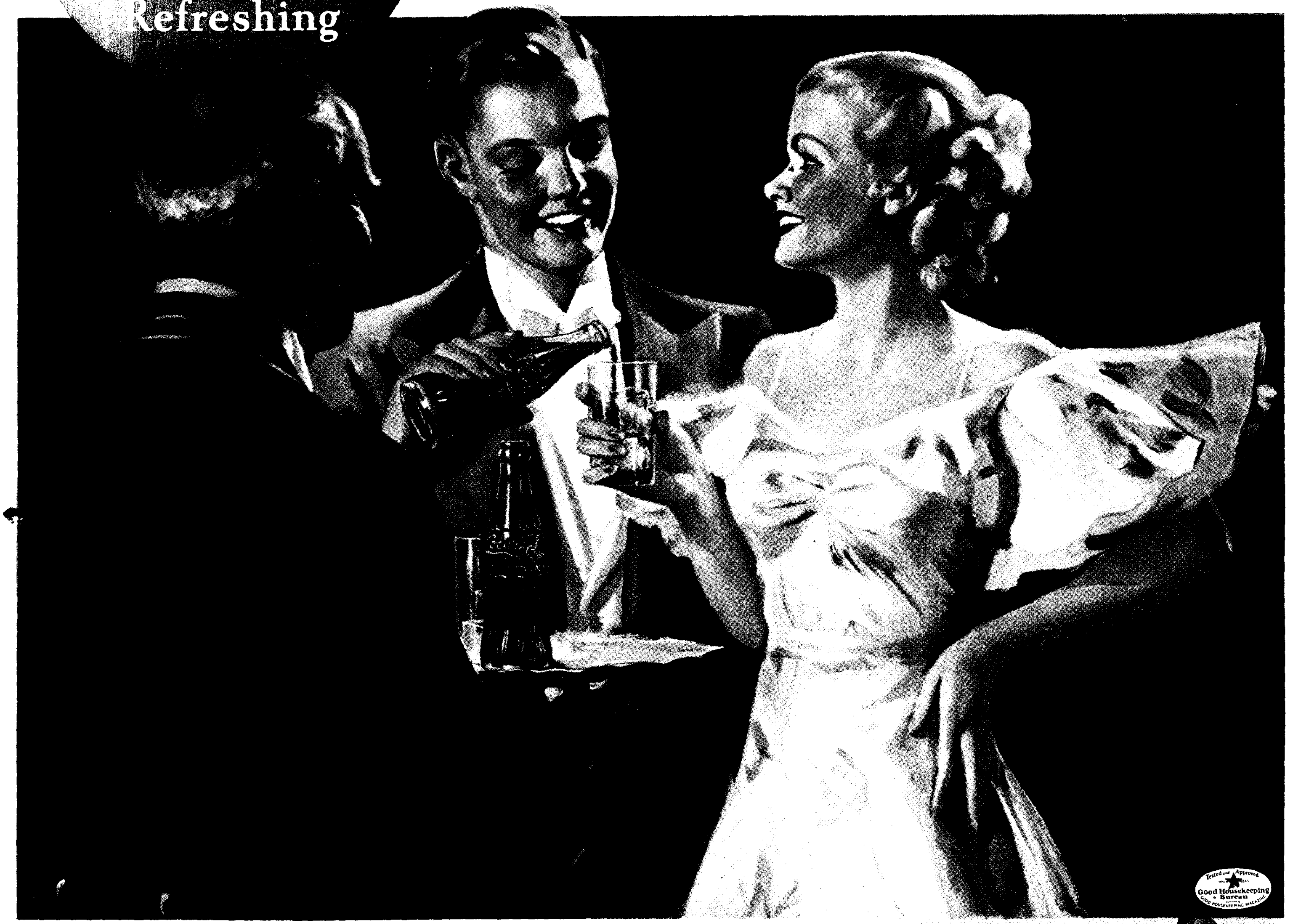
As you see the multitudes of children trooping back to the schools for another session's struggles, give thanks that as a people we have been able to create and to retain, despite adversity, this excellent public institution. Nothing can long be very wrong with a people who care so much for free education.

The trained mind and the disciplined character are the highest products of any civilization. To enable all children of all Americans to develop to the fullest their native qualities, we established and maintain this great system. Aid it as you can. Contribute to the formation of that public opinion which in each community will sustain the best schools the taxpayers can afford. If we do this we can rest easy for the future.

Boys and girls well instructed in good schools will take care of themselves and their country, come what may.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

"It's the refreshing thing to do"


Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Youth's delight in "swing music" brings a faster step. *The pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola is a step in the right direction for a fresh start.

• • •

p. s. It's the refreshing thing to do . . . because Coca-Cola is what refreshment ought to be, . . . pure, wholesome, delicious, ice-cold.

A NATURAL PARTNER
OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT

It says FAIR and MILDER
It's MILDER but a ding sight better than fair –
They Satisfy
TRAIN
Chesterfield CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO
CHESTERFIELD
Chesterfield

Made by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*